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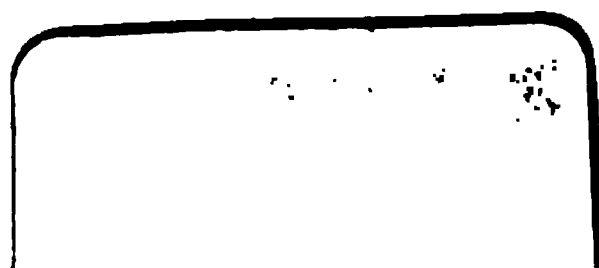
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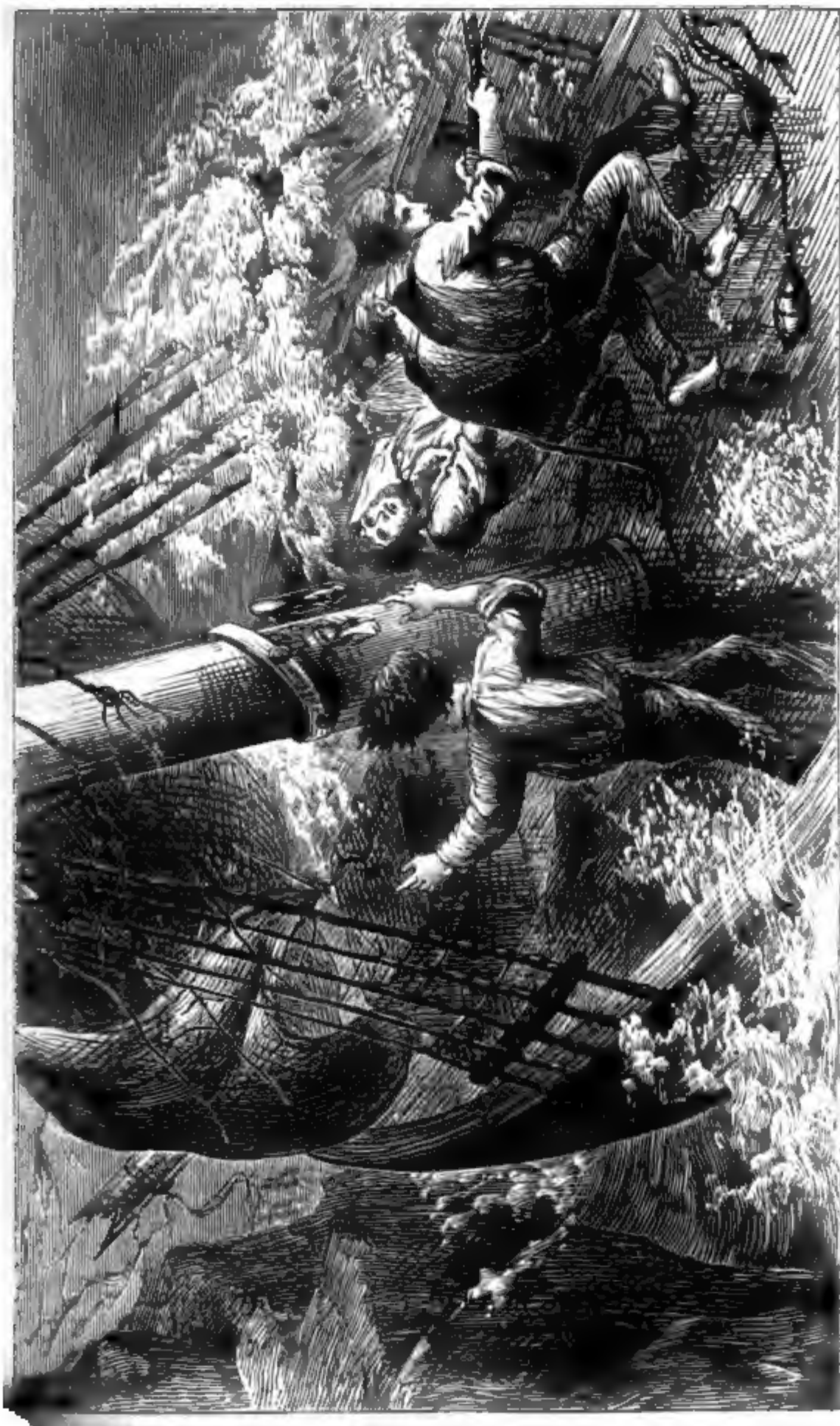
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WRECK ON THE COAST 'OF LAPLAND.

THE FIRST TEN YEARS
;
OF
A SAILOR'S LIFE AT SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"ALL ABOUT SHIPS: THE LIFE AND DUTIES OF A SAILOR FROM A CABIN BOY TO A CAPTAIN;"
"OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL;" "VOYAGE TO THE CAPE, TRIP TO THE
DIAMOND FIELDS;" "OCEAN WAVES, OR TRAVELS BY LAND AND SEA."

Help yourself, and all the World will help you.



LONDON:

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,
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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE author hopes to be forgiven for any errors that may be detected in his writing; he is doing his very best to avoid them. The public will not expect very fine writing from one who commenced to get an honourable and independent living at the age of nine years, with no advantages whatever, and without any-one at his back to say a good word for him.

It was Him above who watched over the orphan boy. It was He who caused the boy to flounder in the mud when he did wrong, and who also lifted him out of the gloom of despair and sent him forth into sunshine when he appealed to Him.

It is He who will permit you to go round and round the world holding up the honour of dear Old England's flag, if you will only take your sailing directions from the Bible.

THE FIRST TEN YEARS OF A SAILOR'S LIFE.

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CHAPTER I.

THE ORPHAN BOY RUNS AWAY FROM HIS "HOME"—HARD
TIMES, AND SOME GOOD LUCK.

ONLY nine years of age, but you were determined to try your luck. There might be some people in the world who cared for you, but you did not know of any. Although so young you had grown a stout, healthy, good-looking little fellow, with jet black eyes, curly hair, a good constitution, and a resolution to make your way in the world and be independent of charity.

At four o'clock on Monday morning, June, 18—, you were out of your bed, and rubbed your eyes until you rubbed them wide open, then you put on your Sunday suit, trembling with fear lest you should be heard, caught, and flogged. A thick cotten shirt took the place of your night-shirt; you were not long in getting completely dressed, and then with your left hand you put your curly hair off your forehead, and held it there for a short time; with your cap in your right hand you said your prayer, put on your cap, and on the very tips of your toes away you went to commence a struggle with the world, to go forth to do your best, and, as you had often said to yourself, to seek your fortune.

Having crossed the room, the next thing was to turn the handle of the door without making a noise, to open it without anyone hearing you, and then to pass out without disturbing anyone. Having done this, you had to go downstairs—they did not creak much, you were so light. Having reached the bottom of the stairs, there was another door to open. You had been successful so far, but when you were shutting the door a large key dropped out and made a noise, and immediately you heard some one call out, “Who is there?” Poor little boy! you thought you were caught. “Oh dear, oh dear,” you thought to yourself, “I shall catch it.” The cold perspiration stood on your forehead, you felt quite sick, your little knees trembled, you could hardly stand, and you dared not move. There you stood, expecting every moment some one to come out and catch you. Still you could not hear anyone stirring. Not hearing anyone move, you began to breath a little more freely, you took courage, and away you went across the yard.

The gate was up in one corner of the yard; it was a heavy wooden gate, painted blue, about eight feet high, but there was a piece of rope hanging from one of the posts, about half-way down, you caught hold of that, and very soon was over the gate.

What a relief when you dropped down outside that gate. You seemed as free as the little sparrows you had disturbed when you dropped on the ground. “Oh, my goodness,” you thought to yourself, “am I really outside—am I really free once more?” You put your hand to your poor little forehead, and thanked God in your heart that you were not caught.

You had to go out through a sort of private entrance—perhaps about four hundred yards—and had to pass several private dwellings, and you felt like a thief when he is caught stealing away with other people's property; but you thought, and said to yourself, "Never mind, get along fast, you are only stealing your liberty;" but in your young mind you could not help thinking you were doing something dreadfully wrong; notwithstanding, you passed one door after another very quickly, but they were all closed, not a soul stirring.

At length you arrive in the main street at Putney, where all was still and quiet, no one to be seen, excepting a solitary policeman, who, to your delight, had his back towards you, and was "moving on," as if he were half asleep; you very soon put your back towards him, and as he made his way up the hill you made your way down. The pretty little swallows were flying up and down the road looking for mud, they seemed such nice little companions; they were flitting along so playfully, quite close to the road, and did not seem to mind you in the least. In a very short time you found yourself by the river-side.

At half-past four o'clock on a June morning, on the barge walk at Putney, by the side of the river Thames, there stood the poor little orphan boy, as friendless as it was possible for anyone to imagine. No home now, what is to become of you—where shall you go, and how are you to get across the river, as there is not a soul stirring? Such were your thoughts as you stood looking on the stream running up as silent as the grave.

It was one of those beautiful mornings, such as you have very few of in DEAR OLD ENGLAND. Still,

everything seemed so very lovely. The sky was apparently all alone, there was not a cloud to be seen, nothing but the clear blue of distance; the river looked deserted; there were a few boats and barges about, but they were all alone; the trees were in full leaf, and there was a gentle breeze, just enough to cool and refresh you, and to make the tops of the branches bend gracefully and wave about; it seemed as if the wind did not get quite down to the water, because there was not a ripple on it, and to you it appeared to be going up all in one solid body—here and there were patches of sawdust, chips, corks, pieces of rotten sticks, and as they went up with the water, every now and then you saw little pools, which would whirl some of them round and round. Some of them would disappear in funnel-shaped holes, then come up again, and be as still in their places as if they had never been disturbed. With the exception of the chattering of the sparrows there was not a sound to be heard. There you stood, the old public-house, the “Eight Bells,” on your right, with trees in front of it, and numerous wooden seats under them.

A causeway ran from the centre of these trees down to low-water mark, a few boats, half in the water and half out, laying a little over, and some bottom up; a little further on was another causeway for the use of the watermen, and still a little further to the right was the old wooden bridge, with its network of thick logs of timber, painted white where the water did not touch them, but where it did touch them the beams were a slimy, dirty green, giving you altogether the idea of something with a clean white coat on and dirty legs and feet.

At the foot of this bridge, and on the Surrey side, there stood old Putney Church, with its churchyard as full of gravestones as it well could be. To the left was the "Star and Garter," and near to it were boat-houses, some more causeways, and several boats, some in and some out of the water, and others on their sides. Right in front of you, on the Middlesex side, stood Fulham, with its church built in among the cluster of houses; then there was Bishop's Walk and Bishop's Palace, with its several rows of fine tall trees, as far as the eye could reach up the river—together a lovely sight.

Standing as still as a post, you looked right in front of you, and, lost in lonely thoughts, you were disturbed by the sound of the clock. The first stroke of the hammer seemed to go right through you; then, as if mocking Putney, Fulham Church began to send forth its sounds. Then you heard the well-known sound of some sculls being thrown into a boat, and on looking toward the spot from whence the sound came, you saw it was an old man. You knew him; it was Old Cobb.

As soon as he had thrown the sculls into the boat he walked slowly up the causeway again, and picked up a mop and a broom, or rather an old stump of a broom. He threw one end of them over his shoulder, walked back to the boat, stepped into her, and with one of the sculls he shoved her off. As soon as the boat was off, he put down the sculls and began to mop the seats, and while doing this the boat was drifting up with the tide, and getting quite near to where you were standing.

Old Cobb was a man about 75 years of age. Many a time had he splashed the water over you with his scull, for playing him tricks. His back was towards you as

the boat came nearer, but as he turned round to spin his mop dry, he saw you standing on the barge-walk or the towing-path.

“What are you doing out at this time of the morning?” were the first words he uttered.

“I have run away,” you replied, in a sorrowful tone.

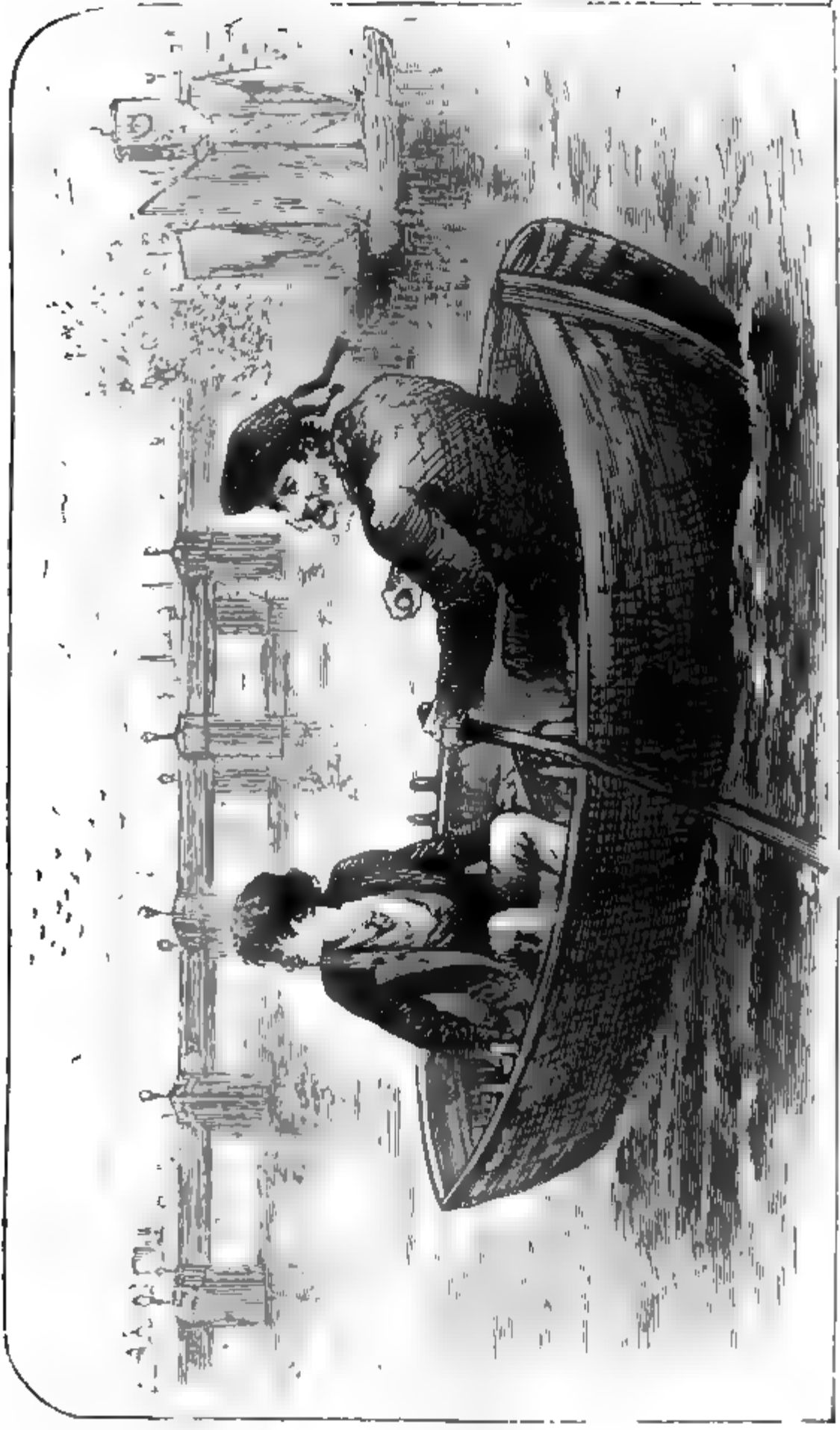
“Where are you going to run to?” was his next question.

“I want to go to London,” you said, at the same time beginning to cry, and the scalding hot tears began to run down your cheeks.

The sobs and sighs which burst forth in spite of yourself melted the old man's heart. He rubbed the back of his hand over his eyes, and, after doing so, took up one of the sculls and brought the boat to the causeway with it.

This old man was one of those honest, hardworking men of days gone by. He was a short, thick-set man; he wore a blue cap, with a long piece of ribbon flying from it. His scarlet coat was made of very thick and good cloth, and was plaited round the upper part of the tail, somewhat like a woman's skirt. He wore a blue-striped shirt and a blue vest, which, with a pair of knee-breeches, with blue ribbon ties, blue stockings, and half boots, completed his dress. His face was brown and weather-beaten, and his eyes were dark. He had a large quid of tobacco in his mouth, and the dark-coloured juice from it was running down a crevice by the side of his cheek.

“Now don't be going on snivelling and blubbering there,” he said. “Jump into the boat, and let's have a talk to you. I knowed your mother and father well,



OLD COBB PULLING THE RUNAWAY ACROSS THE RIVER.

and dear, good people they were too, kind to all on us. There, mind how you get in. So you want to go to London, do you? And what are you going to do when you get there?"

You said, "Yes, I want to go to London, but I don't know what I shall do when I get there. I will do something. I can work; I can look after a horse; I can go to sea as cabin boy; I see plenty of little boys smaller than me getting a living, and so can I."

"You seem a plucky little chap; some one might take a fancy to you, and you might get on; so I'll put you across. And while I am rowing you over, just let me give you a little advice. First of all, let me ask if you mean to come back?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" you said; "I don't mean to come back if I can only get safe away."

"Very well, then," said Old Cobb. "You are little, but you will grow big. There's good stuff in you, and you have not been spoiled with luxuries. Now, don't you forget what I am going to say, and if you don't forget it, and keep to it, you will some day come to me with the gold lace of an officer round your cap. My advice to you is, 'BE HONEST, AND DON'T DRINK.'"

By this time you were on the Fulham Causeway, or rather the head of the boat was. The old man said, "Now, give us your hand, and promise me you won't forget my words—'Be honest, and don't drink.' In those words there is all the advice that anyone starting in life needs. To be honest means to be all that is good; to be honest is to love all that God has made, to treat your neighbour as you would wish him to treat you. But, above all, never let yourself be induced to drink.

There," he said, "do you see that stone? Make the boat fast to it, and stand on it."

You did as you were told. You made the boat fast to the stone, and you jumped on top of it.

"Now, look here," said Old Cobb. "Do you see that place over on the other side?"

You said, "I do."

"Now, then," he said, "turn your back to it and jump off the stone. Keep your back to it until you are independent, and, mind, 'Be honest, and don't drink.' Go, my boy; **HELP YOURSELF, AND ALL THE WORLD WILL HELP YOU**; and when you come back after many years, stand on that stone again. If I am alive, you will not stand there long before I see you. I shall be proud to pull you across an independent boy or man."

Pointing towards the main road, he said, "That's your way. Good-bye, my boy; God bless you!"

Fulham forty years ago, and Fulham in 1876, are very much alike, as compared with other places; there is very little change. The same bridge, with its dirty-looking legs and feet, especially at low water; the same two-storey public-houses; the same mud and shingle; the same sort of swans; the same kind of little steamers getting through the arches of the bridge; somehow, the same sort of barges, drifting, tacking, or being towed up or down the river; the same sort of "swells" pulling up and down the stream; the same sort of skiffs—no change to speak of in boat-racing time; the same sort of omnibuses, painted white; the people have the same Cockney twang; the same sort of crowd at the "Eight Bells," the "Star and Garter," and other places all along the walks up as

far, and perhaps a little beyond, Richmond. The only great change is the absence of the stage coaches. You may find the same sort of dust on the road in dry weather now as when you passed through Fulham when you started on that memorable morning to go and seek your fortune.

The sun began to brighten up, and after being cheered a little by Old Cobb, so did *you* brighten up; and although your eyes were hot and moist at the kind words of the old man, still you felt free and happy; and so on you went. You were not long in getting through the thick of the houses, when you came to a sort of park paling. The sun was getting hotter; you could see it mark the road through the splits or wide joints in the palings; you felt a little sorry that it could not get at you better, as you were a little chilled after standing still so long. But while you were thinking about it, you passed on to an opening, and enjoyed the full sunshine. You felt its warm rays go all over you. The sun also threw its bright shining smile, through the tops of the trees, on to the other side of the road; and when you saw its dots of brightness playing about on the road—the bright spots, as it were, playing about after the shady ones, as the branches of the trees kept waving to and fro by the pressure of the fresh morning breeze—those little dots of sun and shade seemed to dance about, rejoicing at your escape, and you felt that they were quite companions during your lonely walk. You began to cheer up, and then you thought of the words Old Cobb had spoken: “Be honest, and don’t drink; help yourself, and all the world will help you.” You kept repeating them over

in your mind, you kept humming them to a sort of childish tune you had set them to, and they would not go out of your head; and on you went, feeling nice and warm now.

The sun was just high enough to counteract the cold breeze, but every now and then you felt rather lonely; all of a sudden there came a sort of whirlwind; it stirred up some of the white dust as it went playfully and fast along the road in front of you, you felt that even it was a companion, and it seemed to impress you with the idea that something was saying, "Come along, poor little fellow! this is your road, come along!"

You had not walked much further before you met—or, rather, a policeman came in sight of you. You had not thought of that; it never struck you that you would be sure to meet one. Poor little fellow! what was to become of you? "Oh dear, oh dear," you thought to yourself, "shall I turn round and run back to Old Cobb?" Ah, no; you thought of the words he had used: "Keep your back towards that place; be honest," &c. So, in fear and trembling, on you went, feeling sure that the policeman would take hold of you, shake the very life out of you, perhaps, and lock you up afterwards. You were now much too near him to escape, so you thought to yourself, "I won't cry, I will brave it." You tried to whistle, but that would not do—your heart was too near your mouth for that; and as you got nearer you could see he was a big man, tall and strong. And when he did get within reach of you, he straightened both his arms, opened his hands wide, stretched his arms right up as high as he could, stand-

ing on the tips of his toes at the same time, which made him appear still taller and bigger, he shut his eyes, opened his mouth wide, gave himself a shake, and walked on without even looking at you.

If ever a poor little fellow in this world was frightened, you were. Oh, what a mouth! You made sure he was going to swallow you, and thought to yourself, "What a long way up to his mouth, and then what a long way I should have to fall when I was inside!" And then your knees began to tremble, and your forehead began to burn; then it became wet, and you wished to look round, but had not courage enough. When you had walked on a little further, you thought you would just have a peep over your shoulder; and "oh, my goodness!" you said to yourself, "why, he is out of sight." What a relief.

Then you began to say to yourself, "What was I frightened of? I haven't done anything wrong; I am honest." You wanted something to drink, as you were thirsty, and crossed the road to a little pond which happened to be near where you were; and going on your hands and knees, you put your little head down, and saw your face reflected in the water before you touched it. With the curls just dipping in the water you took a drink, and felt refreshed. Having quenched your thirst, you felt the wet ends of your curls against your neck; they felt cool and pleasant, and after a good wash you were in better spirits, and altogether more comfortable.

The main road between Fulham and London in those days was lined on either side by market gardens, orchards, and grazing fields; it had, in some places,

quite the appearance of a country road, with rather a thick layer of white country dust on it, which dust was stirred up very often by the four-horse coaches which used to run from various parts to London. At seven o'clock in the morning you were about five miles from Putney Bridge. You were close to a large public-house, but did not care to go nearer to it; so, feeling tired, you sat down on the soft grass, which grew on both sides of the hard footpath on which you had been walking.

How long you had been there you could not tell, but you were brought to your senses by feeling something round your neck, and before you had time to open your eyes there was a terrific noise, which sounded like thunder, and some wet splashes in your face, and then came a sharp command, "Here, boy, hold this horse."

You had fallen fast asleep as soon as you sat down, and the something which was thrown around your neck was the reins, the noise you heard like thunder was the horse blowing his nose, and the wet splashes came from his nostrils. But you did not mind that; there was a prospect of earning a penny at least, and therefore it was not long before you were on your feet, and you took the reins from your neck, and was very glad indeed to get the chance of the first job.

Nothing surprised you more than that the people did not seem to take the slightest notice of you. You had made up your mind that almost every one you met would ask who you were, and where you had come from; but they passed and re-passed, and took no notice, and you were very glad they did not. Still, you felt very much alone in the world, and while you were

holding the horse you thought to yourself, "I wonder where I shall get a place to sleep," you began to feel hungry, and would have been very glad to have had something to eat; and with those thoughts passing through your mind, you walked the horse up and down.

After holding the horse for about half an hour, the gentleman to whom it belonged came back, took the reins out of your hands, jumped into the saddle, and, after throwing you down three pennies, rode off at a canter.

Three whole pennies! Whoever would have thought to get such a sum? Threepence the first morning—how very happy it made you feel! You put the pennies in your pocket, right down to the bottom, but did not let the money drop out of your hand, and, along with other three halfpence you had when you started, you squeezed them tight, so that no one should hear them rattle, lest you should be robbed.

Not very far from where you earned the threepence stood a roadside public-house, the "Admiral Keppel," and just beyond that were several little shops, among them a baker's, and you walked over to the latter. With the money still tight in your hand, you went close up to the window and had a good look at the loaves. You also saw a number of pieces of bread which had been cut off; but what more particularly attracted your attention was a heap of pieces of bread thrown up in the corner farthest from the window. You thought you would go in, and was on your way to the door when you became faint-hearted, and did not like to do so. At last you saw another boy go in. He bought a lump of bread, came out eating it, and did not seem to think anything of it. So you said to yourself, "Why cant'

I go in like that?" But then you did not know how much he had paid. However, seeing him eat had made you feel so hungry that you took courage and went in.

"Will you give me the largest piece of bread you can for a halfpenny?" Those were your first words. How delighted you were that they did not seem to notice you.

The person serving said, "If you want a large piece you must take last week's bread."

"Yes, please," was all you could say. They gave you a big lump, and away you went. The next thing was to find a place to eat it. You did not like to eat it before people, because it was rather mouldy; but at a little distance was a field, with a stile to get over, and a white path between the long grass; it looked so white, so straight and long, stretching from one corner of the field to the other, that you made for it, and got over the stile.

Walking slowly along, you had your first independent meal. You were very hungry, and enjoyed it very much; and so, having finished it, you turned back, and were soon in the main road again. By this time it was afternoon. Now, anyone who has been so hungry as to be able to eat a large lump of very stale bread, it being, as before stated, a little mouldy, will remember that it is very dry and very crummy. It takes the whole of the moisture out of your mouth, and the last few pieces are very difficult to swallow. You have to throw your head forward, and squeeze your tongue against the roof of your mouth, bring your chin to bear against your throat, then, with all the moisture you can gather, you stretch your throat, and down it goes, and you are glad

it is there, notwithstanding it was rather a hard task to get it there. The moment you have swallowed the last piece, you think it is not down quite far enough; so you go to the public-house before mentioned, the "Admiral Keppel." In front of the house was a horse-trough brimful of water, with a pump at one end of it. You thought you would have a drink out of the pump; so you tried to get hold of the handle, but found you could only just reach it with the tips of your fingers. A tall brewer's drayman was there, however, who saw what you wanted, and came to your help. He gave you a basinful of clear pump-water, and you took a long and refreshing drink. You found it rather difficult to swallow the first mouthful, as your mouth and throat were parched by masticating the stale bread.

Perhaps there are not many boys in the world who would feel quite content after such a meal, but you did, and you knew you had fourpence more left in your pocket. The afternoon had passed away, and it was evening by the time you had walked as far as Pimlico, and made your way down to the water-side. The first time you ever saw what you thought was a ship, and a very large one too, she was laying on the hard ground, not a drop of water near her, as, with ropes and chains, men were taking large square blocks of stone out of the hold.

While you were standing looking at the men at work you began to feel the cold wind about your neck, but still you felt inclined to stand where you were and watch, and so you did, until the wind had made you feel quite cold all over; so you turned round to go on your journey, but when you had gone a short distance

further, you began to wonder where you were going ; you looked to the right, to the left, and in front of you, but everything and every place seemed so much alike that you became alarmed. A confused sensation came over you, a feeling of bewilderment took possession of you—in fact, you were helplessly lost. You, however, did not like to ask the passers-by any questions, for fear of being asked where you came from, and where you were going ; so you looked around in search of a lonely corner, and seeing one, you made your way towards it, when the tears you had been holding back began to flow, and you burst out crying as if your poor little heart were breaking—you were alone in the wide world.

But your very loneliness was a comfort, you were so frightened some one would see you ; but they did not, so you gradually became calm and ceased crying. You rubbed your knuckles into your eye-sockets, as if you were going to rub them out (or rather in) altogether, making your eyeballs hot and dry ; you also began to feel sleepy, and hungry and thirsty ; you thought you would buy a halfpenny worth of bread, and having done so, eat and enjoyed it, and with a hearty drink of pure water, you felt refreshed, and not quite so cold. Then it occurred to you that it was time that you looked out for some place to sleep in. This made you somewhat downhearted again ; but there was no help for it. You were thoroughly tired and much in need of rest, but you did not know which way to turn in daylight, much less in the dark, so you thought you would make your way to a field.

Not looking for a bed, but for a place to lay down

your poor little head, you walk on, and soon come into the main road again. You looked up and down the road—to the right was the way to London, to the left was the way you had come. You thought to yourself, “I know the left hand way, it seems like an old friendly road as compared with the other,” so you walked a short distance towards Putney, looking for a field to sleep in.

It was blowing a strong, cold wind; the sky had been overcast with thick, dull clouds; there was a dampness in the air, though the dust on the road was still quite dry. The houses were not very close together, but still there were many children running about. Here and there were knots of boys and girls, each knot having its own little game, running after each other, touching each other, laughing, shouting, and talking to each other in a sort of scream, and bawling at each other as loud as they could. You, however, passed on, and was soon upon a pathway under a hedge; there was a large field behind the hedge, and you were in hope that you would soon find a hole to creep through.

You had not walked very far when you came to a gap in the hedge which had been filled up by means of two or three battens. You, however, thought you would have a good look over the field, to try to select a place where you might hide yourself for the night. It was a very spacious grazing meadow, and had been mowed at some time, as up in one corner there stood several haystacks, fenced in with posts and rails. You thought to yourself, “There is a good place to sleep, if I can only get over.” There were numbers of cattle in the field, scattered all over it, so you would have to pass through them. It was still daylight, and you were afraid of

being caught, or rather seen and followed by the police, or some one else ; then if you waited for dark you were afraid that some of the cows or a bull might run at you. You had been standing there a long time, the sky was still cloudy, and the wind blowing cold for the time of year ; so, having had a good look round you to see if there was anyone about, and finding you were alone, you climbed up over the fence and jumped into the field.

Once out of the road you felt a little more comfortable, and as you passed under the inside of the hedge you were sheltered from the wind, and felt warmer. You thought to yourself at first, "I might as well lay down here for the night, this will do ; but you found the ground damp and dirty. At last you made up your mind to make the best of your way across the field towards the haystacks, so off you started, and very soon had passed the first lot of cattle on each side of you. You did not care to look behind, but still you wanted to be sure that none of the herd were running after you. There began to spring up a very helpless feeling as you found yourself quite in the centre of the herd. A great many of them now began to hold up their heads, and standing as still as statues, looked you full in the face. "Oh, what shall I do ?" you thought, and began to look for some means of getting through them, out of the reach of danger ; but you were quite surrounded. There they stood, as still as if they were painted on a large picture, looking extremely natural. Just a little to the left there stood an animal much larger than any of the others, you turned slightly round to look at him, and it came into your mind, "Suppose he were to

run at me ; ” you saw very plainly it was the bull. As you were thinking of his doing so, the bull put himself in motion and made right towards you ; he did not gallop nor even trot, but he came on at a quick walk, swinging his head from side to side, and his tail playing about all over himself. It was now your turn to stand still and look. Your knees began to knock against each other between fear and trembling—on he came straight towards you, getting nearer and nearer every moment. “ What shall I do ? it’s no use to run,” besides you could not. There was no time to lose ; you looked round for a stone, and found a large, round blue pebble close by your feet ; you stooped down, picked it up, and as soon as the animal saw you stoop down he put himself into a canter, and came, as it were, bang at you. He was not more than ten or fifteen yards from you when you raised your right arm with the stone in your hand. The bull seemed to take fright at your throwing up your arm so suddenly, but you took your aim at his head, and with as much strength as you had left, you threw the stone ; it hit him right in the middle of the forehead, just below the horns ; all four of his legs seemed to go from under him at once, and he fell to the ground apparently lifeless.

Perfectly astonished at what you had done, there you stood, you could scarcely believe your own eyes—there lay that powerful animal motionless. You had forgot all about the other animals that were in the field ; you were thunderstruck when you saw that large and powerful animal knocked over the moment the little stone struck him on the forehead. He went down all of a lump, just as if he had fallen from the sky ; not a kick,

not a movement, there he lay apparently dead. Having taken a good look at him, you began to think of the other animals, and on looking round, found that they had all gone to the side of the field from which you had started; and now the road to the haystacks was clear.

On reaching the haystacks, you found them fenced in by means of posts and rails; but the rails were far enough apart to admit of anyone getting easily through, and therefore you were soon on the other side of them, and feeling yourself safe from the chance of being gored by the cattle, you turned round to take a look at the bull you had knocked down. It lay in exactly the same place in which it fell, and all the other cattle seemed to be walking slowly towards it. In a little while the front ones began to put their heads down and smell it, and then many of them began lowing. You stood looking on, forgetful of everything in the world excepting that you might have caused the death of the bull, and should it really be dead, what would the owner do to you if he found you out? But still you could not get rid of the idea that you had only stunned it; and while you were thus standing and thinking, to your surprise and delight the beast got up and began to graze as if nothing had happened, and so did all the other cattle.

The excitement had made you forget all about yourself, and what you were going to do; so now you thought you had better look out for a snug and sheltered spot. In this you were soon successful. In a portion of the stack there was a quantity of loose hay lying about, bearing the appearance of having been pulled about a great deal. At all events, you thought it would

make an excellent bed for one night, and so you gathered a considerable quantity of it into a heap, and after you had had another good look round, you did not forget the prayer you had been accustomed to repeat ever since you could remember. You asked God to look down upon a little child, you put yourself under His care, and was soon buried in the heap of hay and fast asleep, drinking in the refreshing draught of rest which is especially put aside for the weary.

You must have slept soundly for some hours, for it was well toward morning before you felt any uneasiness. There appeared to be something moving about you, and you tried to awake, but could not, and then all was still again. But this did not last long; again you felt quite uneasy, and fancied you heard a noise as of something being torn to shreds, accompanied by a dull, grinding sound, with stamping, and rubbing, and all kinds of noises; but still you could not wake up. Then there was another spell of quietness, with just the least noise still going on. In a short time it became much louder; you could hear the tearing and stamping and the grinding more distinctly. By-and-by it was still louder, and appeared to get quite close to you. Numbers of heavy bodies seemed to be moving about you—not touching, but very close to you. Now you are wide awake, but covered with hay; it seems to lie very heavily upon you, and you still hear all sorts of noises. Then you feel as if something was pressing down on the hay, and a warm current of air seems to come through the hay, and a sound like breathing or chewing. Then you think you feel something or other rubbing against you; the warm air has a damp, grassy

smell, which you don't like. The rubbing gets harder you can bear it no longer, and throwing up your arms, you scatter the hay all about, and, from sheer fright, give a tremendous yell. Oh, such a sight! What with the noise, the stamping of feet, the creaking of the rails and posts, as if a houseful of wild buffaloes had broken loose, you trembled with fear, and could scarcely believe all you saw. The cattle had broken in through the posts and rails, and had been all round you for a long time; but you were so fast asleep that you did not wake. The tearing noise which you fancied you heard during your sleep was caused by the cattle pulling out the hay from the stack, the stamping arose from the beasts moving about, and the grinding sound was caused by their teeth; while the rubbing was simply the bull trying to find out what was under the hay, and the warm current of air was merely the breath of the animal; and as soon as you threw your arms up and gave the yell, away they all scampered. Not heeding the gap in the fence they had got in at, they cracked up the rails as if they were thin match-wood, and off they went, throwing their heads about and trying to kick each other, flinging out their hind legs in every direction; and when they had run about a fourth of the length of the field, they all stood quite still, and looked to see what they were frightened at. And there they continued to stand for a considerable time, moving their jaws about in an uneven sort of manner.

There you also stood, with the hay half-way up to your waist. You could hardly believe your own eyes. You put your knuckles into them and rubbed them; there was some grit in the corners of them, and it was



THE RUNAWAY'S FIRST NIGHT'S REST.

so hard and dry that you felt it scratch your skin a little; but you made it come away. Then you opened them again, and saw the cattle still standing there. But you had not quite come to your senses yet. You looked behind you. It was the haystack; of course it was, you began to remember. Yes, it was the haystack. "How did I come here? Ah! now I begin to remember. Yes, there's the place in the hedge I got through; yonder is the bull I knocked down with the stone. I have been asleep; but where is the place I slept in? I am standing in it. What's all this about—all these broken pieces of fence—all this hay strewed about? Why, it's the cattle; they have been tearing it out, they have broken the fence; I know all about it now. Oh, yes; how fast asleep I must have been! All yesterday's doings are coming back. Yes; Old Cobb—running away—the boat; be h—— what is it? Be h——; oh, I know! be *honest and don't drink*. Yes, that is it. Then there is something else; the stone—and more. What was it? Something about help. Yes, I know; it's something about help. Help; yes, that's right. Oh, I know! help you—r——your——you—r——yourself; yes, that's right. *Help yourself, and all the world will help you*. Now, that's it. Poor Old Cobb! he was so kind."

All the above thoughts were passing through your mind. You put your hand up to your forehead, and found it quite wet with perspiration, and just as you were drawing your hand across it, you were made to jump by the loud crack of a whip some distance from you. "What's that?" Somebody coming, you thought. "My goodness! they will think I have been pulling

out this hay." You looked round, and saw that the crack from the whip came from a man driving a team along one of the lanes. You waited till he had passed. You thanked God for preserving you from the dangers you had gone through. You saw a gate close to you, made for it, was soon over it, and having felt that your fourpence was all right, you made your way along the lane, wondering what you were going to do next.

It was a fine fresh morning, the sky was overcast and there was a thin layer of darkish clouds all over it. The little birds were hopping about on the roads, and the larks were soaring up, up to the skies, nearly back upwards, till they seemed no larger than flies; but still you could hear their pretty notes. And the sparrows darted out from the hedgerows, and hopped over the hedges on the other side, and were out of sight again in an instant.

You had not gone very far when you came to a horse-pond. There you had a good wash, and felt fresher after it; you wiped your face with your handkerchief, and was soon out in the main road, and after walking along it a little way, you came to the "Admiral Keppel" again. There you saw the man with his team; he was sitting on the edge of the horse-trough, with a clasp-knife in one hand and a white pudding-basin in the other. The handle of the knife was in the palm of his hand; he grasped the knife tight with his fingers, the ball of his thumb was on the round rim of the basin, and with the blade of his knife he kept on slicing three-cornered pieces of steak pudding, with lumps of fat and lean meat sticking into dents in the boiled crust. It seemed such nice pudding, and he

appeared so to enjoy it, that you wished you were as big as him, and had some pudding like it.

You were just about to turn away from him, when he said, "Here, boy, run over to that hedge, just by the stile, and you will see my whip; it is close under the hedge."

You were glad he asked you to do it; you seemed to like him; or, perhaps, the pudding had something to do with it. However, away you went after the whip, and soon brought it back to its owner.

"Are you hungry?" were the only words he said to you, and you answered him "Yes;" at the same time you felt your face growing red-hot. He took hold of the basin in one hand, put the ball of his thumb on the round rim, as above mentioned, and drew the knife through the middle of the pudding; then stuck the point of the knife right through the centre of one piece of it, lifted it out, and said, "There, boy, tuck that under your jacket, and you will find that what my old woman makes is good."

There was no doubt about its being good, and it was going inside a good skin, and there was plenty of room for it, too. Wasn't it just good, that's all! You took it in your hand, and turned it round, and looked for the worst part of it; but there was no worst part about it, it was all good. So you bit off one of the corners, then another, until you made it nearly round; then you went all round it again and again, until it became a very small round, which small round you popped into your mouth, and all was gone. By the time you had put the pudding out of sight, the man who gave it to you had gone, and you thanked God and the man for a good meal.

Having got a drink of water, you were then ready for a start. You were well lined inside ; you felt your fourpence, and you considered yourself rich. "Now," you said to yourself, "I am ready for London," and away you started, feeling in good heart.

In the suburbs of London in the early morning you can see nothing but shut-up places. Numbers of poor working people, who have enough to do in minding their own business, are on their way to work. They know exactly where they are going, and on they go, caring not where anyone else is going ; so that you are not questioned by anyone. The policemen do not even notice you, and in the short space of twenty-four hours you have become quite brave ; you pass them, and don't even notice them.

It was still early morning when you were in the middle of the Brompton-road, and could see nothing but shut-up shops, workmen and women, a few hackney carriages with tired horses, wide stone pavements, a dirty road, with little heaps of dirt-scrappings from the road, pieces of orange peel, and old men with large cans selling coffee, as well as the early morning smoke. The houses seemed all closed for ever, and you wished that they would open. Then you came upon a row of large iron railings, and a large grassy space, with large trees all over it, and such a grand palace inside. It was one of the parks, but you did not know it at the time. On you went, keeping the main road, not caring to leave it. You then ascended a hill, and, after passing between the high railings of the parks, you found yourself at a place called "THE WHITE HORSE CELLAR."

The house named above, at that time, in the year

18—, was a very noted place of call for stage coaches. Many of the vehicles that usually stopped at it used to pass through Putney, and you saw one or two of them standing at the door, unpacking the luggage and taking out the horses. The sight of them cheered you up; you had seen them many times before, and they were to you as old friends. You loitered about the place for some time, and as you did so the early morning passed away. You left the old familiar coaches, and recommenced your journey. Along Piccadilly you were making your way towards the Tower of London. You had heard of the Tower of London, and it was fresh in your mind. You were sure that was right, because you had been told that ships were near it, and once there you could easily find the ships.

Ten o'clock in the morning—the morning before Midsummer-day. You were walking along Piccadilly, alone in the world, astounded at the different sights you saw. The very poor class of people are out of sight, and a sterling middle class have taken their places. The window-shutters are all down, and you see the grand display. You, who had never been out of the country before, were amazed at the display. You could not help loitering about to look into the shop windows; you must see all the pretty things. But every now and then you think to yourself, "I ought to be getting on towards the Tower." And so you do get on, but very slowly. You really cannot help gaping about you, and especially now as the sun is shining brightly, and you are warm and feel comfortable. You almost forget you are alone, there is so much to look at that you had never seen before. At length you came to a pastry-

cook's shop ; you could not help looking in there, and when you did look in you began to feel hungry. It made you put your hand into your pocket and commence to rub your four pennies, and your mouth became quite full of moisture.

At the moment you were looking in at the window a carriage drove up to the door. A lady stepped out of it, and the carriage drove away. The lady made some purchases, and two brown paper parcels were made up for her, and you heard the man who served her say, "I will send them round immediately for you."

She said, "Oh, no, I must have them at once ; I will take them with me." And while she was saying so you caught her eye. In an instant the thought must have struck her, as she bounced outside the door, and said, "Here, little boy, do you mind carrying these two brown-paper parcels?" She seemed so pleasant, so kind, you could not answer her ; but you went towards her, and at last said, "If you please." She did not seem to heed what you said, but called out, "Come along then ;" and she tucked one paper under each of your arms, and said, "There, that will do ; follow me."

You did as you were told, and she took you a long walk. At length you came to a large mansion. The lady rang the bell, the door was opened by a very tall man, dressed in yellow velvet knee-tights, and blue coat with large silver buttons—as large, you thought, as saucers. You were quite frightened at him, he was so bump-tious, and looked down on you with such contempt, that when you gave him the parcels you were glad to get out of his reach, and was just about to run off, when the lady said, "You stupid boy, you are going before

I have rewarded you for your trouble. Come here;" but to get there you had to pass that formidable-looking man with the yellow tights, which you did in much fear and trembling. When you did go to her, she looked straight into your eyes, and said, "What bright black eyes, and what beautiful curly hair!" As she said these words she placed a shilling in your hand, saying, "There, my boy." She turned away, and was soon out of sight, and the man with the tights followed her with the parcels, and left your way clear to be off.

One shilling and fourpence all your own! "Oh, my goodness!" you said to yourself; "well, I am lucky," and you soon found your way back to Piccadilly again. By this time many carriages were out, and you were again amazed at the sights you saw, and the number of people about. But you were not going to loiter here any longer. You wanted to get to the Tower of London. So, after buying a penny loaf and a pennyworth of cheese, you inquired your way, and on you went with a light heart. Of course, you were quite bewildered by the sights you saw; but there was only one thing in your mind, and that was to be able to see a ship, to get on board of one, and go to sea and be a sailor. All the grand sights, all the yellow lights, all the grand ladies, all the beautiful horses, even the confectioner's shop, had no charms for you as compared with getting on board ship and going to sea. The money you had in your pocket gave you pluck; you walked along twice as fast, every now and then asking some one which was the way to the Tower of London. Each time you asked you were told the way, and on you went.

About two o'clock in the afternoon you found your-

self at the foot of London Bridge, and there you found a corner to sit down and rest your poor little legs. You did not know how tired you were. You were in among a lot of tall houses: you could not see the river, nor could you see the bridge, but only one arch of it, and that was on dry land. You, however, sat there and rested yourself, and eat the remainder of your bread and cheese.

After you had had a good long rest, you made your way to the Tower of London, and was told to go straight along and you would soon come to it. You did as directed, and in a short time found yourself leaning over the iron railing looking down upon the deep ditch and the Tower itself, and while you were standing there a little boy passed, and you asked him where the ships were, and his reply was, "They are inside that great big wall there, and if you get over you will see them." Get over, you thought, how can anyone manage that? But away you went towards it.

CHAPTER II.

HE GETS A SHIP AS CABIN BOY—FIRST VOYAGE AT SEA—MUCH SUFFERING DURING THE VOYAGE TO EGYPT IN THE BRIG “ASTRA,” OF LONDON—THE STAY IN EGYPT, ETC., ETC.

You were very soon under the wall that surrounded St. Katherine’s Dock, which stood about forty feet high, and you commenced to walk round it, and had not gone very far before you came to a little gate, and tried to make your way through it; but you were stopped. The gate-keeper asked you what ship you wanted, and as you said you did not know, he said, “Here, that’s your road, out with you,” and you had to go back again.

Between the Tower railings and the dock walls there is a road leading down to the water-side, and while you were crossing it you met a girl about your own age, or perhaps a little older; she looked into your face, and said, “What’s the matter with you? you seem hurt.” You were somewhat afraid of her at first, but she seemed to be so kind and so happy that you liked her after a while. She had a skipping-rope in her hands, and while talking to you she kept swinging the rope over her head backwards, skipping merrily all the time. She said again, “What’s the matter with you? why don’t you tell?” Then you told her that you had been trying to get into the docks,

but they would not let you ; you both seated yourselves on the pathway, with your backs towards the black railings which rail in the Tower, and began to chat as if you had known each other all your lives, and you felt happy. She asked you where your home was, and you said you did not want to tell, and then she promised not to ask again, and on she went chattering away, telling you all sorts of stories about different people, mostly boys and girls, and she spoke so kindly of all of them, that you could not help liking her.

It was quite seven o'clock in the evening when you left your new friend, and she said, "Now, mind you come here to this very spot, and I will take you to my father, and he will show you a ship."

You felt somewhat lonely after she had left you—but altogether you were pleased you had met with her, so you walked slowly along towards London Bridge ; again you loitered about looking into the fish shops, and at the heaps of fish lying about in Billingsgate Market—and you saw some lumps of fried fish, and when the old woman saw you looking very hard at a piece, she said, "Only a penny." Then you took the piece up and gave her the penny ; after that you went and bought a penny loaf, and found the same corner where you had rested before. You sat down in it and made a good meal, a meal which, with a drink of water from a pump close by, made you feel very comfortable, so comfortable that you fell asleep, and by-and-by it was beginning to get dark, and the place where you were sitting became quite deserted.

You could not say how long you had been asleep, but when you awoke, you were quite stiff with cold.



THE GOOD MR. COLEMAN.

You looked round you, but could not move your head without pain ; you were cold all over. You thought to yourself, " I must have been asleep some time, still it is not much darker than when I sat down. You tried to get up, but you could not straighten your legs—your toes and fingers were fearfully cold ; so you began to rub yourself, and by degrees you were able to move your joints ; and before long you could stand up and shake your arms about, then buffet yourself—and while you were doing all this, it was getting lighter instead of darker, and you soon discovered that you had been asleep all night long. Oh ! how thankful you were to Him who, you knew, had His eye in that corner—on you, a poor, homeless little fellow, so tired, so worn out with the day's excitement, and the long walk you had had the day before. So you muttered your prayer to Him, thanking Him for taking care of you throughout the night in such sweet repose.

The 21st of June, 183—, the longest day in the year, opened bright and beautiful. The blue sky was covered here and there with white clouds, but there was more of the blue sky to be seen than there were clouds. The morning air was bracing and fresh ; there was a gentle breeze blowing, just enough to ripple the surface of the water. It was just above London Bridge where you had taken up your resting-place, and when you were down near the edge of the water on the shingly shore, you could see the tide was running down fast. There were many barges laying on the shore, quite out of the water, and some in. Between two of them that were out of the water you saw a clear place, and there you took off your shoes and stockings and went a little way in. It

seemed quite warm to what your feet were, so you stood in it and enjoyed it ; you then took off your jacket and had a good wash, and the little piece of soap you had put in your pocket became very useful ; you were able to make yourself quite clean and fresh.

By the time you had washed and dressed, the sun was getting up and began to shine down on your shoulder, and warm you right through, and as you shifted your shoulders about inside your shirt, you let the warm air of eight o'clock take the place of the cold air of the early morning.

Feeling quite as fresh, and perhaps much fresher than if you had slept in the bed you had been accustomed to do before you left home, you walked into the street again, which, by this time, was entirely blocked up by loaded fish carts, so thickly placed and so near to each other that it was a difficult task to get past them. You, however, managed to do so, and it did not take long to get as far as Tower Hill, where you waited for your companion of the day before. You were there a very long time before the hour appointed, and as you were anxious to see her, of course the time seemed very long indeed. At last she did come, skipping and jumping along like a young fawn.

“ Well, little boy, and how are you this morning ? You are good to keep your promise, so now I will keep mine ; but just let me have a skip first, then I will take you to my father. I told him I should, because, you know, he does not mind what I do, he is such a good, dear, kind father ; and I do love him so. People tell him he spoils me, but I like it, and so does he. And then, mother, you know, she says she doesn't care, so

long as you don't bother her ; and I am the only one, so there is only three of us. Father is out at work all day, mother is at work indoors, and I go to school."

While she was prattling away like that, she looked up in your face, and said, "Oh, what's the matter? why, you are crying. What's that for—I didn't hit you with the skipping-rope, did I? Here, take this, and wipe your eyes ; don't cry, that's a good little fellow. Now sit down here and tell me what you were crying for." You did as she asked you, and sat down with your back against the iron railings, and when you were both seated, she said, "Now, tell me what you were crying for." Her good-natured face seemed so sorrowful, and she looked so beseechingly at you, that you could not help telling her ; but the first attempt to begin your story only caused you to cry the more, and it was some time before you could go on ; but she waited very patiently till you were ready to tell her.

You began by saying that you were only crying because she spoke of her father and mother so kindly ; it made you remember that you had lost both yours long ago, and that you could only just remember them.

"What, ain't you got no father and no mother? Poor little boy!" and then it was her turn to cry ; the tears ran down her cheeks, and as she looked at you her eyes seemed to shine so brightly through her tears that you could not help loving her. At last she took up the corner of her pinafore, and rubbed it first in one eye and then in the other, until they were a dry red, when she jumped up and said, "Now come along home."

On Tower Hill there stood, and still stands, a triangular cluster of buildings. One end is very near the

entrance to the Mint—that is the thick end; the other points to the Minories—and that is the thin end of this wedge-shaped block. At the thin point there is a very thin house, the narrowest part being only wide enough for the door, but which widens as you go farther in. It was into this thin house your little friend took you; on each side there was a very dark-coloured desk, but made quite black with ink. Leaning over the desk, and reading a newspaper which was spread over it, on the right hand side as you entered, was a tall man, about forty years of age, of fair complexion, and somewhat florid by exposure to the sun.

When he saw his daughter enter he straightened himself up, and said, “Well, Lottie, who have you there?” and as he did so he stretched both his arms at full length above his head, and filled his cheeks full of breath, until his head seemed to be quite red; then he let loose the breath, and threw both his arms down by his side, and took a good look at you.

“Well, youngster, where did you spring from?”

These were his first words. You felt a little afraid of him, but still you liked him. Instead of answering, you looked at Lottie, as if for help; and Lottie saw you did not know what to say.

The girl said, “Oh, father, don’t frighten him; he has such a tender heart; he is not hard-hearted like us. Besides, he has neither mother nor father;” and Lottie’s hard heart (as she called it) brought the tears into her eyes again.

“Well, what’s the matter now? I did not mean to frighten him. There, that will do, Lottie; take him

upstairs to your mother, and ask her to take care of him. I will come to you at dinner-time."

You followed your friend Lottie up a very steep flight of stairs, and you soon reached a sitting-room, which was quite full of very good furniture. Lottie's mother was dusting and rubbing away at the furniture as hard as ever she could, singing all the time. She had such a good-natured face, and was nearly round in every way. She had a round face, a round pair of arms, a round waist, round below the waist, round shoulders, and she kept on going round and round the round table she was polishing. After a little time she plumped down on a seat, and said, "Oh, dear me, I'm so hot! Bother the dusting! I don't like it." Then she drew a long breath, and gave a deep sort of sigh, and said, "Well, Lottie, who have you there?"

Lottie went on telling her mother exactly how they had met, and all that she knew about it; and then came the dreaded questions from the mother.

"Where do you live?" "Nowhere," you replied.

"Where did you come from?" "Putney," was the answer.

"When did you leave Putney?" "The day before yesterday."

"How did you leave it?" "I ran away."

"From whom?" "I don't want to tell you."

"What made you run away?" "Because I did not like it, and I wanted to go to sea."

"Mother," interceded Lottie, "don't ask him so many questions; I can tell you."

"Where did you sleep last night?" asked Lottie's mother. "I don't know," was your reply.

....

"Don't know what house you were in?" "I did not sleep in any house. If you please, it wasn't a house, but in a corner near London Bridge."

"And the night before?" "Under a haystack."

Lottie here broke in with—"Mother, don't ask him any more; that will do this time."

"Lottie, hold your tongue! What a bothering child you are." And thus ended the questioning for the present.

Now, Mr. F—— was one of those men who are known as runners for ship-captains, and he used to get his living in that way—that is to say, he used to go about doing anything that captains did not like to do themselves. He would sell anything they brought home for sale. He would also purchase anything they might be in want of; but the most particular branch of his business was to get together the crew for vessels just as they were wanted, and take them to the ship for the captain's approval; and by this means he made a little money from the sailors and a little from the ship, and, upon the whole, Mr. F—— was able to earn a pretty good living. For two hours in the morning it was well known that Mr. F—— would be found in his office; one hour he took for dinner, and an hour after that Mr. F—— might be caught napping on his sofa. During the afternoon and early morning he used to be abroad. His evenings were usually spent at home, but occasionally he was compelled to be out.

On the day you entered Mr. F——'s house he was to be at home in the evening, and Lottie had particular orders that the little stranger was to be taken care of, and to be sure and be there to dinner. In the inter-

val you and Lottie took a stroll together, and you were very happy in her company. She appeared to be such a good girl. Tower Hill seemed to be Lottie's favourite place to play about, and it was there that you returned together until dinner was ready, when you went home with her, and shared in the first regular meal you had eaten for some days. In the course of the dinner Mr. F—— asked you what you meant to do. You told him you wished to go to sea as cabin-boy; but he laughed at the idea of so little a fellow going to sea. When, however, he perceived that you were very much disheartened at being told you were too small, he began to cheer you up by saying, "Never mind, my boy, you will do as well as some of the big ones, and perhaps better."

At this stage Lottie broke in—"Father, this boy has never seen a ship in his life; do take him round the docks after you have had your nap. We will wait on the Hill for you till you come out." This was agreed to, and you were at length on the right road for seeing a real large ship in the course of an hour or so.

The time soon passed, and you were called by F——. "Now then, come along, my little lad," he said. You were quickly by his side, and soon made your way into St. Katherine's Dock. What a sight presented itself to your wondering view! Hundreds of ships crammed and wedged together side by side and end to end, each ship overlapping its neighbour. Most of them were black and white—very black where they were dark, and very white where they were light. Such big things, such thick ropes, such heavy anchors tied to them, their long cutwaters running right over your head, and at

the foremost part most of the vessels carried a figure of a man, a woman, a bird, a castle, a serpent, or something like the end of a fiddle turned up, or the same sort of instrument turned down. Then you thought them so broad across, that you wondered how they could get through the water. You felt quite sure they never would be able to move them at all, much less to get them out of the corners they were in. You saw a tremendous large ship quite close up to the gate, and you made up your mind that every other ship would have to go out of the dock before she could be turned and made to move away.

Such were the thoughts running through your mind as you were trotting along, or rather half running, in order to keep up with your guide. It was a wonderful sight—one you had long wished to behold, and now your wish was being gratified to the fullest extent. It seemed as if you could not look about you fast enough, there was so much to gaze at. After walking along the quays a considerable distance, Mr. F—— stopped by the side of one of the vessels, and called out “Barque ahoy!” Some one on board, but completely out of sight, and with a very gruff voice, answered, “Halloa!”

“Is the captain on board?” asked Mr. F——.

“No,” was the reply from the man on board; and on went F—— again.

After walking a short distance, he stopped at another vessel; but this time he did not call out “Ship ahoy!” he simply said, “Good afternoon, captain.”

“Good afternoon, Mr. F——; step on board, I want to see you.”

Mr. F—— did so, and you followed him.

Here was another astonishing sight. There was such a number of objects of all descriptions lying about in every direction. Oh, what a funny thing, and what tall masts! however do they manage to get up there? Then a young sailor came along the deck, and passed close to you. He was a good deal bigger and taller than you. Suddenly he took hold of one of the ropes, made a spring into the rope ladder, and quickly ran up towards the top of the mast. He did not seem at all proud of the feat, nor did the captain seem to take any notice of him, and neither did Mr. F——; but you thought you would like to be as active as he was. You did wish you were in his place, that you did, and able to go up the rigging as nimbly. After looking at the young sailor for some time, your attention was interrupted by a call from Mr. F——.

“Here, youngster, come aft here.”

You had no idea what was meant by “aft,” but obeyed the summons, climbed over some big bales that were lying about, and was soon standing beside him. The captain looked you all over from head to foot, which was easily done, as your dimensions were not great; and he appeared to think so too, for after having had a good look at you, he put both hands in his coat pockets, and made them meet each other as near as he could; then he doubled himself up, and began to roar out laughing at you.

Poor little fellow! you kept thinking to yourself, “what is he laughing at—my dress, or what?” You thought you could easily change that. But it was not your dress, it was your size he was laughing at; and when he said, in his jolly way, “Why, you little rat,

you are not the height of a marlinspike. How old are you?" You replied that you were nine.

"And you want to go to sea, do you?" "Yes, please."

"Now," he said, "I will just tell you what to do before you go to sea, or before you look for another ship. You go home and buy a half-quartern loaf and a quart of milk; mix them both together, and then tuck them under your jacket. Keep on doing that every day for two years, then come to me, and I will look at you again." At the same time he put his hand into his pocket, drew out a handful of money, gave you two shillings to buy the first lot of bread and milk, and off he went with Mr. F——, and you followed.

You were certainly very much disheartened at being refused on account of your size; that you could not help. And when the captain and Mr. F—— parted, the latter came to you, and said, "Don't be disheartened; I will get some one to take you, never fear." He uttered these words in such a positive manner that they cheered you up.

You were still allowed to remain at Mr. F——'s house, where they made you a comfortable shake-down; and Lottie, who was always your companion, took great care of you; you became much attached to her, and she to you.

About the fourth day after entering Mr. F——'s house, that gentleman sent Lottie to tell you that a captain wanted to see you, and that you were to go down to the London Docks with him. You were ready to jump for joy, when Lottie warned you "not to be too sure, as you had not seen the man yet; and what i

perhaps worse, he has not yet seen you. He may say you are not big enough." This took some of the joyous feeling out of you; but still you thought there must be a chance, otherwise Mr. F—— would not take you to see him.

Away you went again, half trotting, half running by the side of Mr. F——, in the direction of the London Docks; and you were soon alongside and on board one of the vessels. You were quickly in front of the captain of the brig "A——," of London.

The captain had a long talk with Mr. F——, and at last the former said, "He's too small. Why, if you put him on a coil of rope it would be like putting a tom-tit on a round of beef."

As soon as you heard these words the tears came into your eyes; you could not stop them. They ran down your cheeks, which were burning hot.

The captain saw the tears, and said, "What are you crying for? You will never make a sailor if you cry. What's the matter?"

You blubbered out, "Be—cause y—ou wo—n't ta—ta—ta—ke mc."

"Oh, if that's all, I will take you." And then he put his hand in his pocket, and said, "Here, get him a few traps; let him come on board at six in the morning, as we are going to haul out of the docks soon after that hour."

Next morning, at the time appointed, you were on board. You had had a very tender parting with Lottie, as well as with her father and mother; but Lottie would insist on coming down to the ship to see you off. So down she came, and handed over your canvas bag

and hook-pot, as well as a keepsake. She waited on the quay till the vessel hauled away towards the dock gates, when she walked along with the vessel, and kept close to her as long as she could.

Lottie had been the first to speak a kind word to you in London. She took you to her father's house; she saw you take hold of the first rope you ever touched as a sailor. Your heart was full when you saw her smiling on you as you tried to help; and when a sailor commenced singing out "Oh—he—hoy!" when hauling on a rope, you thought he was crying because *he* was leaving *his* Lottie.

Taking hold of a rope for the first time in your life, giving the first pull as a sailor, lending your feeble help to move the ship toward the dock gate, on her road to gain you an independent living—young as you were, a feeling of pride crossed your mind as you said, "*I am getting my own living.*" So on went the good brig "A——," the old man still singing out "Oh—he—hoy!" The rope stretched right across the dock, and was made fast to the pier-head; every pull on it caused it to fly up out of the water, only to go down again with a splash. At length the ship passed through the dock gates, and was made fast to the corner of the pier, while the anchors were being made ready, after which all sail was set.

Every order that was given, every word that was spoken, was like a foreign language to you. Chains were rattling, going up, coming down, thrown about link by link and many links at a time, as if those who handled them were angry at their weight. Then ropes were let go, and run up as if they were glad to get

loose; then other ropes were pulled upon, as if with a savage determination to break them; and when the sailors failed to break them, or even stretch them any further, they were tied to little pieces of wood stuck in holes all over the ship for the purpose. The foreign language, as you thought it, was spoken so fast that you could not understand a word, and the men were rushing about in all directions; they seemed to be in such a hurry that you wondered what it all meant. So there you stood, sometimes taking hold of a rope; and when you did, touched it as if it were hot, and having no idea what to do with it, you dropped it again.

“Are you all ready there forward?” You managed to catch these words, and the answer, which was, “All ready, sir.”

“Let go our stern rope,” shouted the captain; and the rope was let go. You now looked up at the masts, and saw that all the upper sails were set. You had been watching the men running about, pulling and shouting; you were so bewildered that you had not thought of looking up before. There was a gentle breeze blowing, and the sails were filled with it, giving them a very pretty appearance. As soon as the stern rope was let go, the brig sailed steadily away from the pier, and was soon in the middle of the Thames. You observed Lottie waving her little white handkerchief to you. But you quickly lost sight of her, and in your heart you said, “God bless her for her sisterly kindness to me!”

And now you were fairly off—away from all risk of being carried back to Putney. You were fairly

launched on the world, earning your own living as a sailor boy. No fear of anyone, no thanks to anyone now on earth; only to Him above. You were giving the use of your bone and muscle, such as it was, for your bread and meat.

Sailing down London River, as sailors call it (they seldom call it the Thames), on a fine day and with a fair wind, is very pleasant at all times; but it was particularly so to you. Away from ill-usage, you were having a sail on the water, and you thought to yourself, "This is nice. Why, if this is what they call going to sea, I am sure I shall like it;" it's only play, you thought.

While you were thus thinking, you heard some one call out, "Where is that little boy Charlie?"

"Here he is," said one of the sailor boys. "The captain wants you; go aft there,"—and as he pointed in the direction you were to go, you began to discern what aft meant.

"Go down into the cabin and fetch my cap, you will see it on the cabin table." That was the first order you received, and to obey was the first of your duties as a cabin boy on board the "A——," of London, bound to Shields to load coals, chain cables, and anchors for the Egyptian Navy—to be delivered in Alexandria.

The vessel continued her course down the river; you were quick and sharp in learning what you were told. No matter what it was, though the task might appear a great deal too heavy for you, you were bound to try and do it. No use in saying you can't. Your business was to learn the duties of a sailor. It is true those duties lay at first more especially in the cabin; but

when required to do any kind of work on deck, you were compelled to do it, and with a good will.

The weather continued fine, the brig passed Woolwich, and every thing went on well. The "A——" was a good and well-found vessel, and what was most fortunate, the captain was a well-bred, good, honest sailor, and was kind to you, although a man who seldom spoke to anyone, beyond giving his orders in a quiet way. He was tall, very sun-burnt, about thirty-five years of age, and his name was Hurst.

Passing Gravesend, the weather still continued fine, and the water was very smooth. The crew were engaged in working about the rigging and decks, and you were called upon every now and then to hold this and do that, and everything you were told to do was done as well as you could. As the vessel sailed down the river, you felt quite happy, and when you went to your hammock you felt quite at home in it, and slept well. After passing Gravesend the river begins to widen. The land becomes low, and appears to be slowly fading; it seems already to be far away, and there appears to be so much water about that you begin not to like it so much. You do not know how it is, but you really don't like it so much as you did a little while ago. You don't know why, but you are glad it is your watch below, that you may get a sleep.

You turn into your hammock without taking off any of your clothes. Your head aches, your forehead burns, and you fall off to sleep; when you awake, you feel refreshed, and glad that you are dressed, as you wish to get quickly on deck. When you get on deck the vessel is out of sight of land, you can see nothing but

brown water, numerous other vessels sailing along, and apparently doing exactly the same as your ship, that is, pitching and rolling. Oh, how bad you do feel! It makes you feel as if your heart would leap into your mouth every time the vessel gives a roll and a pitch; your head aches, a dizzy sickness comes over you, your bones feel sore, a cold perspiration creeps over you, your knees tremble; you don't want to do any thing, look anywhere, or at anybody, would rather not open your mouth; you do feel so bad—in fact you are helplessly sea-sick—you are done for, and even wish yourself at Putney again.

Three days after leaving London you were out in the North Sea, with no land in sight. The sun was shining brightly, the wind was fresh, and the brig was laying over a great deal on her side. Still, she was going fast, and every now and then she would hit up against a wave, and make a splashing noise. Even that splash and noise were very disagreeable to you. But what made it still harder to bear was that every now and then you were ordered to do something. Though scarcely able to stand on your legs, you were compelled to go about your work, sick as you were.

It is scarcely possible for anyone to describe sea-sickness. It is a most distressing disorder. It comes on you quite playfully; at first you get so brave over it, and look people in the face with a knowing kind of feeling, which you would like them to understand to mean, "I am not sick—what are you looking at?" Then as you get worse, you try to get out of the way, so that they may not see you—you prefer to be alone. A nasty state comes into your mouth. The sides and front of

your head commence to ache dreadfully, everything inside your skin appears to be at variance. Altogether it is a most unpleasant sensation. You try to overcome it, but you cannot. Every muscle of your body has become flabby and relaxed; your face turns white, your ears get hot, your skin becomes too loose for your body, your joints are not up to their work—you become shaky in every one of them. The bright eye becomes dull, like a fish that has been out of the water for a time, your toes and finger-ends are cold, and the whole of your body becomes clammy. The food you have eaten shrinks and tumbles about in your interior, the liquors mix back again with the solids; they go wandering about together, because they have been put out of their regular track; the sweets get mixed up with the bitters, they fight, they make rumbling noises, and . . . Oh, dear me! no matter where you may be, or in whose presence you may chance to be standing. You can't help it, so never mind; and you are relieved, but only for a short time.

Feeling so ill, and without sympathy in your affliction, being ordered about as if there was nothing the matter with you, made you completely miserable. You had all the will in the world to go about your work, but was unable to do so. They might do with you as they liked, pitch you overboard if they pleased; and you say to yourself, "If ever you catch me coming to sea again, that's all!" Then you begin to argue with yourself, and say, "Never mind, you'll see," and feeling so, you manage to get about somehow. After four days' passage you arrive at South Shields, and when the vessel is moored in the tier and the decks cleared up, you say to yourself,

"Well, this is not so bad after all," and begin to dance and skip about, and are ready and willing to do anything you are told. You also think salt beef and biscuit is not bad food ; so you eat very heartily of it, and feel as fresh as a lark, so much so that you are inclined to run up the rigging ; so up you get, and find it is not so hard as you thought. You go up step by step, until you get right under the top, where you cling to some of the ropes, and take a look at what you afterwards found was the "lubber's hole," and after having looked at it a while, you make up your mind to go through. You manage it pretty easily, and then, for the first time in your life, you are in the foretop of a real ship. You were very proud of being so too—in fact you looked towards the shore, where you saw a number of girls and boys at play, and thought what stupid they were not to look at you.

Taking out the shingle ballast, and putting in coals, anchors, chains, &c., went on in the usual way ; you had little or nothing to do with it. You were the cabin boy, and the captain generally kept you to do little things for him. In a day or two the vessel was loaded, when she again put to sea. The sea-sickness returned as bad as before, and you cried, "Oh dear, oh dear, I do wish I hadn't come. What a fool I was ! I wish I could run away now." But there was no back way, as at Putney, to get out at ; you were on board a ship at sea, and there you must remain.

Sailing down the North Sea, passing through the channels between the sands was in those days nothing to you. There was a ship, with a lot of sails, masts, and ropes, and a tremendous sheet of lumpy water, and

that was all you knew about it; excepting that you were sea-sick, all was right enough—you occasionally got a box on the ear from some of the crew; but you had been used to that sort of thing, and only rubbed it a little, and thought nothing of it. Indeed, this did you good, for it prevented giving way to the horrid feeling of sea-sickness which was upon you.

Midsummer, and becalmed in the Straits of Dover, what a treat that was! Not a breath of wind was stirring. The ship lay about eight miles off Dover, the French coast being plainly visible, and for the first time in your life you saw a foreign land. There the vessel lay like a “painted ship on a painted ocean.” Many other vessels are close to yours, all waiting for a breeze, standing as upright and steady as if they were fixtures.

“After a calm comes a storm” is a very old saying, as good now as it was then, for on this occasion a storm did come on. “Oh dear! oh dear!” again you cried. First there came a little ripple over the water, making streaks of blue along the smooth, lead-coloured surface of the calm sea; then the blue spread all over, and the sea had the appearance of a pleasing freshness. The sails were filled in as quiet a manner as filling a balloon with gas. They gradually showed their round-like shape without any noise, and the brig began to slide through the water, as did all the other vessels that had been wind-bound. One after the other caught the breeze; each vessel's sails were filled in turn, and she began to move on accordingly. At length all the vessels were sailing away on their respective routes. You were well enough to observe that every vessel went

through the same manœuvres as the one in which you were, and from those nearest you could hear the same cheery sounds.

Gradually the wind increased, and the vessel began to make more noise over the bows. The white foam began to rush past, and the tops of the small seas splashed up against the weather-bow, and just a little would fly over and show like rain-spots on the deck. The brig goes along smoothly and steadily ; the wind is freshening, and, as the ship is deeply loaded, she is stiff, and does not lay over, but goes along in an upright position. The waves, however, soon get bigger ; their white tops are to be seen more plainly and farther apart ; they strike harder and harder against the weather-bow, and the sprays which come over and fall on the deck are no longer like rain-drops, but as large as a penny-piece, and some a great deal larger.

The wind still increases, and the sea becomes rougher and rougher. The ship begins to lay over a little, and at the same time begins to pitch. The ropes are now being strained in every direction. Some of the light sails are taken in, which they think will ease the ship, but they soon find they will have to take in more. Heavier splashes are now coming over the bows, and flying to the other side amidships. Sail after sail is being taken in, and all the other vessels you can see are doing exactly the same. The whole of the little sails are now in ; the crew commence to manipulate the large sails, and one after the other of these go to the yard to be stowed in its turn. Still the brig seems to have enough on her, as the wind increases quite as fast as the crew can manage the sails. Now she puts her lee-

bow down level with the water's edge, and at times takes a lot of it in over the bulwarks. The water runs aft, and makes its way overboard again through the scuppers or over the covering boards under the planking. The wind still continued to increase. Sail after sail was taken in, until the vessel was reduced to close-reefed topsails.

"Oh, my goodness!" you said to yourself, "what would I not give to be on shore now! What a fool I was to come to sea again after all I have gone through! Just let me get on shore again, that's all. Never, never, never, will you catch me coming to sea again! I would sooner be a chimney-sweep than a sailor!"

Just as you were making up your mind never to put your foot on board again, something struck the vessel and made her tremble all over. At the time you did not know what it was, but the next moment you were surrounded with water. It first fell on your head, went all round your neck, then into your ears, nose, and mouth. You could not see where all the water came from; all you knew was that you had your legs taken from under you, and were moved along the deck by a body of water running first forward, then aft, then to the side of the ship, in company with several wash-deck buckets and sundry other articles, such as mops, brooms, and pieces of wood. Having been washed about for some time, not caring what became of you, you at length found yourself in the grasp of one of the sailors, who took hold of you by the back of the neck, and said, "What are you floating about there for?" You only remembered that you allowed yourself to be taken wherever he pleased.

When you came to your senses you found yourself in a hammock. It was pitch dark ; there was a great deal of motion, but you could not discern whether it was pitching or rolling ; most likely it was both ; but there was an odour as of several disagreeable articles mixed up together—pitch, tar, oil, paint, coals, salt pork, and bilge-water. You could not hear the sound of a human voice, but plenty of other noises, such as the creaking of the bulk-heads, the slipping about of various articles on deck, and all the other noises peculiar to a ship in a gale of wind.

There you lay in your hammock, in as sorry a plight as it was possible for anyone to imagine. How it was going to end you did not know, nor did you care. There you lay, wet, sick, and miserable, for a very long time as it seemed ; for you remembered that daylight had come and gone again, and that you had had many sleeps, and often been half awake.

“ Now, then, you boy, Charlie, are you going to lay in that hammock all the voyage ? Come out of that, or I’ll cut you down.” These were the words you heard, and at the same time you were taken hold of with a firm grasp, and shaken until what little life you had was nearly shaken out of you. Wet, smoking hot, clammy, shaky, and sick, you manage to scramble out of your hammock on to your feet, and you did feel most miserable. The same man who had shaken you so unmercifully said, “ Now, then, let’s get you on deck.” He did not mean to be unkind, quite the opposite ; but you thought he need not have been so rough as to take hold of you in the way he did, which hurt you very much. For instance, when he took hold of your arm to steady

you, he seized it with such a grip that you thought he was going to squeeze the flesh off the bones. There was no use in calling out; you had to bear it, because he would not understand that you had any feeling.

The morning after the storm, on shore, would have been called a fine day, but at sea, and especially to you, it was anything but fine. The sun was a good height above the horizon. Hanging about the surface of the water was a brownish mist. There was no wind, and scarcely any sail set on the vessel; but there was a heavy swell, which caused her to tumble about in any direction it chose to toss her. The sailors were all busy in different parts of the ship, making the necessary repairs on the rigging and sails.

A life on the ocean wave is not very desirable to one who suffers from sea-sickness. It is dreadful in the extreme, and the worst of it is that you are expected to work at the same time, when you really feel so bad that you don't care what is done to you. All you desire is to be left alone to suffer. You get no pity; it is well-known that you are *only* sea-sick; but you think that being *only* sea-sick is equal to any kind of suffering with which you could be afflicted.

The vessel was quite out of sight of land, but in the afternoon a breeze sprang up, and as the sea went down you became more comfortable, and able to lend a hand about the decks. The wind was fair, studding-sails were set alow and aloft, and on went the good brig "A——" of London.

Life on shipboard is usually very monotonous. So much has been written about the Bay of Biscay, passing Cape Finisterre, rounding Cape St. Vincent, passing

Trafalgar Bay, &c., that it will suffice here to say that you did pass them in the usual way ; and by the time you had done so you began to feel much better, and were able to make yourself useful about the ship ; and again you thought that a seafaring life was not such a bad one after all.

I have said that life on shipboard is monotonous ; and so it is, especially on a long voyage, when for many weeks at a stretch you see nothing but sky and water. It is very different on a voyage up the Mediterranean, which is more interesting than a voyage round the Cape to India and elsewhere. You very soon arrive at the Mouth of the Gut of Gibraltar. You see Morocco for the first time in your life, and you are also close under the coast of Spain. As you pass into the narrow Gut the sea is quite smooth. Your sea-sickness is gone ; in fact, you are all the better for having been sick ; your appetite has recovered its keenness, and you devour the salt beef, pork, and biscuit in a manner that will soon make up for the time lost during your spell of sickness.

Having passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, you are now in the Mediterranean Sea, and although on the whole the weather continued fine, still at times it was very rough and boisterous, during which you again suffered much from sea-sickness. But in fine weather, when the ordinary duties of the vessel were going on, you were very happy ; and the most pleasing part of it was that you were earning your own living—every mouthful you swallowed was worked for before you partook of it. And you thanked God above for it all, who had guided all your footsteps.

Your duty was (as it always ought to be with

youngsters) to do cheerfully everything you were ordered. It is always pleasanter to go about your duties in a bright and cheerful manner, because they must be done. You may sometimes feel that you would like to be left alone, and not be ordered about. Such a feeling is natural enough; and when you are ordered to do something which you don't like, the blood may rush into your face, and you may feel inclined to say, "Go and do it yourself."

Well, you are so constituted that you cannot help such petulance at times; but take care that such feelings do not master you. At such times keep your teeth hard and fast together, make your tongue keep inside of them, shake off any inclination to rebel, and go cheerfully and willingly about your task, no matter how disagreeable; and always bear in mind that by keeping your temper you are going a step forward, and that by losing it you are often making long strides backward. Just notice, as you go through life, how most of those who are cool and calculating, and who keep their temper, go over the heads of those who do not.

The every-day work for about two months improved you greatly. You became a useful lad, and considering you were only a little over nine years of age, it was not so bad for you. There was one thing in your favour—you had no one to fret about at home, nobody you cared for. Brothers, sisters, and other relations were all scattered about in various directions. You had been left to take care of yourself, and you had reason to thank Almighty God for His mercy to you in keeping you from being a vagabond, a thief, and a

convict. How often did you thank Him for watching over you! How often have you since thanked Him for saving you! The little you did know of Him at the time had been vividly impressed on your mind by a good, dear mother, who died, and was now, you believed, an angel in heaven. Yes, although you were left without father or mother when you were only three years of age, still there was enough of that mother's teaching engraved on your heart to keep you in the strict line of truth and honesty, and to keep her memory green. As you grew older, the precepts inculcated took stronger hold of you. They were hidden treasures—treasures so firmly rooted in your heart that you never forgot your duty to Him who had taken her from you, and had left you to fight the battle of life and earn your daily bread unassisted by anyone on the face of the earth.

“Help yourself, and all the world will help you.” That was the motto you adopted from the very day you left Old Cobb, and many a time you cheered yourself on with those words.

ARRIVAL IN EGYPT.—STRANGE SIGHTS.

Never having seen any places but Putney Church, Putney Bridge, the Thames and its barges, until you left to go on your travels, what a sight to you was the land of Egypt! Running up along the coast with all sail set, right before the wind—and a good strong wind too—so sailed the good brig “A——” pushing the white water out in front of her, and bruising it till it first of all turned white, then blue, then ran astern and came back to its own colour again, lay still and smooth

for a little while, and then curled into waves, as if nothing had touched it. So on went the ship, rolling from side to side, the sun shining brightly over the bellying sails, bleached by the rains of the Mediterranean sea, which, together with the reflection from the white sand on shore, made her look beautiful. As I said before, there she was, rolling along, bowling off the knots, looking as only a ship under full sail can look. While you were thus enjoying the sights around, you were suddenly disturbed by the voice of the mate,

"Now, you boy, Charlie, I think it is time you learnt how to beckett that royal. Up you go now, and see what sort of a job you can make of it."

Of course you felt very proud, and away you went. Do it? Of course you could. You had been aloft many a time before, but never to furl a sail by yourself.

"Up you go," said the mate; and up you did go, finding not the slightest difficulty. But when you were on the royal yard, "Oh, oh," you said, "she *was* rolling." And so she was. You did not quite like it when you were on deck, but now you were at the very end of the long lever.

"Oh, my goodness!" you said to yourself, "how bad I do feel! Never mind," you thought to yourself, "I must do it, and get down out of this quick." So, in spite of feeling so ill, you were soon at work putting the sail in the becketts.

You had made one or two of them fast, and then you began to feel worse. There were the bellies of the sails all rounded out beneath you, and having a clean, white appearance.

"Oh dear! oh dear! what shall I do? It is sure

to come. No, it shan't; I'll keep it back," you said to yourself. "I shall get into trouble if I mess the sails." You could feel it coming; it was no use. You tried with all your might to hold it back, but the ship gave an extra roll; you had as much as you could do to hold on. You opened your mouth to call out, "Oh, I am going to fall!" when, oh dear such a Goodness gracious! oh, poor boy! from the topgallant-sail, next the topsail and mainsail, and then on deck.

"What are you doing over those sails, you young rascal? I'll give it you when you come down. Why don't you beckett the royal and come down?"

You called out as loud as you could, "I am so ill, I dare not move—I am afraid of falling."

"Afraid of falling, are you? Then stop where you are a little longer, you will get used to it; and don't be making any more mess over the sails."

He was standing right under you, looking up along the bellies of the sails. The last words were scarcely out of his mouth when some more of the Oh, how very ill you were!

"Oh," he said, as he went away spluttering about, "I'm blowed if he hasn't in my face. Just look out when you come down. Here, come down out of that at once; I'll give it you."

In spite of the expectation of a rope's-ending, down you came, and glad indeed you were when your feet touched the deck, and there was the mate standing with the end of the topgallant-sheet in his hand, ready to give it you over the head and shoulders. Poor little fellow! how your little heart beat! You looked round

for the men, but they were all forward gazing at the land. The captain was looking through his telescope. You alighted on the rail, then swung yourself, by means of a rope, on the deck, quite close to the mate.

“Now then, you young rascal, I will let you have it for —— in my face.” He took hold of you, poor little mite! with one hand, and with a two-and-a-half inch rope in the other, was just going to lay it across your head and shoulders, when Captain Hurst called out to him from where he was standing, in a slow but determined tone, “*Leave that boy alone.*” Those four words were all the captain uttered. They were sufficient to arrest the mate’s purpose, for Captain Hurst’s commands were always obeyed. The cowardly mate let go his grasp, dropped the rope’s-end, and sneaked away forward, mumbling and growling to himself.

You were very much better when you had been on deck a little while, and soon able to make yourself useful about the decks again.

It was approaching the hour of noon. The ship was getting pretty close up to the entrance to Alexandria, and sail was being taken in. There were many boats and vessels sailing about in all directions, and the sight was altogether a pretty one, but excessively strange to you.

Fantastical looking boats, painted all sorts of colours, their bows turned and twisted in many different ways, hovered round the brig. And their crews, “surely,” you thought, “they are not women? and they don’t look like men—what sort of people can they be? Oh, I am so glad I have come,” you said to yourself. What fun! what funny sights! everything so novel and interesting,

and so totally different from all you had ever seen before. As you get closer you see everything more plainly, and all the time you are pulling at a rope you cannot help looking about, and get many a knock for doing so.

“What are you looking at?” is bawled into your ear. But you were so amazed at the many strange sights that crossed your vision, that you paid little heed to these warnings. Everything seemed of a brighter colour. There was an appearance of unrestrained gaiety and joy. The colours were so numerous and gaudy, and formed such a pretty picture, that you thought to yourself, “How nice to be a sailor! Oh, I am so glad I came. I do pity those poor miserable people in Putney; they will never see a sight like this. I don’t care a bit about the sea-sickness now—why, it’s nothing. Think of the sights I am seeing—why, it is ever so much better than the wild beast show. Besides, I am in Egypt, real Egypt.

“Who ever thought I should ever be in the land of Egypt? Shan’t I be able to tell them all about it when I get back. Why, I have been in Egypt, and you haven’t, I shall be able to say.”

The vessel is getting nearer and nearer to the shore, and you exclaim, “Oh, what are these things standing there as if they had both their arms thrown out? Why, it is a row of windmills.” There are numerous houses built all along the shore, and now you begin to see the ships. What a multitude of them there are to be sure, the harbour seems to you like a forest in winter, with ships’ masts for naked trees; you can scarcely get time enough to look round you, there is so much to

see, and as the vessel moves on, the more strange does everything appear.

Now you are among the ships—such large ships too. There you see a real man-of-war—oh, what a big one, with guns of enormous weight and calibre. Wouldn't you like to hear them go off. What a jolly noise they would make; dear me, how pretty they look with their shining brass mountings. And what a number of men running up and down the rigging, standing on the yards, in the boats, hanging on to the outside of the ship, all quite busy. And look at the dashing officers on the quarterdeck; why, they have real swords. See their funny red caps, with the black silk tassel hanging down, and see the gold lumps on their shoulders. How funny the sailors are dressed! What a multitude of boats there are about!

Now the anchor is let go; you are in port, and see all the strange sights about you; but above all the sights in Egypt there is one which outdoes all the others; it is a "bumboat" full of cakes, and not only cakes, but fruit of every kind.

"Look at the grapes! oh, such large ones, and such large bunches. What beauties!—black, brown, and yellow—such a heap. If the people in Putney only knew what was to be seen in Egypt, they would not stop in that dirty old place. How glad I am I ran away from it; I am sure I will never go back again."

Such were the thoughts which ran through your young mind as you found yourself, for the first time in your life, in a foreign country. The excitement was so great that you scarcely knew what you were about; you

kept saying to yourself, "Egypt, *the Land of Egypt*, who would have thought that I should ever have seen real Egypt?" You had only read of it in the Bible, and little did you think that you would ever really be there. But you were delighted with all the scenery around you, and everything and everybody.

It is difficult to describe the feelings of one so young as you were; but when alone, after working hours were over, you used to think of what you had seen. You were just tall enough to look over the brig's rail, and as you did so, you thought to yourself, "What a wonderful place Egypt is!—so strange, so different from England!" There seemed to your young mind to be something so sandy, so sunny, so dry, so hot; and there were funny little things flying about, that would light on you, and make you rub into a red-hot round lump the part on which you had been stung.

The people were not dressed so well as in England. The clothing both of men and women seemed to be of muslin stuff, a great deal of it stained yellow and scarlet. The men seemed to have a vast quantity wrapped round their lower limbs; it almost appeared as if they tried how much of the stuff they could get round them, and how loose they could keep it. The majority had very little clothing about them from their necks to their waist; their necks were always quite bare, and more than bronzed. But what astonished you most was the bunch of muslin twisted round their heads. You saw one man rolling the stuff round his head. He was alone in a small boat, when you saw his head bared. It was shaved all over, excepting a little

tuft or top-knot that was allowed to grow on the top of the head. Lying in the bottom of the boat was a heap of this white muslin. You thought the man had it for sale, as the boat seemed half full of it; but while you were watching him he took up one of the ends and placed it against the side of his head, and held it there, while with the other hand he kept on twisting it round and round, over and under, making it appear like a plait all over his head. It seemed to have no end, as yard after yard ran through his hand, the heap in the bottom of the boat getting smaller, and his head-dress getting larger. At last you saw the end of it, and you also saw that the boat was quite empty. He had managed to wrap it all round his head; and after having done so, he took hold of two paddles, and while still standing up he began to push the boat along with his face towards the bow. He had not gone far before he stopped the craft from going through the water, and then carefully put her head towards the sun, which was about half a diameter from touching the horizon.

When he had the head of the boat so pointed to the sun, he stepped on to the middle thwart and stood upright; then drooped his head until his chin touched his breast. He seemed to be muttering something to himself, and you wondered what all these strange motions meant. He had not been standing long before he went down on his knees; then he bent down until his forehead touched the ground—or, rather, the plank he was kneeling on. Then he would kneel upright for a little while, and bow down over and over again as quick as ever he could, always keeping his face to the westward,

or towards the sun. After looking at him a long time, and seeing his lips move, you came to the conclusion that he was saying his prayers. And so he was. You thought what a good man he must be not to forget to say his prayers, even while he was out in a boat.

As you stood there looking on the town of Alexandria, all yellow and white—the sand-hills, the men-of-war of all sizes and nations, the wharfs, the wind-mills, the hulks, the lighters, and, in fact, everything you saw, was reflected in the water, which, being a dead calm, was as smooth as the face of a well-polished mirror.

“What a strange land!” you thought to yourself. How wonderful the way you came there!—you, a poor little mite of a boy, working for your living all alone in a strange land!

As you stood leaning with your chin on the ship's rail, the sun had set, and not long after it became pitch dark, and everything quite still—almost as dark and still as the grave. However, there you stood. You were alone, you were resting, and did not care to move, half asleep and half awake as you were, when suddenly you were roused by the sound of the boatswain's call on board the many men-of-war. Then lights began to move about in quick succession, and there arose sounds as of many different objects being moved about. Then three or four lights were hoisted up on one of the largest of the ships, a terribly shrill sound proceeded from a boatswain's whistle, or call, then many other calls were sounded, and almost in an instant the whole of the Egyptian fleet was illuminated from the water's edge to the truck.

What a sight! How quickly it had been done! There was not a voice to be heard, not a sound now of any kind; everything became again as still as the grave. All the ships being dressed, as if by magic, through the pitch darkness you could see the outline of the dark and stately hulls of the ships. There were their majestic forms, like ornamental shadows, or dead things made to appear alive by means of millions of jets of flame. What a splendid sight! There you stood entranced, until everything again changed.

“Good gracious! what’s the meaning of this?” You were in that horrid house you had run away from. There was the pale face of the man who used to ill-use you; there were the boys who used to make you fight. Oh, misery! misery! misery over again! and what was worse, your food was being taken away from you by force. There was that shrivelled up little old woman after you with a cane. You tried to run away from her, but was unable to move. Your knees would not bend; your feet would not come off the ground; you were a fixture to the spot. Putney again! all the horrors of days you thought had gone by for ever.

Where was Old Cobb? You thought you heard him talking in a great rage to some one; he was pointing to the stone you had stood upon, and seemed to be waving you away, telling you to turn your back on that horrid place, and go. You desired to do as he told you, but could not. It was cold; still you could not move about so as to keep yourself warm. There were all the sights of your young life before you. There was the tow-path, with a poor old dirty-white horse, his bones nearly cutting through his skin, leaning forward to

throw the weight of his skin and bones on to the small rope, which is hooked on to him and to a pole stuck up in the barge. There is the little sun-burnt girl, with yellow face and yellow hair, steering the barge; and there is the little boy following close behind the heels of the poor old horse, struggling along with his right shoulder foremost, going half sideways. There are the black logs of Putney Bridge; there are the white rails, the palace, the church, the walk, the punts, the barges—in short, everything that Putney and Fulham is made up of—all in sight. You are there among them, cold, miserable, and unable to move.

Good gracious! what's all this about? The river is again lighted up; you are away—clear away. Not Putney? No; it is some other place. Look at the lights! What's the matter now? Where are you? You have power to rub your eyes now. Where are you? What's all this about? Ah! you have been asleep and dreaming. Why, you are on board the A——; you are in the harbour of Alexandria. Thank God! it was only a dream; you were not back in Putney.

You could not tell how long you had been asleep. You must have been so for some hours, as you felt stiff and cold; so you went down below and turned in.

Morning—and especially the first morning—in Egypt presents a queer sight; moreover, there is a strange odour floating in the air. You don't know what the odour is, or where it comes from; all you know is, it is the odour of Egypt, and you are obliged to be satisfied, because that is all you know about it.

You were called to work just about break of day.

It was a yellowish misty morning; there were no clouds in the sky, and the dew had fallen heavily and made everything damp, and even wet. As daylight came on the people of Egypt began to stretch themselves into working shape. As the sun was getting up, so were the people of Egypt, as were the people of all other nations. Every five minutes seemed to show up more life and light; and as the sun began to spread its rays over sea and land, so did the working men spread themselves all over the port of Alexandria.

It was a strange sight to see the Egyptian sailors in their funny dresses. You saw them on their knees, with their faces turned to the sun, and their lips moving, humbly bowing down their heads to that which they were worshipping. In every direction you saw each one in the same posture, and you thought to yourself, "I should not like to be seen praying like that before everybody." Although you had such thoughts in your mind, still you could not help feeling a very great respect for the worshippers when you found out they were really praying. You thought, over and over again, how good they must be to pray night and morning like that, in spite of everything. No matter where they were, who was with them, whether in boats or on land, whether in the maintop of a ship or down on the lower deck, when the time came for their prayers, they went on with them, even in the midst of the greatest uproar, and surrounded by people in no way concerned in their mode of worship.

As the sun brightens up, so does the day brighten up, and between six and seven in the morning it is very delightful in Egypt, and continues so till nearly noon,

when it begins to get uncomfortably hot. However, there you were, doing your duty, which meant, so far as you were concerned, doing as you were told. Your work, together with all the strange sights you had seen, kept your mind fully employed, and you were as happy as a sailor-boy could be.

Every day seemed to bring forth something fresh to look at. There would always be one or more of the men-of-war exercising their men, sending their yards up and down, setting and taking in sail; drums, fifes, instrumental bands, and all sorts of strange, interesting, and amusing things going on nearly the whole day, and often a great part of the night; and two or three times a day the men-of-war would fire off salutes, the booming of the great guns affording you much delight.

The captain and crew were very kind to you, and used to give you plenty of fruit, including some of the most delicious grapes, and you used to eat them in a manner that a boy would do who had been unaccustomed to such luxuries; in fact, you eat all you could get hold of. The result of eating so much fruit was that you had to go to the hospital. You had often longed for a chance to go on shore, but there seemed so little prospect of your being able to manage it, that you quite gave it up, and when you took sick from the effects of eating too much fruit, you were really glad of the change.

Why a little fellow like you, always ready and willing to do anything you were told, and trying in every way to do your best, should be deprived of putting your foot on land, you never could learn. Perhaps it was because you were weak, and could not

demand anything as your right. But so it was ; everybody else might go on shore whenever they pleased ; but you, poor little fellow ! were obliged to look and long ; and so you did, until you became so ill that they dared not keep you on board.

Landing in Egypt—what a sight ! To your mind it was wonderful ; everything was so very different from England. Even the boats were of a different shape ; they were turned up at both ends, and the men pushed them along instead of pulling, and were dressed more like women than men. They were a tall, swarthy-looking race, and, like the majority of the working classes, wore scarcely any clothing from their foreheads to their waist—only a small, fantastically made jacket of many colours, too short in the sleeves, which, although there were buttons on it, it would be impossible to button up, as it would not go round by a long way : it was also far too short ; but the dress worn from the waist down to the calf of the leg fully compensated for the shortcomings of the jacket. There seemed really no beginning and no end to it ; it was a heap of something put on in some inscrutable manner for some purpose, and fastened on somehow.

Although these Egyptians seemed to be so rough, there was one man with a very kindly expression. You could not understand a word he said, but there was a good-natured look all over his face. When his eye caught yours it seemed to brighten up, and a smile played over his features ; he would nod his head a number of times, so as to make you understand he had a kindly feeling towards you, all which caused you to like him ; and notwithstanding the enormous bundle of

dress round his lower limbs, he was very active in his boat. As soon as it reached the landing-place he took hold of you and lifted you out as tenderly as if you had been a baby, and put you on your feet just as carefully, and when you were on your feet he seemed to place you quite upright, just as you would a cricket-stump. He made sure you were quite perpendicular before he let you go ; he was a very queer fellow, but very kind.

On shore in Egypt ! “ Oh, bless my heart alive ! ” you said to yourself, “ what a funny place ! Oh, my goodness ! how very different everything is here from any other place I have seen. Look at the funny carriages, with all those dirty ornaments about them ! And how poorly dressed the horses are. What a lot of donkeys there are running about ! How dry and dusty the ground seems ! What a lot of pipes, dogs, and tobacco ! ” The dogs and men seem to be very lazy ; the men are sitting down on the ground, with their legs crossed, like a tailor, smoking, and the dogs lie at full length, with their legs stretched out, winking at the smokers. “ What lazy-looking fellows,” you thought. You did not know which to consider the laziest—the dogs or the men. The only objects that seemed to be moving about were the women and the donkeys, each of whom were very heavily burdened. It seemed to you that what the donkeys were unable to carry the women had to relieve them of, or that, on the other hand, what the women could not carry was put on the backs of the donkeys ; and if it happened that there were not women enough to carry everything, then all that was left over was put on the backs of the donkeys, which had already been loaded with as much as they

could carry, and the poor little brutes had to get along as best they could. You wondered greatly how their little thin legs could bear up such a weight. When you saw them lift one of their legs you felt quite sure the other three must break, and you noticed that when they did lift up one leg they were obliged to put it down again very quickly, to save themselves from falling; and this putting their feet down so rapidly after they lifted them caused them to stagger forward, which put their heavy loads in motion, and being in motion, the donkeys were compelled to go along under their burdens, and in that way the loads went along with the donkeys.

Then the women. What funny little things, what round little limbs, and how plump! What nice little figures! You wonder what sort of faces they have; you cannot see a single face, only one eye, but you take good care to catch the eye of as many of them as you can. You go quite close to them, and gaze into the naked eye, which gives you back a bright flash. It flashes so that you cannot help looking again and again at them. You can see nearly all the body down to the tiny waist, and observe the well-shaped little form of the woman as she holds up one hand to steady the load on her head. You could not easily tell the old from the young, but some appeared more pleasing than others. Besides having to carry their own loads, they had to drive the donkeys, some of which were so heavily laden that they could not move. In such cases the women would put their shoulders against their hind-quarters and push them; if that would not do, they would twist the donkey's tail; if that did not have the desired

effect, they would bite the end of the tail and push the load at the same time, so that the poor donkey had to make a start somehow, and when he did so he could not stop again unless by putting his face up against something, such as a tree, a bank, or a wall.

Then you saw a string of camels. They were tied together, one beast's head being tied to the other's tail; such a long string of them. What funny animals they seemed, looking and moving about, as if they meant to say, "Ain't you going to give me something?" Then they would kneel or lie down to get loaded, and when loaded would get up as if there was nothing on their backs, and walk away, looking about them and swinging their heads from side to side as if they did not belong to them, looking very much like great donkeys.

The streets were not like English streets in any way, being narrow and full of shops; such strange-looking shops, too, with queer-looking articles for sale. In many of them you could see only a huge heap of tobacco, with a man sitting behind it smoking, giving you the idea that his duty was to smoke the whole heap before he could be allowed to get up and go home.

After having had a good look round you at all the strange things, and wondering what all the strange noises meant, you were placed on a donkey. So the donkey moved on, and you went with him. What strange sights! What wonderful changes at every turning! You had never seen anything like them before. You were delighted with them; and while still looking about you in perfect amazement, you and the donkey and the guide arrived at the hospital.

The excitement of landing, the novel sights, the people, the donkeys, the camels, the dogs, and the tobacco, had engrossed your attention so much that you had forgotten all about your illness; but you were really so ailing that you had to be lifted off the donkey and carried into a sort of lobby, where you were kept until the order for admission was regularly examined. After waiting a short time, you were taken charge of by an Egyptian doctor's assistant, and shown out of the lobby into a large square courtyard, enclosed by a low, thick stone wall, whitewashed on the inside and thick with grass on the top. You then entered a very large stone building, and had to mount a stone staircase leading into an extensive ward, with rows of bedsteads on each side. Lying on these beds were men of all nations—Egyptians, Turks, Greeks, Maltese, Arabs, Frenchmen, Italians, Norwegians, Russians, Spaniards, Prussians, Austrians, Dutch, Bengalese, Hindoos—in short, almost every country in the world seemed to be represented in this hospital. You were ordered to strip, and were then put into a bath, after which you were dressed in the hospital uniform, and then placed in bed, where you were very glad to find yourself. When you were comfortably settled in bed, you began to look around. You happened to be the only Englishman—or, rather, boy—there.

What a queer sight the inside of that room presented! Peering from under the bed-clothes was every kind of countenance you had ever imagined. There were very dark men, with jet black eyes, masses of black hair crowning their heads, and thick black beards and moustachios adorning their faces. The pale cast

of sickness was plainly visible on all their countenances. Here and there you observed an invalid with shaven head, having only a little tuft of long hair left on the top, and tied into a knot, but with the face as free from hair as a woman's; then a man with a yellow mass of hair and a large beard; and next to him a Hindoo, almost quite black. The many long thick beards, however, seemed to attract your attention most; and you frequently lay watching them eating, with their long beards spread out over the bed-clothes; and as they masticated the food their beards would move up and down as if having a little game of their own, and jumping about in joyfulness at the face that had grown them. You could not see what caused the movement, but nevertheless their beards were agitated in a very lively manner indeed at times.

By the side of your bed was placed a box, or sort of cupboard, with two shelves in it, which contained all that was necessary for your comfort; and close to the bed lay a large coat, which, when put on, you found reached down to the ground, and enveloped you completely. On the top of the cupboard stood the medicine prescribed for you, and hanging on the wall above was a slate, on which was written, in two or three languages, the nature of the diet you were allowed to take.

Such was the place you found yourself in at the tender age of nine and a half years, suffering from flux, caused by eating too much fruit, far away from your native country. Your friends or relations, if you had any, were ignorant of your position, and perhaps did not care where you were, how you were, or what became of you. Among people who could not ask you a

question in words you could understand, and of whose feelings you were ignorant—whether they were friends or enemies—there you lay, alone in a strange land, struck down by sickness.

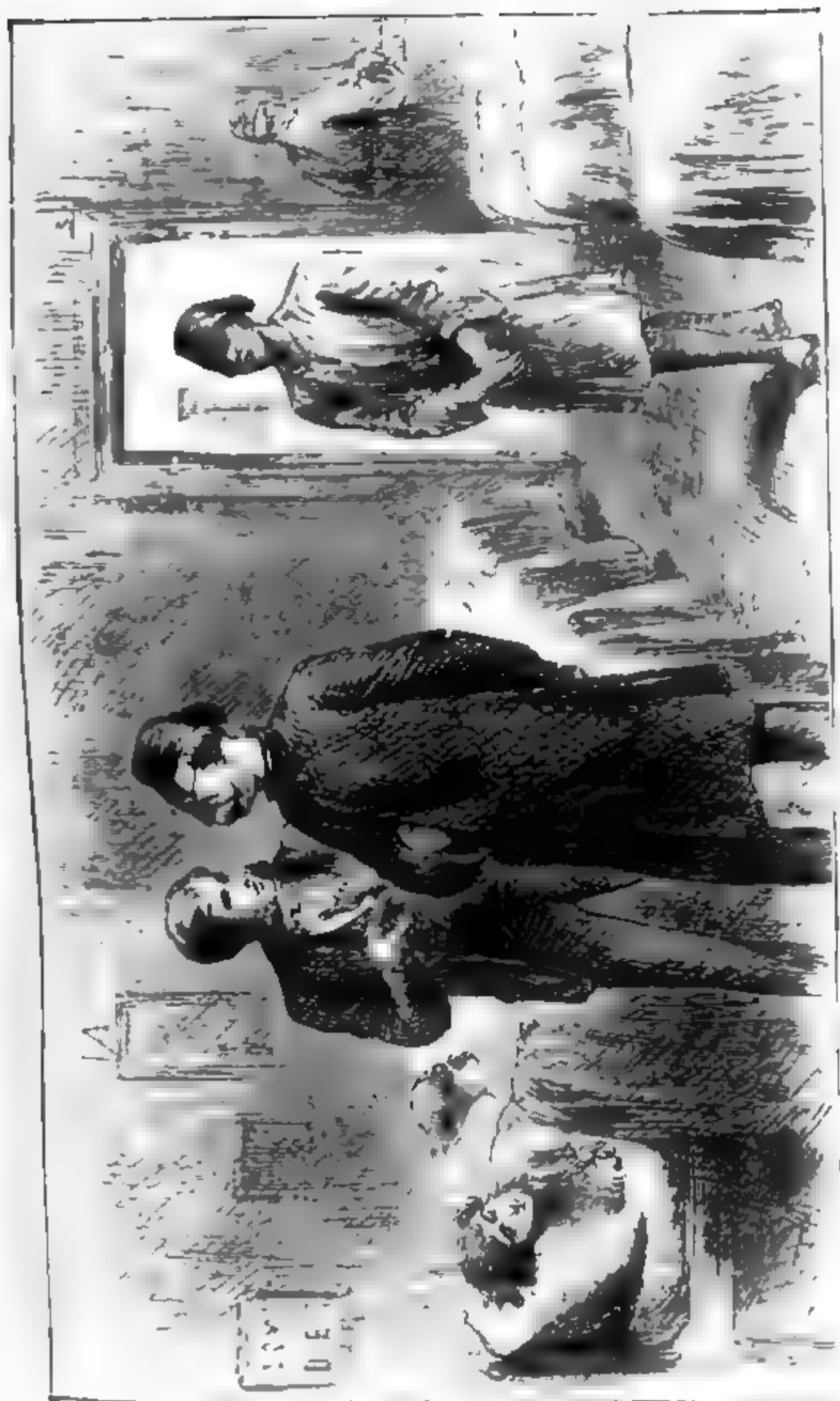
You said you were alone; but you could scarcely say so with truth. You had one companion, although a silent one, for your friend—a companion which brought comfort and consolation—namely, the BIBLE. You were not able to read fluently, but could read a little—sufficient to cheer you in your affliction. You had been taught to read the Bible when a mere child. You had heard its precepts enforced and commented on in Sunday-school and at church. But now you were alone with it—yes, alone with it—all alone with that best of books. What a blessing it was that you could read a little! You could well remember the comfort derived from its perusal when the hours hung heavy on your hands.

There were the same windows, the same walls, the same utensils, the same kind of bottles, each with a slip of paper tied round its neck, standing by every bedside, the same dark-looking liquid in them, and nearly all containing the same quantity of medicine. You heard the same noises in the street, morning, noon, and night; the men, and especially the women, calling out their different kinds of wares for sale. You soon became familiar with their voices, and could tell the sound of one voice from another; but you had not the slightest idea what they were saying. There you lay week after week, with only that book for a companion. You say only that book; but it was equal to twenty large-hearted friends. It made you calmer in mind

when you were getting worse in body; it taught you to be "meek and mild," and to place yourself under the care of Him who had full charge of you, and who would willingly take you to Himself, or lift you up again to go forth to tell others how sweet it is to be with Him in the time of trouble, and how pleasant even to be in pain if you are willing to ask Him to relieve you in His own way, and at His own time.

While on a sick bed there is perhaps nothing so soothing, nothing which tends more to bring about convalescence, than the possession of a calm mind and a patient submission to your lot. When you have this book under your pillow to study when you please, here a little and there a little, and when you have nothing to do but to ponder and think over what you have read out of it, which is able to tell you what has been, what is, and what will surely come to pass—how soothing, I have said, to look into such a book, which you can put aside while you think over its precious truths, until you fall into one of those sweet sleeps so mercifully vouchsafed to those who rely on His mercy and goodness.

Thirteen weary weeks you spent in that dreary hospital, generally on short diet—a diet as low as possible, so as not to feed the disease which had got into your young body; thirteen weeks that would have appeared as thirteen years, had it not been for that book. It taught you to feel thankful to your countrymen for the excellent arrangements made for even little boys who are sick or suffering, of whatever nation they may be. It made you love your country and your fellow-men, although they could not speak your language; but their kind actions spoke louder than



BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH IN THE HOSPITAL IN EGYPT.

any words which could be spoken to the poor little suffering orphan boy.

The days passed on. More than once you were given up as past cure, and felt willing to die. You had no father or dear mother to mourn your loss. Many and many a time you thought you would be sure to meet your mother, if you did die; indeed, you were often sorry when the crisis would pass, and your longing desire to see her was frustrated. But you were resigned, and in your simple way used to say, "His will be done."

After you had been in hospital about eight weeks, you began to mend. It is true you were worn down to skin and bone, and remembered quite well when a man lifted you out of bed and held you in one hand, while he arranged the clothes with the other; and you also remembered how gently he used to handle you; and when the pure, nourishing wine was given you, how much better you used to feel.

After the struggle between life and death was over you mended very fast, and began to have a craving for food. Getting well seemed to you worse than being ill. All the waste that had been going on in your system had to be made up again. Nourishing food, and plenty of it, was necessary for that purpose, but you were still kept on short diet—a small piece of fowl, a little rice-soup, a piece of bread, and a glass of wine, all very delicious, but not enough to appease your appetite. Perhaps if you had had as much as you could eat, you would have killed yourself; nevertheless the pangs of hunger were hard to bear; the feeling was dreadful. All the pain from sickness and continual suffering was

as nothing compared with the hunger you felt after recovery, or rather while you were getting well.

The first meal used to be brought to you about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, which you devoured instantly, and felt satisfied for a while. You would then take up your book and read; the hunger would come on again; you would begin to wonder what o'clock it was, as the second meal used to be given about four o'clock in the afternoon. You were now able to get up and walk about the room. You would go on to the verandah and look into the courtyard below. You soon found out where the cook-house was; indeed, from one point of the verandah you could look into the cook-house and watch the movements of the cook. Very often you would go and stand there, thinking it was surely time for your food to be brought. It might want some three hours to dinner-time, but there you stood watching the movements of the cook. You knew the direction he had to take before he began to dish-up, and very often you made up your mind he was going to do so long before he had put the food on the fire. Hour after hour you would stand there, hoping that the time had come. You would see him pass the door and go in the direction of the fire with something in his hand.

"Now, there he goes," you would say to yourself; then it would appear to you a very long time before he passed the door again, and when he did so there was nothing in his hand. You thought to yourself, "He has forgotten the salt or something; he will be back directly." Then you would observe him pass again, which gave you renewed hope, followed by fresh disappointment. There you stood, poor little fellow!

hoping and hoping, until at last, when you had been watching for over three hours, it came. When you saw him come out of the door with the food in his hand, you knew it was for you, and would rush away to your bed, lay down upon it, and take up your book, just as if you had not been watching at all. You would also appear perfectly unconcerned, and just as if you did not know he was coming. You used to linger over it, and make it last as long as you could. You would try to persuade yourself that it was better to make it spin out, but nevertheless you could not help eating all the time, and it was soon gone.

In this manner you used to pass away much of the time while you were getting well. You will never forget the pangs of hunger often felt at these times. They were dreadful in the extreme. All the food you ate seemed to have the effect of increasing your appetite.

One morning you were lying on your back looking over your constant companion, when you were disturbed by hearing your name called out in English, and on looking towards the door, to your great delight you recognised Captain Hurst. He walked straight up to your bed, and said,

“Well, Charlie, you are not going to die yet?”

“Not this time,” you replied. You were greatly cheered by the sight of his jolly, bronzed, plump, manly, happy-looking face. It was a most agreeable change to see one of your own countrymen again.

Captain Hurst asked if there was anything he could do for you. “Yes,” you replied.

“Well, what can I do?” You told him you wanted a lump of bread.

"That is a good sign ; you shall have that ;" and he called one of the attendants and asked him to go and buy a loaf. But the attendant positively refused to get anything without the permission of the doctor ; so there was an end of that. You were greatly disappointed, and had to bear it as best you could. You asked how the crew were, and was glad to hear they were all well. The good-natured captain then took his leave, promising to send some of the crew to see you.

On the opposite side to that from which you used to look from the verandah into the courtyard was a row of windows. They were all iron-barred, and frequently opened to admit the fresh air. You used to spend much of your time looking out of these windows, for you could see over the tops of many of the houses. From where you stationed yourself you could behold a vast plain of sand, and not far away stood Pompey's Pillar—that wonderful column of solid stone. How it came to be set up where it is, or when it was put there, no one can tell. There it stands, a column of mystery ; and if all the architects in the world were to put their heads together, they could not produce one like it, not even if they had the full use of the Exchequer of England to help them. There it stands in its glory—a puzzle to all the world, a polished pillar of brown-like granite, a pillar that you look at, wonder at, and never forget.

One afternoon you were looking out of the window at this wonderful pillar, when you saw a crowd gather round it. They were not Egyptians, but more like English sailors. You were glad to see them ; it was something pleasing and fresh to look at, and you wondered what they were going to do. They seemed to be

busy about something, but you could not make out what they were doing. Many of them carried loads on their backs, and as they neared the pillar they dropped their loads, whatever they might be. A fresh sea-breeze was blowing at the time, and there was a clear blue Egyptian sky. The weather was not hot, neither was it cold, but altogether very enjoyable. The men rapidly increased in number, and you could see some officers among them. You were still curious as to what they were assembled for, when all of a sudden, and to your great delight, you saw a kite go up from among them. It rose gracefully from the ground, and gradually became smaller as it went up higher and higher. You were somewhat surprised to see a kite being sent up by big men and officers, as you had never seen anyone but boys flying kites before; but you were very pleased to see it, because it afforded you amusement and a change from the monotony of hospital life. There you stood, watching every movement with intense interest, as the large kite went higher and higher, and appeared smaller and smaller. Then the crowd began to walk backward from the pillar, with the string of the kite held by some among them. A number of the men placed themselves as nearly as possible under the kite, and there stood, as if waiting for something.

As evening drew on the wind began to lull, and soon died entirely away. The kite, having no wind to keep it up, began to fall, and this seemed to be what the men were waiting for, and when it came to the ground they were ready to receive it. Then they seemed to be going towards the pillar, all the time looking up to the top. You could also see that they were closing in from both

directions—that is to say, from the direction they had been holding the string, and also from the place where the kite had fallen.

It was not long before you discovered that they had the string of the kite over Pompey's Pillar, and this was the reason for their closing in on it from both sides. When they got to its base, they began pulling at something, and then you saw another and thicker rope go over the top of the Pillar; and when this came to the other side, a still thicker one was sent up in the same manner; so that in a surprisingly short space of time a rope-ladder was formed and fixed firmly to the ground. This being done, one of the men mounted by means of the ladder, and was quickly on the top of the Pillar, and immediately after him another followed, and then the American flag was opened to the breeze, proving by its stars and stripes that the plucky fellows who had made their way to the top of Pompey's Pillar—for the first time in the knowledge of man—were Americans. As you watched their movements, you saw package after package and man after man ascend, until a large number had assembled on this lofty eminence, where they remained until they had partaken of a meal of some kind. Standing at the window, watching all that was going on, had made the time pass away so quickly that for once your meal came before you expected it.

A day or two after the visit of Captain Hurst, three of the crew of the "A——" came to see you. Their visit afforded you great pleasure. Although they seemed so rough, yet in reality they were very kind; so much so that you were filled with gratitude, and the sight of them altogether cheered you up. They asked how you

were treated, and you told them you had nothing to complain of, but that you were always so hungry, now you were getting well, that you did not know what to do with yourself; that the fact of longing so much for your meals made the time appear ten times longer, and in that respect you were as miserable as you could be.

"I say, Jack," said one of them to the other, "can't we find out some way of getting the poor little chap something to eat? Let's have a look round and see how the land lies. If the coast is clear, by the jumping jingo! we'll soon have something for him to eat."

Another, turning towards you, said, "What would you like, Charlie?" Your answer was, "A big lump of bread."

"Would you like some fruit?" "Yes."

But interposed another, "No fruit, Bill; it was eating fruit that threw the poor little fellow on his beam-ends. No, no, he wants a lump of bread, and that can't hurt him; so let's get him a loaf before we go on board. If we can't do that for a poor little shipmate, we are not worth our salt."

The heart of a real sailor is a gem beyond all comparison; and if he be a moral sailor, what on earth can be finer? A well-behaved sailor's heart is made of stuff not unlike a bladder-nose seal—that is to say, if you touch it in the right place, it will swell out until it is as big as his head, and it takes very little to break it when mischief is intended.

It happened that one of Charlie's visitors had a ball of twine in his pocket, and it was therefore soon arranged that one of them should go out and purchase some bread, and get under the window. Then one of those

who remained was to keep a look-out, while the other threw the ball of twine into the road, keeping the end of it in his hand. The sailor in the road made fast a long narrow loaf of bread, and by this means it was pulled up into the room.

It would be well if more people in this world knew the value of a loaf of bread. You had known it once before, but never in the whole course of your trouble did you appreciate its value so much as you did then. That loaf of bread was the greatest treasure you ever had in your life, either before or since. How you did thank God for it, and prayed to be forgiven if you were doing wrong in taking it. You ate of it sparingly, and were able to read, rest, and sleep better after it. Your sufferings from hunger were intense. The food given you by the hospital authorities was just enough to make you hungry and long for more, and you were, as a rule, prevented from adding to your allowance by any surreptitious means. Keeping you on short diet was no doubt considered the best treatment in your state of health. The sailors, however, determined that you should never be so hungry again, and they acted judiciously in giving you nothing but bread. It was arranged that you should look out from the time the sunset guns fired until you could see one of them under the window, when he would, after you had thrown down the ball of twine, make fast the bread to it. And this was repeated every alternate afternoon until you were well enough to go back to your ship.

Thirteen weeks on a sick bed, and at such a tender age! How strange everything seemed when you returned on board! What sights over again! The

men-of-war were a continual source of amusement and fun. They did not send you to work for some days, and then you were expected to do only light jobs.

Leaving Alexandria, in some respects, was not much unlike leaving Putney. You had suffered much in the hospital, and, altogether, were glad to get away from it. You were not long in getting strong after joining your ship, nor did she continue any time in port after your return.

The voyage home—or, rather, the passage to Liverpool—took about two months. The vessel encountered adverse winds, after a spell of very calm weather. The ship was sometimes becalmed so long, that it almost drove the captain out of his senses. But at length the vessel arrived at the mouth of the Mersey, and that was a happy day for you. But how much happier would you have felt if you had had a dear mother to greet you, or even some kind relation. But not a soul welcomed the little sailor boy. You were a stranger in the land—almost as strange as in Egypt.

“Never mind,” you said to yourself; “I shall get on shore and have a run. Oh, I shall be so happy!”

You had heard them say the vessel would be in port next day, and were jumping about for joy. Yet there was not much to be happy about. Without money and without friends, you were alone in the world. But still you could not help being happy.

Anchoring off the Black Rock at the mouth of the Mersey was another novelty you experienced for the first time. What a busy place it appeared! Flats sailing about in all directions; large American liners tacking about, and backing and filling up and down

through the narrows with the tide. You wondered how they managed them so well, and longed for the time when you would be old enough to join a large ship. You were also very anxious to get into dock, so that you might have a better look at them, and thought how nice it would be to have a run on shore. Only to-morrow! "Oh, I wish to-morrow would come! I shall be so glad!" Poor little chap! you little thought what was in store for you. You never dreamt of the sufferings you were doomed to undergo before putting your foot on your native soil. All the afternoon you were jumping for joy; all that night you kept waking up, thinking there was happiness in store for you next day. "Oh," you thought, "what a long night. I wish daylight would come." Daylight came at last, bringing with it disappointment, sorrow, trouble, and ill-treatment.

Early in the morning the health officer came alongside, and informed the captain that the ship must lie in quarantine for a period of FORTY DAYS. No communication with the shore was permitted during that time. If it is suspected that a ship is infected with contagious disease, she is put in quarantine for the period above-mentioned. No one is allowed to have any intercourse with those on shore. If anyone dares to land, he risks his life, for he may be shot down like a mad dog. These precautions are strictly enforced, so that the danger of infection may be avoided.

If ever a poor little fellow was sorry and downhearted, you were. What a disappointment! What a long time—forty days—confined on board-ship at the mouth of the Mersey, alongside a lot of old quarantine hulks—

big, clumsy, stupid-looking old things, standing high out of the water, with no masts in them, only a white pole with a yellow flag flying from it. There you were, surrounded by these abominable hulks; nothing else to be seen day after day but mud, salt-flats, and dirty water, subjected to unkind words, cold winds, rain, and hunger.

If anything will put one out of temper, cold winds, rain, and a quarantine will; and therefore no one will be surprised that the captain, mate, and crew of the "A——" were very much so. The captain gave the mate unnecessary orders, and the latter would try to carry them out in a tyrannical manner, which caused the men to grumble. Frequent quarrels arose from this state of things. The captain would have nothing whatever to do with anyone but the mate, and the latter was compelled to carry out the orders he received from his superior. So the mate being in bad humour as well as the captain, there was only the pilot who seemed to keep his temper, although the captain wished he was anywhere but on board his ship. The crew were also terribly ill-natured; so that among them all you came in for a large share of their pent-up wrath. Besides, you, poor little fellow! were considered quite competent to keep watch on deck, and for many weary hours you were kept on duty, cold, wet, and hungry though you might be. It was no use complaining; if you did, a slap or a kick was sure to follow. Those long weary days were never to be forgotten.

When the vessel had lain about a month in quarantine, she was placed alongside one of the hulks, and the cargo of cotton with which she was loaded had to be

discharged into the former. While in this position a heavy gale of wind came on, which nearly proved the destruction of the vessel. After the cargo was cleared out she had to be fumigated, which done she was allowed to go into dock. The hearts of everyone began to tumble into their right places again, and the officers and crew regained their usual kindly feelings.

The long-delayed treat was now within reach—a greater treat than you expected. No fires were allowed on board ship in dock, and you were sent to a boarding-house. A ship-keeper was placed in charge, and you were expected to be on board the ship at six o'clock in the morning—not a very hard task.

What a treat to be on shore and to live in a house without the interference of anyone. You were now a useful sailor boy, and had finished your first voyage. Your services were becoming more and more valuable. Thirteen months had elapsed since you first stepped on board the good ship “A——.”

At the boarding-house in Liverpool you met a boy belonging to another brig, and you became great friends. You were in the habit of going on board his vessel, and by-and-by you left the “A——” and shipped on board the “London,” of London.

The brig “London” was not much unlike the brig “A——,” and the duties on board of her were much the same. She was bound from Liverpool to London, and during the passage you made a friend of the captain, who desired that you should be apprenticed to the ship, to which you saw no objection; and there you were, as you thought, fixed for this period.

The “London” left London for Cardiff, to load a

cargo of iron for a long voyage. You were cabin-boy, and much liked by all hands, particularly so by one of the men before the mast. He was so kind that you were always willing to do anything for him. He seemed to have great influence over you. The captain and mate were frequently on shore, at which times you were left in full charge of the cabin. The keys of all lockfast places were entrusted to you, and you were simple enough to allow yourself to be persuaded by this man to do what was wrong. One evening he induced you to open the locker and give him several cakes of caven-dish tobacco and some rum, although well knowing that you were doing wrong. This man insinuated and made you believe that it would not be found out, and, in fear and trembling, you complied. The moment after you did so you became an unhappy boy. Every sound you heard on deck or the shore made you afraid that the captain or mate, or one of the captain's sisters (two of whom were on board for a trip from London to Wales) had returned.

The captain's sisters had suffered very much from sea-sickness during the passage round, and you had been their sole attendant. At times you were very sea-sick yourself, but nevertheless managed to attend to their wants, and they were accordingly exceedingly kind to you. And what return had you made them? You had permitted yourself to be induced to rob their brother. How could you look them in the face again? How could you receive the cakes which they were sure to bring you when they came on board again? And what would the captain and mate do to you if they found it out? You had done wrong, you knew full

well, and you lay down on the locker in the cabin a broken-hearted boy.

How clearly that showed you what evil-doing meant. The act you had been guilty of could not be undone—it could not be effaced from your young conscience. Only a short hour before you were one of the happiest little sailor boys in the world; and now you were dejected and sorrowful, with a weight of guilt on your mind so heavy that you could not rest. The man for whom you lately felt so much affection became hateful in your eyes, and you felt alone in the world again.

Hour after hour passed by, and you tried to deceive yourself into thinking that it would not be found out; but you could not rid yourself of the thought that you had robbed those who had befriended you. They loved the orphan boy, and had been as brothers, sisters, mothers, fathers, and everything else; and yet you had deliberately allowed yourself to be induced to rob them. Oh, misery! misery! misery! you unhappy boy! No rest for you. Midnight came, but you were still awake.

“No sleep for a thief,” you thought to yourself; “no rest for the wicked. What shall I do? I cannot, dare not face them. Shall I jump out of the cabin window and drown myself? Oh, this feeling is horrible!”

The hours of that wretched night and morning seemed to be as long as weeks, and when the light of the fresh summer's morning dawned, you were both sorry and glad.

“What's to be done?” you thought to yourself. “I dare not, must not, cannot face them. They are sure to be on board to-day.” It was then you thought of

your mother. Oh, if she were only there, that you might open out your poor little broken heart to her! If she were only there to tell them that her poor deserted boy had done wrong, and was repentant! "He has already suffered for his sin. Do forgive him, and he will never more do so again." You thought you could never forgive yourself, even if they forgave you.

At four o'clock in the morning, just at daybreak, there might have been seen a little boy gathering together some clothing in the cabin of the brig "London." He had a sorrowful, worn-out face for one so young, and every now and then a deep sigh would disturb the stillness of the morning. All hands were fast asleep on board. The captain, mate, and young ladies were still in Liverpool, and the people on shore had not begun to move about; so all was quiet. The brig lay just outside the locks of the canal, in the mud, it being water, and a long plank stretched from the ship to the shore, by means of which you could communicate with the latter.

The little boy did not take long to put a few of his things into his canvas bag, and after putting his head a little above the companion, to see that all was clear, with the bag in one hand, and his shoes in the other, he passed along the plank and was soon on shore, and out of sight behind some palings. This was no other than our hero, Charlie, running away from his ship. He was trying to make two wrongs equal to one right. Yes, he had done one wrong, and was then committing another, in order, as he thought, to put the first wrong right.

You took the last look at the "London," put on your

She then said, "Never mind, little fellow, come in." She carried your bag in one hand, and took you by the hand with the other, and led you into the wash-house.

How glad you were to get in somewhere! What a good friend the washerwoman seemed to you! As soon as they saw you did not like to tell them where you came from, they gave up asking any more questions, and began to talk to each other in Welsh.

Seated on your own bag of clothing, in the centre of a round of "washers," the tubs brimful of suds, the smoke and steam filling the place, and making it appear as if you were in a thick fog, with a lump of bread in one hand, and a basin of milk in the other, your hunger was soon appeased, and your wearied frame refreshed after your journey. As soon as you had finished the bread and milk, you asked the woman "*as took to you most*" if she would take charge of your bag, as you wished to go and look for a ship.

Instead of going to look for a ship, you were anxious to get where you could be alone. You were a miserable, broken-hearted boy. Oh, what would you not have given to be near those two sisters, so as to have confessed to them, and asked their forgiveness!

Haunted by such thoughts, you strolled on far away from the shipping, and came to a deep creek. The water had all run out, leaving a bottom of yellow mud. You tried to cross this by means of a broken bridge and a long, narrow plank; but when about the middle of the plank, your courage forsook you. Becoming giddy, you were about to call for help, when your foot slipped from under you, and down you went, head foremost, into the deep mud.

Head first into the mud, and no one at hand to help you out again. What a sensation! The nasty, slimy mud filled your mouth as soon as you opened it to call out for help. And—oh—oh—oh—what a mouthful! And you can't spit it out again, because there is a wall of mud against your face. Your ears and nose are also stuffed, but you don't mind that so much. You make desperate efforts to empty your mouth, and at last succeed. Suddenly you find your head and shoulders clear of the mud, and regain an upright position; but how you managed to become so you could not for the life of you tell. You were very glad to find yourself on your feet, however, and made an attempt to clear the mud away from your eyes; but as your knuckles had a thick coat of mud over them, you found this to be useless; so that all you could do was to shake your head about, which caused some of the mud to fall off. By this means you managed to get your eyes open; and when you did so, saw a man standing on the bank looking at you. No sooner had you seen him than he began to pick up stones, and then commenced to pelt you with them.

You could not understand why the man did so, unless he took you for some noxious reptile, and called out as loud as you could, "Oh, don't! I am a boy! I am a boy!"

The moment he heard your voice, he took to his heels and ran away. But he had not gone far before he stopped, and looked down, as if in deep thought. He then ran back towards you as fast as he had run away, as if some fresh idea had come into his mind.

"Are you a boy?" he called out, as he was getting down the bank.

"Oh, yes," you said, "that I am. I have tumbled off the bridge; do help me out!"

He took off his clothing, and came through the mud towards you. The nearer he came, he sank the deeper in the mud; but this he did not seem to mind, but appeared to be used to that sort of thing.

He was soon sufficiently near to take hold of your hand; and when he did so, he nearly pulled your arm out of the socket. But when you were once moved, he soon had you on your back in the mud, and pulled you along to the bank quite easily.

He then placed you in front, began pushing you up the bank, and soon landed you on the grass. He there scraped off the mud, led you down to the water's edge, and after washing himself, washed you and all your clothing. Having done that, and assisted you to dress, he went on his way; and you returned to the old washerwomen, more like a half-drowned rat than a human creature.

The kind old women did not seem to think much of it, but soon made you comfortable, and gave you a shake-down to sleep on for the night.

Searching for a berth on board ship in a strange place has a depressing effect on the spirits of most people, and in the case of a boy so young and friendless the prospect was anything but bright. Still, on you went, jumping boldly down on every vessel's deck as she lay alongside the quay, loading or discharging, going up unhesitatingly to whoever was in charge, and asking if they wanted a boy.

In a few days you obtained a berth on board the "N—D—," a coasting trader, and shortly after found yourself again ploughing the deep. In this little vessel you were very happy indeed; the work was heavy, but the people on board were kind, and kindness to you in those days, when you were toiling alone in the world for an honest living, was more than food and clothing to you.

You made several voyages in this little vessel; but to your great regret the good old captain retired from sea, sold his vessel, and commenced business on shore. So once more you were cast adrift, and thrown on your own resources.

Again you trudged through the streets of Newport, with your bag over your shoulder, friendless and without employment; but with this difference—you had now over a pound in your pocket, which you had earned as a sailor boy. Yes, one pound two shillings of your own money! And you had been honestly paid off—not a runaway this time. You made your way to the washerwomen's quarters, and exhibited your treasure, at which they seemed to be all very much pleased.

Early on a bright, sunshiny morning, in the autumn of the year, you found yourself crossing the Bristol Channel in a small steamer. You had a free passage given you, having made up your mind to visit Bristol in search of another ship, and arrived there the same day. Once more, then, you were in a strange place, without home or friends.

Your first night in Bristol was spent in a twopenny lodging-house, kept by a very dirty old woman, with a

small quantity of not very clean straw for a bed, and your bag for a pillow. Early next morning you went to the banks of the canal, stripped off your shirt, and with a piece of soap you had in your pocket gave yourself a good wash. Having no towel, you walked about until dry. In the absence of a comb, you ran your fingers through your hair, shook out the curls, put on your shirt, which was of blue serge, then made for the first baker's shop, bought a lump of bread, and devoured it on your way to look for a ship.

Thus were some days and nights expended, every day making inroads on the small amount in your possession. Penny after penny was parted with; day after day you wandered about, hoping for honest employment, trying with all your might to do what was right. But you could not rid yourself of the load hanging on your mind—that you had run away from your ship, from a good captain, and from a friend.

Time passed on, and your endeavours to get a berth on board ship were still without success. At length your pockets were empty; you could not even procure a twopenny lodging, and after parting with all the clothing you could spare, were absolutely destitute.

In the year 1838 or 1839 the port of Bristol was of more importance than (compared with the increase of trade) in 1874. New York liners and West Indiamen sailed from its harbour, and altogether it was a very busy place. Its quays and warehouses bore witness to the spirit and enterprise of its merchants. When you were almost starving, the empty sugar hogsheads proved a great resource, and provided you with many a meal. The scrapings from between the staves,

although not quite clean, were nourishing, and many a time you had to be content, whether clean or not.

Day after day passed away, bringing no improvement in your prospects. One garment after another was sold to buy food, until you had nothing but what you stood in—viz. shirt and trousers. You had no means of procuring a bed to sleep in, and consequently there was nothing for it but to walk about all night, the weather being too cold to sleep without shelter; and when you became so exhausted as to be incapable of keeping your eyes open, you searched for some out-of-the-way place to rest and sleep.

To find such a place was often anything but an easy task. You were really astonished at the vigilance of the police, who would rouse you up when you sat down on a doorstep to rest, or jammed yourself up in a corner; and your terror of being seized by any of them was such that it robbed you of many a night's rest.

Finding it nearly impossible to find rest about the streets, you at last determined to try your luck in getting a place on any ship's deck.

One night in particular you felt very tired and worn out indeed, for besides looking for employment, you had been straining your faculties in the endeavour to pick out the most eligible spot on some vessel's deck, where you might stow yourself when night came. Such a spot you found under the windlass of a brig. You had first of all to ascertain whether there was a dog on board, because a dog is apt to be noisy when anyone is lurking about who has no business near him. You discovered that this vessel had no dog; and the

place you had selected was quite clear, and comparatively clean. You kept watch until night came on, and when you supposed everybody had retired to rest, about half-past eleven o'clock, you thought you would risk it, and go on board.

Stepping off the quay on to the ship's rail caused rather unpleasant sensations. You felt like a culprit who had no right there. The dread of being caught almost mastered your reason. Necessity urged you on, however, and you did get on the rail. Then you stood and listened for some time, and sat down on it, with your feet hanging over the deck. You then listened again for a while, and as all continued silent, turned round and lowered yourself very gently on to the deck, lingered for some time, and all remaining quiet, on tiptoe, without shoes or stockings, made your way towards your chosen resting-place, and reached it in safety.

You were very different from the hardened, regular, homeless vagrant, who is not so particular as to his night's quarters, and who lays his plans so carefully as to be in little or no danger from the police. Of course, a ship's deck would seem more like a home to you than a doorstep or an out-of-the-way corner on the street, and so you felt somewhat comforted when you lay down under the windlass.

The night was pitch dark ; all lights were out, everything was still, and you went down on your knees and thanked God for this place of refuge from the dreaded police, after which you lay down at full length on the deck, and thought yourself safe.

"Who's there?" said a gruff voice from somewhere

near you, the very sound of which sent a thrill of terror through you.

"Who's there?" was again shouted in a still louder and gruffer voice, which nearly killed you outright.

"Oh, goodness!" you thought to yourself, "what shall I do?" There you lay, almost afraid to breathe lest you should be heard. From the distinctness of the sound you made sure the voice was quite close to you; indeed, you could hear some one breathe, and it seemed as if his head was on a level with yours. You did not dare to stir, and at last you were relieved by hearing him say, "I suppose it was only fancy." You no longer heard the breathing, and at last went to sleep.

Just before daylight you awoke, and found yourself benumbed with cold. You managed to crawl to the gangway of the vessel, and climbed on to the quay. When there, you stretched and shook yourself, so as to unstiffen your joints, and then commenced running in the direction of the canal where you had been in the habit of going to wash.

Daylight came on gradually as usual; the sun shone out, people began to move about, most of them hastening to begin their day's work. You finished your wash and walked about till you became dry, and then, as on other days, you would go and look for a ship. Sometimes you would by chance get a bag or a parcel to carry, a horse to hold, or some sort of godsend which enabled you to earn a few pence. Once especially you remembered being so hungry that you stood looking into a baker's shop, longing for a piece of bread. You must have stood looking in at that window at least two

hours. You did not know what to do with yourself, you were so very hungry. First you thought, "Shall I go and ask for a piece?" or "shall I run in and steal a piece?" The latter thought caused the cold perspiration to start on your forehead; your knees began to shake, and you turned away from the temptation, wandering about in a starving condition.

That night you took up your quarters on board the same ship, and in the same position as on the previous night. Anyone who may be hungry, badly clad, and worn out with the exertion of moving about from morning till night in the search after employment, will not be too particular when night draws on as to his resting-place. And so it was with you. The hard bed under the windlass did not prove nearly so comfortable as on the first night. Your bones ached dreadfully, and you dared not move for fear of the man with the gruff voice. Somehow you could not get rid of the notion that to-night you would be found out, and the position in which you were lying became so unbearable that you turned yourself on to the other side.

You were becoming reckless against your will, and your fears of being discovered were soon realised by a flash of light from a ship's lantern being directed full upon you. The same gruff voice called out, "What the deuce have we here?"

Poor boy, you did not know what was coming next, whether it would be a blow from a fist, a handspike, or some other instrument, and then handed over to the police as a rogue and vagabond. You lay quiet until the lantern was held close to your face by a stout seaman, dressed in a blue serge shirt. His hair was rough

and uncombed, and his beard in the same state. The collar of his shirt was wide open, showing a dark-brown, hairy chest, and his shirt-sleeves were rolled up above the elbows, displaying an arm as strong as a capstan-bar. With one hand he held the lantern by the round ring at the top. Although he was only half-way out of the forecastle hatchway, he could easily reach you, and you saw the other hand extended towards you. Still you did not move out of your position, but lay quite still. You felt the rough hand take hold of the band of your trousers, and when he pulled you towards him, that he might have a better look, you made no resistance, but remained passive in his hand.

When his scrutiny was ended, the man exclaimed, "Come up here, Bill; it is a poor little boy."

The kindly tone in which the rough sailor uttered the last few words made your young heart swell into your mouth, and you burst into tears. Had you been kicked and cuffed and knocked about, very likely you would have borne it with dogged resolution rather than shed a tear; but the sympathy of the brave, true-hearted sailor fairly won your heart. He lifted you from off the deck, carried you down into the forecastle, gave you meat and drink, and then put you to bed.

Next morning, about half-past five, you were awoko by three loud knocks being given on deck with the square end of a handspike, and you heard the words "Turn to, below there; rouse out, men." Then you saw six or seven pairs of legs coming out from behind the sideboard of the bunk. There they hung dangling about for awhile, and then got into a pair of canvas bags. The men then bent their heads down to get

under the beams of the ship, and sprang on to the fore-castle deck, gave a stretch and a gape, and finished dressing.

“Who the deuce have you there?” asked one of the men who had not seen you before. Then turning towards you, he said, “Who are you?” and then added, “Where do you live?” Your reply was that you had no home.

“Where is your father and mother?” “Dead,” you answered; in short, you related all your history. They were exceedingly kind, and after breakfast advised you to go ashore and look for a ship, which you did.

The canal-side already mentioned was always a favourite resort of yours, and for some reason you liked at times to stroll along the banks. Other boys used to congregate there; some of them knew you by name, and would often play with you. They knew you as a homeless orphan boy. Sometimes they would play tricks upon you, but these were seldom unkind or ill-natured.

About three days after the night you spent in the fore-castle of the brig you met a lot of these boys, and one of the bigger lads came up to you and said,

“Do you know that the captain of the ‘A—M—’ wishes to see you?”

“Does he?” you asked in reply. “What does he want me for?”

“He wants a boy to go in his ship, and he is looking for you. You will find him in his office along the quay,” at the same time telling you where the office was. When he had given you the directions, you were off like a dog when his master has distanced him.

You soon arrived at the office. You were in high glee, and, while still puffing and blowing with running so fast, rushed into the office and said to a cluster of men who were standing laughing and talking together, "Is the captain of the 'A— M—' here?"

One of the men stepped out from among the rest and said, "Yes, I am the captain of the 'A— M—'; what do you want?"

"I understand you want me, sir."

"Want you! What on earth should I want you for?"

On hearing this exclamation it flashed across your mind that the boys had been hoaxing you. Your high glee subsided at once, and your chin dropped on your chest, disheartened and dejected.

The captains who were there noticed your disappointment, and concluded you had been made the victim of a practical joke, and began to question you. Finally the captain of the "A— M—" consented to take you; so at length you had the good fortune to obtain a berth.

The "A— M—" was a barque of about 350 tons register. She was a new vessel, and bound from Bristol to Cardiff to load iron for Constantinople. A few days after you joined her she put to sea, and you were glad to get away from a place where you had suffered so much. Any change from the life you had been leading lately was beneficial; therefore you were happy and comfortable on board the "A— M—."

Life on board the barque "A— M—" on the voyage to Cardiff was in no respect different from that usually experienced. The vessel arrived in due course, and was berthed outside the locks, lying on the mud at low

water. She took in a cargo of iron, and, deeply laden as she was, proceeded on her voyage. Your duties on board were very similar to those you performed in other ships—namely, you were expected to do whatever you were ordered, by day or night, without grumbling. In those days boys like you were not quite so well protected as they are now-a-days. Blows, kicks, and brutal treatment in general were considered part of a sailor-boy's apprenticeship, and the more willingly and cheerfully he went about his duties, the better it was for him.

Farther on in this work the author will have so much to say about Constantinople that it will be better to pass over a description at this part; let it suffice to say that after an ordinary voyage the "A—M—" arrived at Constantinople, and you were greatly amazed at all you there saw, consisting chiefly of Turks, dogs, and tobacco, and at hearing the men in the mosques every day calling their fellow-men to prayers, but not the women. How was it, you thought to yourself, that when you did see a Turkish woman she seemed to be covered up so that you could only see one eye; but then that one eye looked on you so brightly that you would have liked to see the other also, but you never had a chance. So many curious sights were to be seen all the time the vessel was discharging her cargo that you were almost bewildered. The funny-looking Arab ships tickled your fancy—ships of all nations, their crews talking in their native tongues, the former rigged in many different ways, and the latter dressed in varied costumes, and singing songs when hoisting a sail or pulling on a rope, or making some kind of noise

different from what you had been accustomed to when at work at anything. Ships of war of many various nations were close to you, and you could see all that was going on. The town, with its minarets and palaces, the high land, the deep blue water, the curiously-made boats, kept you staring about like a country girl on her first visit to London.

The vessel being unloaded, ballast was put on board, which in that quarter was difficult to get, and very expensive. And then passing through that wonderful place the Bosphorus! What a number of craft, all under-weigh, sailing along side by side within a few feet of each other; so close indeed that you could at times shake hands with anyone on board, and so near the shore too, that the yardarm of the vessel is sometimes in danger of going through the windows of the houses. A moving panorama of interesting sights on sea and land were presented to your view as the ship moved slowly along.

Then the scene changes. You behold flags of all nations flying—some from flagstaffs on shore, some from the mastheads as well as the gaffs of vessels. Now you pass a Turkish man-of-war, and see the sailors kneeling down to pray, aloft in the tops though they might happen to be; while another is firing a salute, and still another manning her yards. At a little distance could be heard a band playing on board some vessel; while the boatswain's shrill pipe was sounding in every direction, boats being manned; some already manned and the crews sitting in their places, with oars over-end, their blades ready to be dipped into the water at the word of command; other boats flying up alongside, every oar being

thrown into the boat the instant the word is given, "Weigh enough." Everything is full of life and motion.

Then on shore you can see carriages, drawn by pretty little Arab horses, passing along the drives not far from the ship, and horsemen on their Arab steeds riding by the sides of the carriages. Now and then you pass a palace; then a mansion; then a large graveyard, with clusters of dark green trees planted here and there among the tombs, as well as at the foot and on the sides and tops of the hills. These trees, like the mosques, rear their tall, straight forms far above any of the buildings. Everywhere—north, south, east and west—as far as the eye can reach, a picture of varied beauty presents itself to the view. And thus your vessel passes through the Bosphorus into the

BLACK SEA.

Out of sunshine into rain; from a series of pleasant sights into a nasty, chopping sea; from sailing among the fleets of all nations, and close to the houses and drives, where all is brilliant, you are in the open sea, out of sight of land and everything pleasant. A short time since you were comfortable and happy, but now you are sea-sick and miserable. You don't feel equal to your work, wet as you are from the spray and rain. The vessel is found to be only half-ballasted, as she goes along on her side and will not carry her canvas. She goes sideways to leeward, like a crab. Everybody on board is out of temper; and the captain is in a terrible stew lest the vessel should capsize. He bullies the mate, and the mate bullies the men, who keep on

growling, and in this state the ship reaches Kertch, in the Crimea.

Kertch is a place in the possession of Russia. If you have been there once, you never wish to be there again, especially if you are a boy on board ship.

Kertch is situated in a deep bay, and looking at the town from the roadstead, you have the Sea of Azoff on the right hand, and the Black Sea on the left. Directly behind you is the coast of Circassia. Vessels, in the days of which I am writing, were compelled to anchor far off the land; and if all the intellects of men had been brought together in order that they might make traders to Kertch miserable, they could not have invented better regulations than were in force when the "A—M—" arrived there. No sooner had a vessel dropped anchor than a series of annoyances commenced. The government officials vied with each other in inventing unnecessary inconveniences, and carried out their instructions in the most insolent and overbearing manner.

First a boat would come alongside, and touch your ship, or a rope, or anything else belonging to her, with a long pair of iron tongs. Then the letters, &c., to be sent on shore had to be fumigated: and having gone through a long string of troublesome and ridiculous formalities, for all of which the ship was made to pay, they would pitch head foremost on to the deck of your vessel a poor, miserable, dirty, half-starved, unwashed wretch to keep watch that the regulations of the port were complied with. His time was occupied in walking about the deck, using his eyes in looking out for his superior coming round, and making use of his finger-

nails to scrape himself. He was clothed in a large sheepskin coat, with the woolly side out in the daytime, and the same garment reversed during the night. At any rate, when it was worn with the skin side out, the wearer was supposed to have gone to bed.

The first thing to be done was to take the ballast ashore in the ship's boats, which gave you a pull of about three miles. Then it had to be carried on shore, and carefully lifted on to the beach, from whence it was put in a place called the Quarantine Ground, which was walled in so strictly, that besides being unable to get out of the wretched place, you were completely shut in by the height of the walls. When the proper time came, all hands were removed into a sort of barracks built on the Quarantine Ground. In the wall was a sort of grating, through which you could be seen. When the doctor stationed himself on the outside, each man had to strip off the whole of his clothing, and stand holding his arms above his head at full length, and then cry out "Bough" as loud as he could; and if they touched you at all, it was with a long pair of iron tongs made for the purpose. Everyone belonging to the vessel had to go through this examination, in order to make sure that you had not contracted any disease at Constantinople and brought it off with you. Having been thus examined, you were allowed to go on with the work of discharging the ballast. Of course the charge for this pleasant examination had to be borne by the shipowner.

No method of extorting money seemed to have been neglected. The regulation that you were not to throw the ballast overboard was the most strictly enforced.

If you were caught doing so, the ship was mulcted in a very heavy fine. But it was astonishing how sound the Russian on board would sleep after a present was given him, and how wakeful the man in the next ship would be. You had to persuade him, by means of silver roubles, that he did not hear the ballast being thrown into the water during the night.

The ballast being got rid of somehow, then began the work of loading the ship. Small fore-and-aft schooners were loaded at some place on the Sea of Azoff, brought down by a Russian crew, and anchored close alongside of your ship. The sails were unbent, the ropes unrove and put into boats, and the whole taken on shore. Then as they were leaving they would hail your vessel, and tell you that you must take charge of their vessel and cargo, be responsible for any damage, and pay so many roubles per day for the privilege. You then had to turn to and take the cargo out of the schooner and put it into your ship; and the sooner this was done the better—that is to say, the less the owner of the ship had to pay for the use of the lighter.

Now-a-days children on shore are protected by law from being overworked. The writer trusts that treatment such as that endured by boys on board ship at the time of which he speaks is no longer permitted—that the law has stepped in for the protection of young boys at sea as well as those on shore.

On shipboard men can and do take care of themselves; but what can a small boy do when he is placed along with men, and made to pass along heavy baskets of grain, just the same as an able-bodied man. Ima-

gine a boy under eleven years of age made to do the same sort of work—real manual labour—as a full-grown man; and if you happened to let a basket fall, you ran the risk of having another shied at your head with sufficient force to knock you down. No puffing and blowing, no remonstrance that the work was too heavy, would save you—you had to do it. And even when the meal hour came round, instead of getting rest, you, poor little fellow! had to run about after food for all hands, and scarcely got time to eat your own. Let us again hope that boys on shipboard are better treated now.

In this sort of work you were engaged for some weeks. The weather was almost always wet, cold, and miserable; and glad, indeed, you were to lend a hand to set sail and get out of sight of this disagreeable place, heartily hoping that you would never see it again.

After the treatment you had received in Kertch, it was rather a pleasure to get to sea again. The ship was stiff and more comfortable; the captain and crew were in good humour; things were altogether better, and you were much happier.

The life you now led was one of great hardship; but after a time these hardships gradually lessened, because you were getting stronger, and better able to bear them. At all events, you thoroughly enjoyed the comparative immunity from hard labour.

There are multitudes who have never known what it is to toil for their own subsistence, and hence are incapable of feeling for those who must do so. They have inherited property and money from the hour of

their birth. Amidst wealth and luxury, they too often forget the claims of their poorer brethren, and allow them, in too many instances, to starve, when a little help would save them.

You, however, were learning the lesson of life in a severe school; and though for a time its tasks proved almost too heavy for you, still you were rapidly overcoming its difficulties.

About this period you often thought about your future. You would say to yourself, "Am I always going to be a slave? No; I will do all I can to rise in my profession, and become an officer!" But the sorrowful fact that you could scarcely read, and could not write, seemed to place an insuperable barrier in your path.

It was at times when such thoughts were passing through your mind that you keenly felt the loss of your mother and father, and especially the former. But although this caused you real sorrow, you resolved to teach yourself as much as you could. Every spare half-hour you would devote to self-improvement, even during the midnight watch.

The good barque "A— M—" arrived in the Bosphorus in due course, and amid another cluster of vessels of all nations, passed through into the Sea of Marmora.

The Sea of Marmora is generally calm and tranquil; still there are times when the storm-winds ride on its quiet bosom, and many a stout ship has suffered severe buffetting while sailing on it. But your ship was fortunate, and ran down as far as the mouth of the Dardanelles without any mishap.

Of all voyages in the world, there are none which can excel in interest and beauty a trip up the Mediterranean, more especially in a sailing vessel. What grand and noble sights are presented to the eye—ever changing! In a sailing vessel, unlike a steamer, you get time to look at and study the various views on land. At all events, there you were at the mouth of the Dardanelles, where some of the prettiest scenery in the world may be seen.

You had now become useful in handling a boat, and as your ship passed the fort at the City of Dardanelles, you were one of the boat's crew sent on shore with money to pay for a passport, which must be procured before a ship can be allowed to pass the city, and into that sea so picturesquely dotted over with romantic isles—the Grecian Archipelago. Sailing between these isles, you were fairly into the Mediterranean Sea, passed Malta and Sicily, and leaving Corsica on the right hand, in a few days your ship was at the mouth of the Gut of Gibraltar.

Dodging at the back of the Rock of Gibraltar, although interesting to a boy, is anything but that to the captain or owners. It frequently happens that the wind blows so hard in the straits that homeward bound vessels cannot beat through, especially when the current is running in the same direction as the wind. In such a case vessels are compelled to get under the lee of the Rock, where the water is smooth. The high overhanging cliffs, which are of a white colour, are very picturesque; and as there is deep water up to the foot of the Rock, ships may stand off and on in safety. Vessels have frequently been kept dodging under the

Rock for many weeks at a time, every now and again making vain efforts to beat through the straits. But when the wind does change, it often blows quite as hard the other way; so that in the end you get through quickly enough.

Having passed through the Gut of Gibraltar you were now fairly out into the open ocean again, and, after rounding Cape St. Vincent and Cape Finisterre, you entered the famous Bay of Biscay. Oh! the Bay of Biscay! You are generally so certain of catching it in that bay, that sailors, as a rule (and especially if they are in a good ship), feel something like disappointment when they don't meet with a gale—a defiant sort of feeling, which means, “We don't care if it does come; we are ready for it; we have a good ship under our feet. Our captain and officers are good seamen, and have been regularly brought up to the sea, and who, when shipping hands, knew when they were shipping a good sailor and when they were not. It is as easy for one good sailor to know another as it is for a horse-dealer to know a good horse; and although horse and sailor may both be good, still you cannot tell what defects they may have until you have tried them. At any rate, a good sailor means a man who has thoroughly learnt his duty by going to sea in his youth. Feed him fairly, treat him kindly, put him under the management of those who know how to handle him, and he, like the horse, will never give in till utterly exhausted. But if he should be so unlucky as to find himself under the command of officers who do not know how to guide him, let him be ever so good

a sailor, he will get sulky, he will "jib," and will neither be led nor driven.

However, on board the "A—M—" both officers and crew were thorough seamen, and, as a gale in the Bay of Biscay was expected, long before it came on the ship was put in proper trim to receive it—and it did come on, too, with a vengeance.

You were in a good ship, but she was loaded with a very dangerous cargo, viz., linseed. This is a dangerous cargo, indeed, when not properly put on board, but when well stowed, and means adopted to prevent its shifting, the danger is greatly diminished. In this case every precaution had been taken. The ship's hold had been well boarded and matted, shifting boards of great strength had been fixed properly, and as the clouds began to darken, leaving that well-known lead-coloured border on their upper edge (every preparation had however been made, no anxiety was felt), the feeling of all on board was, let it come.

A GALE OF WIND.

All the watch were ordered to follow the chief mate round the ship, to make sure that everything was well, and even doubly secured; the lashings of the boats were doubled, and everything else made fast. The vessel was under storm-sails only, although it was not yet blowing hard; but the heavy bank of clouds in the south-west came nearer as they became heavier and thicker.

The water turned from a dark green to a sort of heavy lead-colour, not much unlike that of the clouds, and at intervals, when a big wave would hide from

view the main body of the bank of clouds, the heavy swell—with the crest of the wave for a border—and the half-hidden clouds did not differ much in appearance from each other. Every wave that came on and reached the ship was heavier than the one preceding it—not only larger in size, but apparently so weighty that it gave you the idea of a moving mountain of lead, with a little drift of snow to fringe the upper portion, which fringe would disappear and return again and again. The sun was completely hidden, although it was not long after midday, and, consequently, there was no light shade on one side of the wave, both sides were alike dull and heavy.

The little barque's head was put to the northward, bringing the wind slightly on the quarter, and, as the wave took hold of her port quarter, it lifted her high up and sent her cutwater low down for a moment only; then it would strike her amidships and lift her bodily up on its top. The crest of the wave would run along her side, make a roaring, hissing noise, then lift up her bow and let her stern down in the hollow, when the whole wave would roll on in front, leaving the good barque in the deep hollow, surrounded by high, slanting walls of water. Still, there was no great pressure of wind; the heavy sea was caused by the gale raging far away behind. But all the crew knew it was coming, and, while hoping for the best, all was done that good seamanship could suggest, and the ship prepared for the worst.

Excepting the Western Ocean and the Bay of Biscay, there is, perhaps, no other ocean where the sea runs so high and regular (at times) that a large ship may float in the valley or hollow of a wave for a few moments at

a time, while the other elements are calm. How awfully grand it is to look round you during these moments! to see the high wall of water coming on towards you, as if about to tumble on to the mast first, and then down on the deck. But instead of this, the lower edge of the slanting wall first glides under the quarter of the barque, lifts her up, and she, as it were, climbs up the side, mounts its crest, and sinks down the other side—and so on goes the good ship, gallantly passing over each succeeding billow.

As the afternoon hours roll on, so does the sea, and, later, the wind increases in violence, the crests of the waves become wider and longer, deeper and stronger; the leaden-coloured water is lashed into seething foam, the waves strike the ship harder, and the spray flies higher and higher.

The sea is now at its greatest height, the wind is following and increasing fast; the storm-sails are, one after the other, taken in; the waves begin to wall up in a less slanting direction; they, as it were, stand quite upright, and are fearful to gaze upon—huge, perpendicular walls of water. They have a restless, dangerous look; their edges, at the very top, for an instant of time seem like a flap overlapping the liquid wall; the flap-like piece falls into froth, the whole top of the wave curls itself up into nearly a circle, turns white as it does so, then, for a moment, it apparently stands tottering, as if trying to balance itself, and finally breaks into one mass of foam, and rushes down the wall, roaring and thundering, until it strikes the ship, sends her along at great speed, then passing her, leaves a mixture of ground-up water behind.

The time has now come when it is dangerous to persist in going before the wind. The vessel must be hove-to, which means, her bow, instead of her quarter, must face the sea. In the hands of inexperienced sailors this manœuvre is attended with great danger, but in good hands it is easily managed. The vessel's head was brought to the wind, and with a small tarpauling in the mizen rigging, there she lay, lifting her bows to the wave as it came, receiving a slap on the weather bow every now and then, which would send the water flying over the masthead and far away to leeward, but doing no other harm than giving everybody a ducking.

And thus you were, for three days and three nights, in one of the heaviest gales that ever blew, and perhaps on the heaviest sea that could ever run. You were on board a stout little craft, manned by good seamen. The thought of even a ropeyarn being carried away never entered the mind of anyone. The ship had been honestly built, and vessels of this description, if well handled, can weather any storm and face any sea that ever did or ever will exist. During that three days' gale you had a good rest, and were almost sorry when it was over.

After a gale there is always a certain amount of extra duty to be performed. Things in general have been knocked about and displaced during a heavy gale, and all hands are engaged for a time in putting matters to rights again. You had, however, been well rested, and were quite able to make yourself useful on deck or aloft. The vessel was also nearing Old England, and you were therefore in high spirits.

Entering the chops of the Channel is always a glorious time in the mind of a British sailor, although you had not much to expect when you did arrive HOME; still, seeing dear Old England was something. But for a while you were again doomed to disappointment.

The wind having blown a gale from one direction, now began to do the same from another; and, as the provisions were getting short, it was thought advisable to put into the

SCILLY ISLANDS.

After being pitched, rolled, knocked, and tossed about in mid ocean, with nothing in sight but a very angry sea, a wild-looking sky, your solitary barque looking like a little dot on the water, and giving you an idea that every wave was trying to get at her, and hitting her playfully because there was nothing else to hit. The waves which did strike her seemed pleased, but broke themselves to pieces, and had to run away to leeward and make themselves up afresh; and those which did not hit her rushed past in their regular form, as if looking for something else.

After such scenes as these, how pleasing to sight the land, and still more pleasing to learn that you are going to put into port. The pilot-boat brings real joy to you. "The dear, pretty little thing," you say to yourself. "What a fine little boat! and she skims over the water just like a duck, her close-reefed sails dashing her bow up against the sea, jerking herself over it, sailing down and then up hill again and again, her small spread of canvas dripping wet, and the stout, weather-beaten fellows on board covered from top to toe with painted

stuff, which shines and glitters like the side of their little craft when she comes up out of the water.

On comes the welcome little thing, so pretty, so toy-like ; the jolly-looking fellows in charge of her move about without speaking, as they all know what to do. They don't seem to care a bit about the sea getting over them. If a splash of salt water comes up into their faces they just shake as much of it off as they can, and leave what remains to dry. Then, when a sea gets over the rail and hits them on the back they take no notice, but let it run off again, or stop there if it can. The clothing they wear seems made for the water to play about on, and if there were no water flying about, they would take them off as of no use.

The pilot and his men know from whence the little barque has come, but out of compliment, when they get close enough, they call out, "Barque oh, hoy ! Where are you from ?" The answer was "Kertch."

They next ask, "Where are you bound to ?" "Falmouth, for orders," is the reply.

"You won't do any good with this wind, sir ; you had better put into Scilly." The captain of the "A— M—" makes no reply ; so the pilot takes it for granted he means yes. They immediately hook a very small tackle on to a very small boat, and hoist one end up, then watch for a smooth, take hold of the other end by hand, lift it over the rail of their little craft, and drop it into the water. Two of these stalwart fellows jump into her, one of whom pushes her away from the cutter, while the other gets out the oars or paddles, and soon drop astern of their vessel. Then, in spite of the heavy sea, one man pulls the little boat up under the

lee of the barque, and when he gets quite close, he calls out, "Did you communicate with Constantinople?" "We did," was the reply. "Then I cannot come on board; you must steer after the pilot cutter. We will keep her close under your bows, and take you into St. Mary's." The little boat then returns to the cutter, the drenched men take the boat on deck again, put the cutter before the wind, and the barque follows.

Although a sailor's life at sea is usually a rough and dangerous one, yet when he gets into port all his dangers are forgotten, and he sets himself to enjoy to the full his intervals of repose. After such a voyage, the satisfaction felt on getting into harbour was all the greater. As for you, the prospect of running into port, getting nearer to a place you had never seen before, raised you into high spirits. "Any port in a storm," and therefore you were well pleased to see the many little islands which dotted the lake-like harbour of Scilly, while the dark, frowning cliffs reared their towering heads in defiance of the raging sea outside. The ship sailed into harbour, and as soon as the anchor was let go a boat came alongside, and ordered a yellow flag to be hoisted, to show the vessel was in quarantine.

It mattered very little to you whether the vessel was in quarantine or not; you had got into port, and there was a chance of getting some fresh provisions. Everything about you was strange and novel, and you were quite happy.

After lying several days in St. Mary's Roads, and a fair wind springing up, the vessel was got underweigh, and for some reason or other called at Cork for orders, and was instructed to proceed to London:

On arriving at London, after a long absence, and being a runaway boy, you were quite at a loss to know what to do with yourself. You had no desire to revisit Putney, and did not care to go another voyage in the same vessel; so, having a little money due, you were paid off with the others.

By accident you met a boy who had known you in Putney, and he said you had a sister living in Clapham, and gave you her address. It was not without doubts and misgivings as to your reception that you made your way to Clapham, and to the utter astonishment of your sister and her husband, knocked at the door, and made yourself known.

“What! is that you, Charlie? Where ever have you come from? Where have you been all the last three years? So you are a sailor, and have been to sea. Why, what a fine lad you are growing. There, come inside and tell us all about it.” Having related to them all about your trials and hardships, you found your brother-in-law a very kind-hearted man, very anxious to do you all the good in his power; you remained with him for a few days, during which time he found out for you a rich uncle, who was then living at Ditton Marsh, and one day he accompanied you on a visit to him. Dressed in a pair of white trousers, blue shirt, blue jacket, and tarpauling hat, you looked every inch a real sailor boy.

In a small mansion standing in its own grounds, a pretty lawn in front, and having a garden and meadow land adjoining, with the usual number of offices and out-houses attached—not very imposing in appearance, but with all the signs of substantial comfort and wealth

surrounding it—dwelt your newly discovered uncle. You were shown into a magnificent drawing-room, where, beside your uncle, were two grand ladies, of whom one was your aunt, and the other a distant relative. You dined in the drawing or dining-room, but would much rather have gone into the kitchen. You were, of course, made much of, especially among the servants. On your parting with your uncle, a few coins were dropped into your hand. On leaving, you somehow felt no inclination to return to them—they were too grand people for you.

A sailor's lodging-house is no very desirable place for a boy at the age of a little over twelve to live in. But there was no other available place, so you had to remain there until you procured a berth on board ship.

Living in the same house in which you were lodging were sailors of various nations, and among them a man who took a great fancy to you, and who was also looking for a ship. He determined not to ship in any vessel unless she happened to be in want of a boy also, so that you could go with him. With this object he and you used to go about together.

You were not long in getting a berth in the "C ——" of South Shields, to which vessel you were bound apprentice. She was about to sail on a voyage to Memel, in the Baltic, and was going in ballast. You joined her in the Thames, but, when off Gravesend, your friend left the vessel in bad health.

From the day he left a chapter of accidents befel the ship, and a series of misfortunes to yourself, in the shape of ill-usage, &c. The brig had scarcely lifted anchor from off Gravesend, when she grounded on a

shelving bank of the river at high water, and as the tide left her, she fell over on her beam ends, with her deck towards the river. As the tide flowed again, the water came over the rail, and on to the deck, even before it touched some parts of her bottom. Several tides ebbed and flowed before she could be floated again.

Having got clear of the bank, the ship was no sooner underweigh than she drifted foul of a man-of-war, and carried away her maintopmast, which had, of course, to be replaced; but, while in the act of sending it up, the mast-rope broke, smashed a few of the deck planks, and did other damage.

All this time it was blowing a fair wind, and the delay was vexatious to all on board; every man had to do double work, at which they took care to grumble, and as you were the last comer on board, you were the one at whom all hands threw their spite.

In those days it used to be the fashion to have a cask of table beer in the forecastle, which beer was constantly in demand, especially after working hours. You were kept labouring hard all the working part of the day, and had to keep your watch by night as well. Your watch on deck at night, and then only when it happened to be anchor-watch, was the only time you had any rest; there was a continual call on you to go to that cask and draw some beer, no matter where you were, what you were doing, whether your time was your own or not, or whether you were tired out by the hard work imposed upon you. Although small, you were made useful. No matter whether you had just fallen asleep in your hammock during your watch below, if any of the fellows wanted a pannikin of beer,

even although he happened to be sitting on the barrel containing it, he would call you up out of your comfortable sleep to get it for him. And yet such unfeeling, selfish men called themselves sailors! Instead of pitying you, they took delight in tyrannising over you when you attempted to take some needful rest. "Get up, you young cub. Why don't you move yourself quick? I'll give you a good rope's-ending if you don't show yourself smart," accompanying his threats by the most filthy oaths. Then, perhaps, after you had waited on the wretch, he would deal you a blow on the side of the head of sufficient force to knock you down, and if you did not cry or complain, would follow it with a kick. You bore all the ill-usage with dogged and hardened feelings.

Disaster after disaster happened to this dreadful vessel. Everything seemed to go wrong, and more than once she was as nearly as possible being lost. Indeed, you sometimes wished, in the bitterness of your heart, that she would run ashore, or go to the bottom—yes, even if you went with her. It frequently occurred when a man was passing you, without your saying a word or doing anything wrong, he would lift up his cowardly fist and give you an unmerciful punch on the head, and say, "There, take that, you young humbug; you will be sure to deserve it by-and-by, if you don't deserve it now," while others of the dastardly crew would smile at him approvingly, just as if he had done something very brave, and said something very witty.

In general the conduct of this ship's crew was so bad, so disgusting, that, in deference to the feelings of the reader, the writer thinks it better to skip over the

doings of as cowardly a lot as ever manned a ship. They were a disgrace to the race, a dirty, lazy set, nothing of the true British sailor about any one of them.

But at length this unfortunate ship arrived at Memel, the same ill-usage and hard labour being continued up to the end of the voyage.

One afternoon, while taking in timber through the bow port, the men who were on the floating stage under the bow of the ship were hoisting up the end of a very heavy log by means of a luff-tackle. It was your duty to haul in the slack of the rope and hold on; but on this occasion the strain on the tackle was too much for you, and the rope slipped through your hands so fast that it caused a burning sensation in them, and compelled you to let go—when down went the end of the log into the water. One of the men was standing just by your side, and with all his strength he swung round his fist and gave you a terrific blow in the face, which knocked you clean off the stage; but by some means he managed to catch hold of your feet, and there he held you till you were quite exhausted. You could not tell how long you remained in this position, but could feel the effects of the blow. You could remember your head going splash into the water, and feeling it rush past; but becoming unconscious, you knew nothing more till you found yourself lying on a log of timber down in the hold of the vessel.

Having finished loading in due course, and being of too heavy a draft of water, the ship was taken over the bar, and her deck load put on board while she lay in the open roadstead.

Here, again, more misery was in store for you, and you were rapidly breaking down under the ill-treatment you were subjected to. The ship was rolling very badly, but notwithstanding, the heavy logs had to be got on deck somehow. Although your body was sore all over, and you could scarcely move without pain, you were knocked about here and there, and hardly allowed a moment's rest. More than once you put your hand on the rigging with the intention of going up to the masthead, and throwing yourself from thence into the sea, or on to the ship's deck. But at such times, an inward monitor warned you of the sin of self-destruction, and you obeyed its silent command. God, who is everywhere, was watching over the life of the poor friendless sailor boy, though, to yourself, it did not seem worth preserving.

The vessel having completed her deck loading, no time was lost in getting underweigh, when her course was shaped for Newry, in Ireland. After a long and tiresome voyage, the ship arrived at her destination safely; and after the cargo was discharged, to your great delight nearly all the crew left her.

There were three boys on board the "C——," and it was the duty of the three boys, including yourself, to assist the men to get their clothing on shore, as they were discharged. You had not forgotten the many blows dealt you by one of the crew in particular. He was a short, thick-set, bull-dog sort of fellow, bow-legged, but exceedingly strong, and very conceited. Along with the other two boys you had to help him get his clothing on to the beach at Warren Point, where the beach is covered with good-sized pebbles. He and his

traps were landed, and the latter carried a little way up from the water's edge. It then occurred to all three boys that he had nothing more to do with you; and instead of replying to his "Good-bye," you all began to pelt him with stones. When he found himself in this position, he showed his true colours—those of a coward. He dropped his bag and ran away, as if for his life.

As soon as he reached a place where he could protect himself from the shower of stones, he called out, "I'll catch you some day—you, Charlie." And you well remember calling back to him, "*And I'll catch you some day, you coward!*"

At that moment the thought crossed your mind that some day you might meet him when you had grown a man; and if it should be your good fortune to become captain, or even mate, this man's cruelty would be kept in mind should he apply for a berth on board the vessel in which you happened to be. This thought stimulated you to increased exertion in your endeavours to rise in your profession.

Most of the men having left the ship, for the first time during many weeks you enjoyed regular rest, and the vessel became a paradise compared with what it had been.

The next voyage was to Archangel. A crew of Irish sailors were shipped in place of the men you were so glad to see depart, and they proved very much kinder to you than the brutal crew from the North of England.

During the passage, and before passing through the Pentland Firth into the North Sea, the vessel en-

countered heavy gales of wind, and, owing to bad seamanship, lost all the sail that was set on her, and at one time there was very great danger of being driven on shore.

Off Cape Wrath the ship was assailed by another fierce gale, after which she had a fair wind, ran into the North Sea, and soon passed the Shetland Islands. Your treatment during this voyage gave you no ground of complaint, excepting that at times one or two of the old hands would threaten you with treatment such as that of the previous voyage, and impose upon you duties they well knew they ought to have done themselves. For instance, one night, off the North Cape, it came on to blow, and the topgallant sails had to be clewed up, the topsails lowered, and the reef-tackles hauled out; the courses were hauled up, and allowed to hang in the gear. About midnight the clear outline of the North Cape could be seen by the starlight, and appeared to be not very far off.

Suddenly the wind died away, the sky became overcast, and gleams of lightning issued from the clouds, every flash of which showed where every man was standing, and who he was; but each flash left you in such complete darkness that you could not see anything—as dark as if you were fitted into a lump of coal. A feeling of awe came over you, as no doubt it did over all the ship's crew, as every one stood still, waiting for a glimpse of each other, and when the next flash came, followed or accompanied by a heavy peal of thunder, all remained perfectly still, waiting in breathless anticipation for the next burst; and when it did come again, you could see everyone standing in a sort of

stupor, a little distance from each other, with their arms hanging down by their sides.

After the first few flashes it fell dead calm; the vessel began to shake about—you could not call it rolling, there was not sea enough for that—and the coal-like darkness, the calm, the lightning and thunder clattering as if quite close to your ears—indeed, at times it sounded so near that you imagined it to be something rattling at your ears, your feet, or down the main hatchway—everywhere, in fact—caused you to tremble. But now it was calm; between the claps of thunder, when all ought to have been silent, as at first, there was heard a hissing, roaring sort of noise, which made it truly awful. The hissing noise seemed to be all round the ship at times; then it would sound as if it were ahead of you, then as if it were astern, now on one side and now on the other. Sometimes the sound would give you the idea that it was close to you, then as if it were far away, and it was still so dark that when a flash came it showed you everybody standing in the same position you had last seen them, appearing as if they were all lightning- and thunder-struck.

The first sound came from one of the Irish sailors, who said, "Bedad, we are going to catch it now." These words seemed to wake everybody up; the next words were an order from the captain to up and stow the topgallant sails. You, for one, did not care to go aloft, and it seemed as if everyone else was of the same mind; not one of them stirred. It was then, when the next flash of lightning came, that you were subjected to a little of the old usage. Frightened to go himself, one of the old hands made his way close to you, and

when he was near enough, he swung his heavy hand round and gave you a backhander that sent you reeling against the rail, at the same time saying, "You lazy young wretch, why don't you go up and stow that foretopgallant sail?"

All the fear was knocked out of you, with your face broken, and your heart more than half broken. You felt your way to the rigging, and when the next flash of lightning came, you were seen climbing over the top brim on your way up to stow the sail. The fear of a heavy squall overtaking the ship, and blowing the mast out of her had all gone; you were rather in hopes it would, and take you with it, and put an end to your existence.

The hissing and roaring continued; you could hear it quite plainly on the yard, but did not know, nor did you care what it was. You went on stowing the topgallant sail, and took plenty of time about it, careless whether you ever left the yard for the deck or not.

The strange noise seemed all of a sudden to come quite close, and there were longer intervals between the flashes of lightning; but when the flashes did come they seemed to warm, and to some extent stupefy you. As you were leaning over the yard you felt a dab of wet fall on to your bare neck, and wondered where it came from. Looking on to the other yardarm, you saw what appeared to be a ball of fire, quite round, dancing about as if in great glee. It was on the very yardarm, but you were so sickened with the blow you had received that you did not feel at all frightened. You kept watching it as it danced about, and could not help wondering what it was; but in a short time you

became used to it, and, still leaning over the yard, felt one or two more dabs of water fall on your neck, and then many more. They felt very heavy. The ship had no motion, but was lying as steady as if she were in dock. At length there was no mistaking what the roaring, hissing noise meant, and what the heavy dabs of water were, as they began to fall fast all over you, making you fear that you would be washed off the yard.

Rain you could scarcely call it, for the water was pouring down in continuous streams, and being more and more fearful of being washed off the yard, you passed two or three turns of a rope round the yard and yourself with the yardarm gasket, and having by this means made yourself quite secure, you laid your forehead on your arms, and while the rain kept pouring down, you fell fast asleep.

You must have had a good nap, and when you woke up, found it was still raining, but only a small, steady rain. You finished stowing the topgallant sail, and then went down on deck.

Instead of a heavy gale, as every one on board expected, at daylight the dark clouds cleared away, a light breeze sprang up right aft, and all sail was soon set. As the wind freshened the vessel was steered towards the White Sea.

In the course of the day, as the breeze continued to freshen, all studding-sails were set on the vessel, on both sides, alow and aloft. She was doing as much as she could do, viz., from seven to eight knots per hour; everybody on board seemed in good spirits, and the wind continued very steady all that day and during

the next night. The following day the wind continued the same, but there came on a dense fog which lasted all the following night, and when next morning came it was still so dense that you could scarcely see from one end of the ship to the other. The vessel carried the same sail which she had been doing during the last two or three days, viz., all studding-sails, &c.

It was about eight bells, or eight o'clock a.m., when all hands except the helmsman had gone below to breakfast. After they had been down about twenty minutes, the man at the helm called out that he thought he heard a strange noise. The captain put his head above the companion and listened for a minute or two, and said he could hear nothing. The vessel at the time was going along about seven knots, the steersman was relieved at the helm, and the man who relieved him also thought he heard something, which was reported below. This time the mate came up, and after listening a short time, said, "It is only the rippling of the tide ; steer your course, that is all you have to do," and went down again to finish his breakfast.

He had not been there long before the man at the helm called out, "Breakers ahead !" In an instant there was a rush upon deck, some with their mouths half full of victuals, and others only half dressed.

One of the men called out, "Breakers on the star-board bow !" "Breakers on the port bow," sung out another. The captain and mate began to give all sorts of orders one after the other, so quick that no one knew what to do, or which to do first. Some of the crew let go the studding-sail tacks, others let go the topgallant sheets, while others let go the topsail hal-

yards, and in two or three minutes all the sails were flying away in the greatest confusion. The helm was first ordered to be put hard a-port, then hard a-starboard; then the man at the helm let go his hold of it, and the long tiller took full charge of the quarterdeck.

The brig by this time had run right in among the breakers, and all of a sudden she gave a bump which sent both masts forward as if they were going clean over the bows, the midship part of the deck bent upwards as if the ship's back was going to break, the heavy seas commenced striking her under the stern, sending her over rock after rock, bumping heavily all the time, until there was not sufficient water to send her any further; she then turned broadside on to the wind and sea, and the latter made its way right over her side.

The sails now began to feel the force of the wind more; a few of them went to shreds, while others held fast, and kept flapping and making a noise which, together with the roaring of the sea, was most appalling. All hands had now taken refuge under the weather rail or bulwark, some having lashed themselves to it, while others were holding on for their lives. There was only one man washed overboard, but the next drawback sea washed him back again—two or three of the hands caught hold of him and lashed him under the lee of the rail, while others were hauling on the braces.

For some hours the sea kept hammering away at the ship, but towards noon it began to lose its strength, and was, therefore, less dangerous, and in a very short time the water had left her high and dry.

You were not in the least sorry when the ship was

thrown among the breakers; you had been so much ill-used on board of her that it was one of the happiest days of your life to see her there, and when she struck and went over the first rock, you in your own mind were very much afraid that she would go clear, but when she struck again and again, and you saw there was no chance of getting out of the breakers, notwithstanding the very great danger you were in, anything, even death itself, was preferable to life in that ship. The thought ran through your mind that you were apprenticed to the "C——," and if she were lost you would be free.

The fog still continued so dense that nothing could be seen beyond a few yards. Around you there were nothing but brown rocks, seaweed, breakers, and the wrecked ship, and therefore it was considered by those on board, who ought to have known best, that it was much the safest plan to remain by the wreck until the fog cleared away and it could be seen where the vessel had run on shore, as neither the captain nor mate even knew which side of the White Sea the vessel had run ashore, as they had supposed that the brig was midway between the coasts, but from how the land bore when first seen they supposed the vessel must be on the Lapland side.

On the third day after the vessel ran on shore the fog cleared away, it was found that the vessel was under a headland of great height, with a very small space of level land at its base. We were soon surrounded by a number of Laplanders—men, women, and children. They were very kind, and seemed anxious to do all they could for us, and were of great assistance



WRECK ON THE COAST OF LAPLAND.

in putting up a tent made out of the spars and sails saved from the vessel, which they helped to secure.

After being about two weeks on shore, the captain and four men left Lapland in the long boat for Archangel, promising to return at once and take us off the island on which we had been cast; but after waiting some weeks, and as the fall of the year was coming on, we, in fear of being wintered there, took to the small boat and made for Archangel also. We had not proceeded far when we were picked up by a Russian vessel in the White Sea, which took us on to the Port of Archangel, at which place the English Consul took charge of us, and made us very comfortable.

Once more, then, you had to look for a ship, and you were not long in obtaining one—the “R——,” of Peterhead. It was in this vessel that you found out the difference between the “C——” and a vessel where fair usage was to be had. In the “R——” they were excellent sailors, of more spirit and good-nature than to impose upon a little boy—too proud, too noble, too sailor-hearted. The captain, officers, and men were friends; the work of the ship was done with a will, and when it was done your time was your own.

In a few weeks after arriving in Archangel you were away again, and landed in Peterhead; from there you shipped in a sloop bound to Aberdeen. Having landed at Aberdeen, you were once more all adrift, but soon procured a berth on board a brig—the “St. N——,” of Aberdeen, and for a short time you were knocking about the Orkney Islands in her, and finally left her at Burntisland, after which you made the best of your way to the North of England—South

Shields. There you found the owner of the "C——," and was the first to give him a full account of the loss of his vessel. You were taken into his house, and being a poor shipwrecked boy, were made very much of. You were well cared for, supplied with a small outfit, and started off in search of another ship. The next vessel in which you shipped was the "H——," of Newcastle, bound, in the spring of the year, to Quebec, in ballast.

Although you had been quite four years and a half knocking about getting your living, you were only thirteen and a half years of age. With your duck trousers, blue-striped shirt, long, black curly hair, black eyes, red and rosy cheeks, and a set of teeth quite even and as white as snow, you became a great favourite almost everywhere you went, and most people were astonished that you had seen so much of the world before you were fourteen years of age; and many of those who were kind to you at this time you have never forgotten, and never will on this side of the grave. You had now become quite alive to the necessity of some sort of education, and became alarmed at the prospect of being before the mast all your life. Many a sorrowful hour you passed alone, brooding over the fact that other boys could read and write well, and you could only do so indifferently.

To a certain extent you had given your mind to study, for one so young; but you found it very hard indeed to get on without assistance, especially when you were sneered at by the men for trying to improve yourself. You well remember that once, while you were up in a corner of the forecastle of a ship, trying

to learn to read, one of the men came up and gave you a blow on the side of the face, saying, "Take that, you young scamp; you will be on the quarterdeck some day." That blow meant jealousy, and although much hurt at the time, it made you more determined to get away from the society of such brutes. In after years that same man had to touch his cap to you when you were on the quarterdeck, in command of a large ship, and little suspected at first that it was you he had struck in such a cowardly manner; this he had to find out, and he did, as will be seen further on in these pages.

You had now fully made up your mind to persevere in teaching yourself to read and write, and seldom ever lost a chance of doing so, although you had to do it under great difficulties. Still, little by little, you went on improving, and what you did learn you found useful, and were more or less proud of.

The voyage out to Quebec in the "H—" was of the ordinary kind, and nothing worth noting occurred, until one day, while beating up the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the vessel touched on a ledge of rocks at nearly high water, and as the tide was ebbing fast at the time, she stuck fast, and about three hours after was high and dry out of the water. At dead low water it was found that she was hanging on her starboard bilge on the ledge, slightly listed towards it, her keel and one side of the ship being quite clear, so clear that the whole of the crew could walk under her bottom; and just before going to dinner the whole crew did walk under the vessel, and had a good look up at her. There was not a soul left on board, everyone—from captain to boy—was right under her at the same time, all wonder-

ing how she could hang there. After taking a good look at her, all hands went on board to dinner, and about twenty minutes after you had been under her bottom, she slipped off with a jerk which made everything rattle again. The ship landed just where you had all been walking.

You have often thought since, that if it had so happened that the ship slipped off the rock at the time you were all underneath it, how surprised every one would have been when they found the vessel in such good order. What a mystery as to the fate of the crew; for the whole must have been crushed and ground into powder. The ship had slipped a distance of ten feet, and, in consequence, the tide floated her sooner, and as there was a light breeze blowing at the time, she sailed away as if nothing had happened.

Taking in a cargo of timber in Quebec river is done every day, and will continue to be done to the end of time. There is nothing interesting in it worth writing about. You lent a hand to load the ship, and, when she was loaded and ready for sea, you made

THE FIRST FALSE STEP.

This step you were persuaded to take by some crimps from the shore and also some of the crew. You were told that the wages were eleven pounds per month for able seamen, and eight pounds for ordinary seamen. Promises were held out that you could have a week on shore; you would be taken care of, and another ship be provided for you, and if she were two months on the passage home, there would be £22 for the able seaman and £16 for you. All these inducements were

placed before you, and as several of the men consented to go, you went with them. It was quite true that you could get eight pounds per month, that you could have a week on shore, and that another ship could be provided for you without any trouble; but what did it end in, during the few days you were on shore? You were run into debt to the extent of a month and a half's pay; in one way and another you were made to sign over a month and a half's advance notes to the crimp, and when you landed in Greenock in the ship "M— B—," you were indebted to the ship and had to remain on board to work it out, and then landed without a penny. Besides all that, you were branded as a deserter; you had been dishonest, and it served you quite right that you had to suffer for it. And you did suffer. You had run away from a good ship and lost your wages honestly earned, and never touched a penny of the "big" pay you earned, through leaving your honest employment. That was a lesson you never forgot. Because of that false step much of your time was lost, especially with respect to improving yourself in education.

Having completed the working out of the debt to the "M— B—," you with two others of the crew who had made the same mistake by deserting as you had done, shipped in a schooner, and the three of you together, with the captain, made up the crew of the "H—," of Dartmouth.

A QUEER SHIP, WITH A MUCH QUEERER CAPTAIN.

The "H—," of Dartmouth, might have been new, or she might have been ever so many years old for all you

knew; it was impossible to guess which, she had been so much bedaubed with tar all over. Yourself with two old shipmates joined her at Greenock, and as soon as you did join her the captain went on shore, and during his stay there were many inquiries after him; but he was never to be found on board by day, and as soon as he came on board he would go below to bed, and leave orders with one of the men that he was not to be disturbed, and if anybody asked for him, to say he was not on board. As soon as he had had his sleep out, he would order the boat to be ready alongside; and when it was quite ready he would put his head above the companion, and after seeing that the coast was quite clear, he would jump into the boat and bid you pull him ashore quick, when he would steer the boat to some extraordinary part, or out-of-the-way place, and land. During the forenoon of every day there used to arrive alongside sundry instalments of provisions in very small parcels, and, as a rule, from different shops.

This sort of thing went on for some days, and one of the men kept reminding him that the vessel was in want of ballast, and each time he was reminded he promised to have some sent off, but the ballast never arrived.

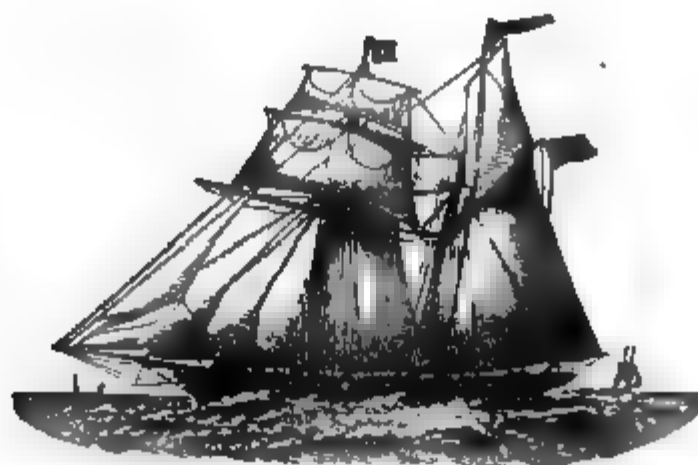
One morning, about 10 a.m., and shortly after he went on shore, he returned to the vessel and gave orders to heave away at the windlass, and get the anchor as soon as possible. He was again reminded that the vessel was not ballasted. His reply was, "Never mind that; I know her better than you do; she will stand up all right."

The anchor was soon up to the bows, the head-sails



AT N——— OF ABERDEEN LOADING PEATS ON CHRISTMAS DAY AT THE ORKNEY ISLANDS.

set, and as the wind and tide were both in her favour, she was put before the former, and was not long in distancing the place where she had been anchored but, unluckily for the captain, when off the Clock Light the wind died away and the tide turned against her. There was nothing to be done but to drift back to Greenock or to let go the anchor. The boat was sent ahead with all three hands in her, and with the help of the tide and a catspaw now and then, the captain managed to get her close in shore out of sight, and as soon as the anchor was let go, went down below and turned in.



THE "H —," OF DARTMOUTH.

The anchor had not long been let go, when the port boat was seen pulling towards the vessel, and when it was reported to the captain that she was coming alongside, he of a sudden took very ill, and commenced to groan with pain.

As soon as the boat came alongside, the man who had been steering her jumped on board and said, "Where is the master?"

"He is down below," was the reply, and as the man went aft he could hear the master groaning fearfully; but, notwithstanding the groans, the man went below, and there he saw the captain in his bed, rolling and tumbling about as if in the greatest pain and agony.

The first words the man said was, "I am sent after the port dues;" but the captain only turned the whites of his eyes to him and gave another groan. The man then went close to him, and in a very kindly manner said, "Port dues, sir."

"Oh, oh, oh, port dues—left at agents."

The man caught the last words, which seemed to console him, and seeing there was not the slightest chance of getting any satisfaction beyond "left at the agents," he made for his boat again, and she was pulled towards Greenock.

It was astonishing how well the captain became after the boat left the vessel, and as soon as the tide turned the anchor was lifted, the boat again sent ahead, and, being night time, she was able to get round the Clock Light and make for the mouth of the Clyde.

Shortly after midnight a breeze sprang up, and the vessel was put before it. Neither of the crew knew where the vessel was bound to, nor seemingly did the captain himself, from the way he kept altering the course of the schooner. Early the next morning the wind freshened, and it became necessary to get in the boat, which had been towing astern; but, when the tackles were hooked on to her, it was found that the schooner was too crank to admit of the boat being hoisted up, and as the wind had increased to a strong

breeze, the helm was put up, and the vessel a few hours after anchored in Fairleigh Roads.

In this place we lay three or four days, during which time all three of the crew were engaged loading the boat with stones which were picked up off the beach, and at the end of that time the schooner was stiff enough to stand up to a breeze. She was once more got underweigh, and sailing through between the Highlands of Scotland.

So far as was known to the crew, there seemed to be no particular port of destination, as, no matter which way the wind blew, we always made a fair wind of it, every day anchoring off some fishing village or town, and going on shore for an hour or two in order to get a fresh supply of provisions, when they were available, and when they were not, we had to do without. Both captain and vessel seemed to be well known at the small towns, and in some of them especially he appeared to be better known than trusted.

We had been knocking about the Highlands for about three weeks, when the vessel was steered out into the open sea. She was then run through the Pentland Firth, and after rounding John O'Groat's House, ran into the harbour of Wick. Here, to our astonishment, we were told the captain had a wife, but what still more surprised us was that he did not go to see her; and although she did not live a stone's-throw from where the vessel lay, she did not trouble to look after him. Nor did he leave the ship on the evening of her arrival; anything that was required to be done was done by one of the men.

About ten o'clock on the morning after the arrival

of the vessel it was absolutely necessary that the master should go on shore in order to go through some formalities, perhaps at the Custom-house, and you were called to go with him. You noticed that he was looking anxiously about before he put his foot on the quay, and seemed to be in a very nervous state of mind all the time he was walking along, and especially while he was passing a lot of women who were salting and packing herrings. You did not know what to make of it when he asked you to walk between them and him.

He kept you by his side until he had passed the whole of the women. He then told you to walk behind him, which you did, until you got to the upper end of the quay, when he told you to walk by his side again. You did as directed, but wondered what all these manœuvres meant. You had not gone far, when he said, "Now, walk behind me again," and as you did so, a shower of stones came flying about your legs. You looked round, and saw a lot of boys behind, all well supplied with stones, and as one of them had struck you on the ankle, you turned round and faced the boys, and began to shy back at them; but although you had hit one or two of them pretty hard, they did not seem inclined to throw at you again; they seemed not to heed you, but pelted away at the skipper, and finally you went up to the boys. They made no attempt to get out of your way, but kept on as hard as they could shying at the captain, who was in full flight for a small public-house, which he entered, and when he did so the boys surrounded the door and waited for his coming out. You determined not to desert him, so made your

way through them to go to him, and found him stowed away at the back of the house.

You had no idea what it was all for, and you really pitied him. You could see there was no ill-will towards you; on the contrary everyone was kind to you, and wherever you went you were met with a smile of approval, so that you could not well interfere; but you did say, as you passed through the crowd, "If any of you hit me with a stone you shall have a few back that will break the heads of one or two." They then said, "We don't want to hurt you, it's your captain we want."

As before stated, you found your captain stowed away at the back of the house, and he told you to go and fetch a constable, which you did; but the only one you could find was so lame that he could hardly walk. However, he was good enough to be a safeguard for the skipper, and when the mob saw him come out of the house with the lame limb of the law for a protector, they cheered the constable and hooted the captain. The latter, however, managed to get where he wished to go to, and was being escorted down to the ship again. You noticed there was a sly look among the women as you passed the first lot of them, but before you had proceeded far down the row, you found yourself seized by two of them and held back, and that was the signal for them to pelt the skipper. There were heaps and heaps of the offal from the fish; the women surrounded him, and in less than two minutes he was smothered from head to foot with all the filthy stuff they could muster. You just happened to hear one

old woman say, "Ye come here and marry the bonniest lassie in the place, when ye had another wife in Ireland." That explained the whole thing. After that you neither had the power nor inclination to help him; moreover you had been lamed by one of the stones that had struck you on the foot, so you went limping along back towards the town as well as you could, leaving the fishwomen to do what they liked with the unfortunate skipper; you could see that they had got him under the pump, and were giving him a thorough good wash.

A little distance up the street in which you were walking, there stood a corner house; it was both a store and a public-house, not grand, but very respectable. At the door of this house stood an elderly woman, and in her broad Scotch she said, "What's the matter with your foot, laddie." You told her that a stone intended to strike the captain had hit you instead. She seemed to know that, and asked you in; you did so, and they gave you a seat, and in the room in which you were seated there was one of the bonniest Scotch lassies you ever saw before or since. She was in tears, and evidently had been so for some time, as her eyes were quite red—it was one of the captain's wives.

She had evidently heard of all that was going on, and, just like the rest of them, although she had been grossly wronged by him, still she did not like to know that he was being ill-used.

On your entering she dried her eyes, and began to run her fingers through your curls, and at the same time looked into your eyes, saying, "What a bonnie laddie," and you were looking her back in the face



THE QUEEN CAPTAIN HAD TO STAY BY THE YOUNG VILLAIN OF WICK

again, and thought to yourself, "What a bonnie lassie," and she was a real bonnie lassie too.

It did not take much to persuade you to remain in the house for the night, especially as the man who acted as mate came to look after you and gave you liberty, as you were by this time too lame to walk.

You were only two days in the house before you were well enough to walk, and you were then sent for by the skipper. During the time you were there the lassie the captain had married asked you a great number of questions about his doings, and seemed very anxious lest the people should hurt him. In a day or two you carried an order to get the ship underweigh, and after dark to haul her outside the harbour, and make as little noise about it as possible, and if they tried to stop the ship, not to heed them, but get out as quickly and as quietly (after all was still) as possible.

The night came on very dark, and there was a light breeze from the north-east; so about midnight, when all was quiet, a small rope was led away to the pier-head, the bow and stern-ropes of the schooner were cast off, and without making the slightest noise the vessel was hauled away to the pier-head. When the head-sails were run up, and she was just leaving the outer part of the pier, a gruff voice disturbed the stillness of the night by calling out, "Schooner, ahoy!" But no answer came from the schooner, not a sound, and in a few minutes she was out of sight, lost in the darkness. The schooner had sloped, and, as usual, had forgotten to pay the port charges.

There was no doubt but the man who acted as mate had had private instructions as to where to take the

vessel, for he steered to the westward, and when daylight came, he ran up alongside a fishing-boat and astonished you by asking which was the way to Lybster?

"What! don't you know where you are?"

"No," was the reply.

"Well, go a little more to the north-west, and when you get round the second headland you will see it."

It was the first time you had ever heard such a question asked at sea; however, the vessel's head was pointed towards the second headland, and about seven in the morning the vessel arrived, and was lashed alongside the small sort of causeway at the little fishing port of Lybster. There the captain was in waiting, and seemed overjoyed that he was clear away from Wick.

The vessel soon commenced to take in a cargo of herrings for Ireland, and as soon as she was loaded was cast off at high water; sail was set on her, but while going out of the harbour she struck on a rock, filled with water, and sank. Yourself and the two men were so disgusted with the vessel, that you now made up your minds to leave her. But you could not get a farthing of money from the skipper, and all you had amongst you was eightpence. You had about twelve miles to walk before you could reach the nearest seaport, which was Wick. Walking twelve miles along a very exposed coast, with a high wind blowing, and snow falling heavily right in your teeth, is no joke, especially after having had to work the whole day and night before, with only eightpence amongst three of you. However, it had to be done, so off you started.

On such a day, and with such a journey before you, hunger will remind you that food is necessary ; and on this journey you found that a good Swedish turnip was not a bad thing, so each of you took the loan of one or two out of a field, and lowered it down past your throat with a great deal of relish. The eightpence was invested in oaten cakes or bannocks, which were more or less satisfying.

Towards evening you arrived at Wick, and were entertained at the same house you had been so kindly treated when you were lamed by the stones. So well were you cared for, that you felt loath to leave your kind entertainers. You might have stayed there almost any length of time, but you were anxious to get away to sea again, to earn your own independent living.

There is something very gratifying in the idea of getting your own independent living. Just call to mind what it means, and it will suggest that it means all the real happiness this world can place at your disposal.

You were anxious to get away to sea again to earn your own independent living. That sentence may be repeated as often as one might wish, and it would not be easy to get tired of it, at least, right-minded people would not. Just fancy your position now as compared with what it was four and a-half years ago, when you were a poor, helpless little boy. You could not do much, but did what you could cheerfully, and any man worthy of the name will help you to do that which might be too heavy for you when he saw you were trying ; it was only those who were unworthy of the name of a man that struck and ill-used you. The latter class are those

who are doomed to remain in the dirty part of a vessel all their lives, going from ship to ship every two or three months, growling at everything they are told to do, and declaring that each successive ship is the worst one they were ever on board of, no matter what kind of ship she is.

Reverting to the position you are in now as compared with what you were four and a-half years ago. If the Almighty spares you and grants you health, you are perfectly independent of all the world. Twenty-five shillings per month, or nearly six shillings per week, with good but rather coarse food to eat, is not so bad. You don't require to buy anything but clothing, unless you might like a little bit of fruit now and then, just for a treat, you know ; but then if you are a good boy, there are many ways of earning a few pence now and then, especially when you are coasting. Of course that is only to be done when there happens to be a little job going about begging after your working hours are over, or when you are in the boat, just to give a fellow a shove off, and that sort of thing. It is very easy to be civil and obliging, without in the least neglecting your duty, and nineteen captains out of twenty will encourage you to earn an honest shilling, and not only encourage you, but respect you for it.

Out of the twenty-five shillings per month, how nice when a month's pay is due, your very own money, to go and purchase five yards of canvas to make yourself a pair of trousers and a jumper to work in, or a pair of duck trousers and a blue shirt to go on shore in. Your wants being very few, you have none of those anxieties which boys on shore have who are

dependent on their parents or relations, and who, perhaps, have a hard job to struggle on themselves.

There is your hammock for you, or your bunk; it is your own fault if it is not clean, and comparatively comfortable; it is your own fault if you are not happy, now you are growing strong enough to be able to take your own part to a certain extent; and all you had to do was to go in for honesty of purpose, and keep to your agreement as written in the ship's articles—that you will obey all lawful commands, &c., &c.—and, as a rule, the captain will see that the ship's part of the contract is fulfilled.

You had not been many days in Wick before you received a message from the queer captain of the “H——,” informing you that the coastguard men had saved the ship, and that the hole in her bottom had been repaired, and you, as well as the other two, were requested to go on board and take her round to Ireland to the port of discharge, where you would be duly paid off.

It was not many minutes before you made up your mind to go and join the schooner again; and the first coach that left Wick for Lybster, after the message came, had all three of you on it, and the same evening you joined the “H——” again.

Although there was a great deal of mystery about both the captain and the vessel, still you were not unhappy on board of her. You knew each other, and were helpful to one another, and that made up for any shortcomings on the part of the master. And at times there was much to amuse on board the “H——,” of Dartmouth. When the captain was in a talkative mood,

as he sometimes was, he would let out that the owner did not know in the least where the vessel was, nor what she was doing, and he took good care he should not know, either; and as to getting a letter from the owner, "that never happened," he continued, with a grin. "I'll take care to move the ship about ever so much too quick for that. I know exactly what would be in his letter if it caught us, so what's the use of waiting for it."

At times he would take it into his head to go to bed, for a day or two, especially when one of those hard-hearted steady head-winds was blowing; but before he did turn in, he would put his head above the companion, point out a headland dead to windward, perhaps thirty miles off or more, and tell the acting mate to beat her up to that. As we had to round the headland the schooner was standing in-shore at the time, and the man at the helm asked the master what o'clock it was. He said he did not know, but would soon find out. "Stand right in; I know that little place in-shore, there is plenty of water close to it. Stand in till I tell you to put the helm down. I'll soon find out what time it is."

There was a nice fresh breeze blowing, and as the water was smooth the schooner stepped along at a fair pace. As she neared the little village a few people came close down to the water's edge, among them a stout old tradesman-like man, with both hands in his pockets. The captain must have known him, for he called him by name and asked what time it was?

"Half-past eleven," was the reply; and immediately after he asked, "Where are you bound?" "To Car-

diff," was the reply of the captain, without a moment's hesitation.

"I dare say you are," said the stout old man. "When are you going to pay your bill? I'll catch you yet," said the man on shore. At that moment the captain shouted, "Down helm!" The schooner flew up in the wind, the flapping of the sails soon drowned the voice of the speaker on shore, and in a few moments more the vessel's broad stern was pointed to the creditor, who was soon out of sight, and as quickly out of the mind of the captain. He went down below and turned in, and no more was seen of him until he was roused up and told that we had rounded the headland.

In that same happy-go-lucky sort of way, one fine morning we found ourselves off the Cove of Cork, although we had been in the belief that we were bound to Dublin. However, there we were at the former place, and without hailing a pilot, or taking notice of anyone who might hail the vessel, the captain, being at the helm himself, ran her bang through the fleet of vessels lying there, and if anybody asked what schooner is that, they got no reply; on which they would look under her stern, which was just like the rest of her—as black as coal-tar could make it—not the ghost of a letter was to be seen. The captain would only look at them and smile as he passed them, and say nothing, but knowing the river so well as he did, he steered her right up alongside the quay into her discharging berth, went down below, dressed himself, and went on shore.

Two days after, a good strong Irish wench came on board and took charge of the vessel—it was the cap-

tain's real wife. The authorities had taken charge of the captain—and thus ended the career of one of the greatest cheats you ever met with, as a sailor, before or since. You were, however, paid your wages, and once more you were adrift and in want of a berth.

You (as was always your custom, and a good one too) commenced looking after another berth as soon as you had left a ship, walking along until you discovered somewhere to leave your clothing, and placing them in the care of a respectable lodging-house keeper, away you went quite happy. With three pounds fifteen shillings in your pocket, what did you care? Dressed in a pair of blue cloth trousers, and a good blue serge shirt, an excellent pair of pumps on your feet, and a tarpauling hat on your head, you were now a real good sailor boy, as fresh and as happy as anyone in the world. You would not care to call the king your uncle, you thought, nor were you going to take any ship that offered—oh, dear, no! You thought no small beer of yourself, and had made up your mind to pick out a suitable craft, one that had an appearance of comfort, where you would have a chance of pursuing your studies. You had gone on with them so far, and was now in good heart. You had a fair stock of clothing, and a neat bag to put them in. You had your “donkey's breakfast” (*i.e.*, straw bed), two blankets, a rug, and a nice clean hammock to lash them up in, and when you left them at the lodgings, the people could see by the tidiness of your gear that you was a respectable sailor boy, and treated you accordingly.

As above noticed, you were going to look for a ship on board which you thought you would be happy.

You found one. She was a little vessel, about sixty-seven tons register, the —— of Brixham. What took your fancy about her was that she was so nice and clean on deck. Everything was nicely painted on deck, and very clean outside and aloft. Her masts, of which she had two, were scraped and oiled; altogether, she wore an air of comfort about her. After looking at her for some time, you inquired where she was from. They told you she was from Lisbon, with oranges, and that she was bound out to Lisbon again, to bring back another cargo of the same. You thought to yourself that you would very much like to be in that trade, and jumped on board to ask the mate if he wanted an ordinary seaman. He took a good look at you, and asked how long you had been at sea. You told him nearly five years.

"Five years!" he exclaimed. "Yes, you said, nearly five years."

"And how old are you?" "About fourteen," you said.

"Do you mean to tell me you went to sea at nine years of age?" "Yes," was your answer.

"Then you began early; you ought to be of some use now," and he went on to say, "I don't know whether we shall want any hands; but you had better wait and see the captain, he will be on board directly; go forward and wait for him."

You went forward and waited, as you were directed, for some time. At length the captain arrived. You observed him give you a look as he stepped on board, and thought the look was a favourable one. He had some conversation with the mate, and after a time he

called you aft, and inquired if you wished to go in the vessel. He put many questions to you, and seemed very particular as to who he took on board his ship. The captain finished by saying he believed one of his youngsters was going to leave, and if he did, you should have his berth. He then asked what wages you wanted; and having told him thirty shillings per month, which he did not seem to think too much, you were requested to look on board every morning about eleven o'clock.

Having fixed your quarters in the lodging-house in which you had left your baggage, and where for fifteen shillings per week you were supplied with everything necessary, you spent a part of the early morning in writing and learning to read; and every little you did learn urged you on and made you anxious to learn more. It soon became a pleasure, and you kept to it whenever you could find time.

On the third day after you first saw the Brixham vessel you were appointed to a berth on board of her. You soon found what a difference there was between a dishonest captain and a true, honest English sailor, as was the captain of the Brixham vessel you now had the pleasure to belong to.

The master of this vessel was a rather tall, wiry sort of man, very supple in his joints, which were very gristly and springy, and very hard on the top of the same; there was no superfluous flesh about him, and still he was in a very good skin. One grand thing, he was not bloated with drink; it was evident that he was fond of tea and coffee, and a sailor every inch of him. He had gone to sea young, had served his time—seven

years—and afterwards gone before the mast for other six or seven years to different parts of the world. After which he returned to his native place, Brixham, and sailed as mate for some years. Then in due course he became captain. And right proud might Brixham be of such a sailor; a man who would think it a lasting disgrace, a brand on his character for ever, if he were to get into collision with another ship, even if the other vessel had a landlubber in charge of her. He was one of those men who considered it quite as disgraceful to allow a vessel to run foul of his, as he would if he allowed his ship to run foul of another. His idea was that every sailor ought not only to know when his own vessel was properly handled, but he ought to know at a glance whether other vessels were handled in a seaman-like manner. And if they were not, he considered it his duty to keep out of the way of one which was badly handled.

Besides the captain, there was the mate before mentioned, and he was very much the build of the vessel, viz., a round, short, bluff, thick fellow, with hands and head as hard as the ship's bows, and other parts of him seemed to be as round as her stern. He had good understandings, and, again, like the ship, would be very hard to capsize. He was another of those good sailors that the West of England and the kingdom should be proud of, as honest as he was simple-minded and industrious.

Two ordinary seamen and yourself made up the remainder of the crew. There was a small cabin, with two bunks, two lockers, one cupboard, and one table in it, and it was there you all messed—the captain and

mate going down to their meals first, and the three ordinary seamen afterwards.

The food you had given you was precisely the same as the captain had himself, excepting that he took the first turn at it. You were allowed to eat as much as you wished for, but you were particularly warned against any waste; in fact, the captain would think it as lubberly to waste as he would if you went with dirty hands to your meals.

With respect to the working of this little vessel, there was never any unnecessary work done on board of her; the work had to be done as it became necessary, and no matter what hour of the day or night it might be, if work had to be done, it was done there and then. The three ordinary seamen had to turn to at first, and if they could not manage the job, the mate would lend a hand. Then if whatever was going on wanted more help, the captain would buckle to at it. When the work was all finished, no matter if in the middle of the day, it was, "Clear up decks and knock off."

In due course you sailed away in this snug, well-conducted, and happy little vessel. With a clean-swept hold, not a vestige of ballast or cargo in it, only the spare sails and ropes—away you started across the Bay of Biscay in the dead of winter, as comfortable as ever you could be. No thought of disasters entered your mind. When a gale came on, the little craft was put right in the teeth of it; and when it blew itself out we laughed at and forgot it; as soon as the gale was over we set sail again, and did our best to get her towards the port to which she was bound.

While lying in Lisbon there was plenty of time to

read and do your duty at the same time. But the happiness of your life on board this ship was destined to be cut short sooner than you wished or expected, as after this voyage for oranges, and a few coasting voyages, the vessel, from some cause or other, was laid up, and, much to your regret, you had to leave her.

The next voyage was to Quebec again, being one of a crew who were going out to that port to man a new ship and bring her home. This vessel was about 1,700 tons register—a large vessel for those days. She was called the “L——,” of Greenock, and you were induced to ship as able seaman; but when you were being paid off, your wages were cut down, on the plea that you was not old enough or strong enough for an able seaman. Therefore you had to be content with what was tendered to you—viz., two-thirds of a seaman's pay. This taught you a lesson not to ship as an able seaman until you were able to perform all the duties expected from a sailor; and one main point was that you were not strong enough, however good a sailor you might have been. So that in future you signed articles for five shillings per month under able seaman's pay.

After bringing the new ship home from Quebec, you engaged to go a voyage to Gibraltar in a new North-American brigantine, belonging to some outsiders in Greenock; and the following will show the difference between the Brixham craft and the Greenock one.

The latter vessel had no less than three captains on board. One was the managing owner, but no sailor; still he gave orders. The other was part owner, but did not know navigation. And the third was a sort of

broken-down captain, who was employed to navigate the vessel out. He used to feel offended if the owner, who was not a sailor, interfered; the other sailor-captain used to be offended if he was not consulted in all matters; and the managing owner was always offended if anything whatever was done without him.

The consequence was that they all thwarted each other, and there was a continual difference of opinion. Then one would take the sulks, and have nothing to do with it whatever. It was then the other two would go to work and try and do without the third. Then they would quarrel, and one of the two would go over to the one that had taken the sulks, and would then turn-to and conduct the work, and so on.

The first result was that the ship, by order of the managing owner, was greatly overloaded, the cargo being pig-iron. Some of it had to be discharged again; but notwithstanding, she was still overloaded, and finally put to sea. Then the navigating captain insisted upon taking full charge, and would not be spoken to in reference to his duties. The other sailor-captain objected to that; so one way and the other they wrangled the vessel into Lamlash; and there one of the sailor-captains threw up his berth, went on shore in a furious mood, declaring they would lose the vessel, that he would go and insure his share to double the value, and hoped that the vessel and his partners would soon be at the bottom of the Bay of Biscay.

After the one captain left, things went on more smoothly, and the vessel again started on her voyage. She was caught in a heavy gale in the Bay of Biscay, which nearly frightened the life out of the managing

owner, who was awfully sea-sick; and had it not been that the crew almost forced him to allow them to throw some cargo overboard, the vessel would have foundered. The crew, of which you were one, knocked down the bulkhead, passed some of the pig-iron through it, and slipped it overboard.

As the vessel was lightened she became more lively, and after discharging about sixty tons, was just as good a sea-boat as the Brixham craft.

About a fortnight after this the "B——" arrived at Gibraltar, discharged the iron, loaded a cargo of bark, and sailed for Cork.

You had now been a long time away from London, and felt desirous of getting there by working your passage in a vessel that called at Cork. This was a wine-laden vessel, from Oporto to Cork, for orders. She was a well-conducted ship in every way, and you were very happy indeed on board of her.

While lying alongside the quay on board this vessel, in the London Docks, your attention was attracted by a man-of-war's man. He was dressed in the regular man-of-war style, had the appearance of being a very smart fellow, and when he saw you looking at him, he motioned you on shore. You went two or three ratlines up the fore rigging, and asked him what he wanted.

He said, in a rather confidential manner, "Would you like to join Her Majesty's service?"

"I don't know," was your reply.

"Come ashore," he said, "and let us have a jaw about it."

"All right," said you. "I will go and change my clothes and ask leave; then I will come."

"All right," said the man-of-war's man; "don't be long."

You soon obtained leave, put on your best clothing, and was soon out of the docks in his company.

Now, you had not taken time to consider what you were about, but when you did begin to think about it, you did not quite like the idea of what you were doing. This man-of-war's man was taking you about with him into places you had never been before.

The places he took you to were bad places. There could be heard in them very bad language coming out of the mouths of people of both sexes, who were drinking gin and beer as fast as ever they could. Some of the women would come up and pat you on the face. But you did not like it; their hands were clammy and dirty, and there was a strong odour coming from their mouths, which sickened you; the beastly company that you had been dragged into, as it were, made you very unhappy. Almost every moment a pot or a glass was handed to you, and it was with very great difficulty that you were able to resist taking the drink. At length an old woman who was selling apples came to your rescue, and said to those who were offering you the stuff,

"Why don't you leave the young fellow alone; you see he don't want to drink, and it would be much better for some of you if you would be of the same mind." Then turning to you she asked, "What brings you here?"

You replied, pointing to the man-of-war's man, "I came in with him." "Oh," she said, "then go outside and wait for him; this is not a proper place for you."

There was something you liked about the old woman, she was so motherly towards you, and seemed to persuade you to do exactly what you desired. You went near to where the man-of-war's man was sitting, and said to him, "I will wait outside for you."

"All right, my boy," was his reply. And you did go outside, and very glad you were to get out of that shop of deal tables, seats, sawdust, pewter pots and glasses, bad odours, and bad language.

The visit to that den of infamy did you no harm, as, while waiting outside of it, you had a good look at its exterior. It was a very large place, five or six times as large as any of the other houses in the same locality. There were a number of large golden letters about it, boasting of those who made the drink and supplied them with it, and the names you saw were those of very great and rich men whom you often heard talked about. You thought to yourself, "No, it is impossible that great and wealthy men, who may have sisters and daughters, should allow their names to be written up in letters of gold so large that they can be seen ever so far off, high up, so as to be seen over the tops of all the other houses. No, it cannot be those great and wealthy men, it must be somebody else of the same name;" and while you were thus thinking, you turned round and saw another place just like it—the same kind of paint and gold, the very same sort of front, the same sort of people going in and out—in fact, the very same in every way.

The fronts of these places seemed to leave such an impression on your mind that you really and truly hated the sight. Those dashing fronts with the before-

mentioned names in gold letters, the names especially, then and for ever after impressed you with the idea of dirty, drinking women, bad language, bad breaths, and a foul atmosphere.

There was altogether something about the acquaintance of this sailor you did not altogether like. You asked yourself, "Why should he come after me? Why did he not go to some one else? I think I had better go back to my ship again; but then I have promised, and I have no right to break my promise; and while you were thus pondering he came out, and came straight across the road to you.

"Come along, my lad," he said in a very jolly manner, which cheered you up a little.

A few hours after leaving the place he had been drinking in you were both in Woolwich; but it was too late that night to go and see the officer who would engage you for one of Her Majesty's ships.

Next morning you were taken to the quarters of the officer, but that gentleman was not up, and you were told to wait, which you did, and all the time you were waiting you thought you were doing wrong. You felt persuaded that you had better go back to your ship, and you had nearly made up your mind to start away; but then you thought that would be breaking your word. Still you did not like keeping it; and when you were that length with your thoughts you heard footsteps on the stairs, and the door of the room opened. You expected to see a grand naval officer, but to your surprise it was only a jolly Jack Tar.

"Well, youngster, what brought you here?" You told him, and when you had finished telling him, he said,

"Now, you just take my advice, and haul your wind and brace sharp up; go on the other tack, put your truck on, and keep on that tack till you fetch your ship again. And in case you haven't any money, here's a shot out of my locker for you," at the same time handing you a shilling.

You did as he told you; put on your hat, went downstairs, walked from Woolwich to London, and joined your vessel again.

You were now a very useful, smart youngster, and made up your mind to ship for a long voyage. The hardest part of your life was now over. You had fought your way through the world during the last five years. Such youngsters as you were in demand, so you took a walk round the docks to see what ships were loading. You had a very strong inclination to go to a place you had never been before, and you wished to go round the world.

At first you could not see a vessel you thought you would like to sail in; but a day or two after you came alongside of a very smart barque, the "G——" of Glasgow. The board that was hanging on the outside of her main rigging informed the reader that she was bound to Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land. You had often heard the sailors say that a voyage to Hobart Town was a good long voyage, and that you would have plenty of money to take at the end of it; so you made up your mind to try your luck in the "G——." You found no difficulty in getting a berth on board of her, at five shillings per month below able seaman's pay, and you were allowed to go on board at once, therefore you had only to shift your clothing from one

ship to the other. You had money enough to buy a good outfit for yourself, and soon started work.

The barque "G——" was what would in those days be considered a good-sized vessel, and she was rather a rakish one. She was of considerable length, with a good beam, but had not much depth of hold, and, therefore, did not draw much water. She was taking in a general cargo, which means a mixture of all sorts of goods manufactured in Europe; and, besides the cargo, she took cabin passengers. There were no shipping offices in those days. It was customary for sailors to walk round the docks and look after a ship themselves, and they would often pause before they stepped on board. Jack would say to himself, or perhaps to a shipmate who was with him—

"I say, I don't like the look of her, she is a wet one; she will go into it, we shall never have a dry rag. There, we had better go further on and look for another." And they would go on until they saw a good seaboard, and a vessel in ship-shape order. They would then stand and have a good look at her, jump on board, and say, "Do you want any hands, sir." The officer in charge would look them up and down, at the same time reckon up their characteristics, and if he liked the make of them, and the cut of their jibs, he would tell them to call again, or take their names down, and mark them as being sailor-like fellows, men who could do their duty, and with whom he was not likely to have any trouble. When the captain came on board he would report to him that there had been one, two, or three likely fellows down who wished to go the voyage. The captain would say, "Let them be down

to-morrow morning at ten, and I will see what they are made of." In that way a captain used to pick out a crew for himself. He had seen the men that were going with him, he had questioned them, and in the course of a very short cross-questioning could easily find out whether they were sailors or not.

About a week after you engaged in the "G——," the barque was on her way down London river, passed through the Downs into the English Channel, across the Bay of Biscay, out into the Western Ocean, into the north-east trades, across the line, through the doldrums, into the south-east trades, the Cape of Good Hope, passed St. Paul's and Amsterdam Islands, into the prevailing westerly winds, and in 84 days the good barque arrived in Hobart Town, then a convict settlement.

During the voyage out you were a little over-worked, but found her to be a well-conducted ship, just the sort of vessel to be in to be made a thorough sailor. The captain, the chief and second officers, all knew their duty, and they knew it so well that they would take particular care that everybody else should do their duty; moreover there was a boatswain on board, who was also a first-rate sailor, and always ready and willing to back up the officers, so that among them they managed to keep Jack's nose down to the grindstone, and get out of him rather more work than the quantity and quality of the provisions justified them in expecting. However, she was a comfortable ship, one sent to sea to get an honest living. She was handled rightly, and did quite as well as any other vessel afloat, and perhaps better than a great many.

When the "G——" was about half discharged, it happened that the cook took sick, and was off duty, and you, being an ordinary seaman, were told off to cook, and of course, whether you liked it or not, you had to do it. You took charge of the galley, and did your best. It was not the first time you had been told off to cook—oh, dear no; you had to do that duty off and on for two or three years; but now you were put into the galley of a large ship, and had to do the duty of a man who was paid more than able seaman's pay, and you thought if you did that you were doing enough.

One afternoon, after doing all the work of the galley, you had taken up a book to read a little bit. The boatswain passed the galley door and saw you sitting with a book in your hand. He said, "You have very fine times of it there. Here, come out of that, and lend a hand to carry deals." You said the regular cook was never expected to do any other duty than that you were doing, and you thought you had no right to cook. But he insisted on your doing seaman's work as well.

"Come out of that, and do as you are told," was the only answer you received. And out you did go, and commenced carrying deals. About half-past five, or half-an-hour before knock-off time, you were ordered to go and get the tea or the supper ready. You went and did it; after which it took you until about half-past seven to clear up the galley, &c. Having done so, at four o'clock the next morning you were called to light the galley fire. You told the boatswain that you were not going to cook and discharge cargo at the same time.

"I am not paid full seaman's wages, and yet I am expected to do more than a man."

"Go and light that fire," he said, pointing to the galley.

"I am going to my own work. I will either cook or be an ordinary seaman, but I won't be both."

"You won't, won't you." "No, I won't."

"Then, take that," he said, as his big fist caught you under the left jaw.

Although not quite fifteen, you were no longer a boy, to be knocked and punched about, so you in your turn up fist and let him have one right in the face. He was so astonished that he did not know what to do. He turned pale with rage, and said, "What, show fight, will you!" Then he made at you again, but you were more nimble than he was; you dodged him and kept clear of his fists.

While this was going on, the captain and chief officer put their heads above the companion, and, of course, they pounced upon you at once, and you were very soon taken charge of and held until the boatswain became cool again, when he said, "Now, away you go into the galley."

"No, I won't, I'll go to the work I shipped for."

"You go into the galley." "No."

"Then we will make you."

"No you won't," you said. "I am not going to be imposed upon and made to do two men's work. Then up stepped the captain and gave you a slap on the face, which was already bleeding; but the good old English blood in your veins could not stand that, so you hit him again. Then they all three took hold of you, and

put you in the galley. They shut the doors, and ordered you to light the fires. But you would not, and when the men came to the galley for their coffee, there was none for them ; the fires had not been lit, and some one else had to do it. Then came the captain, mate, and the boatswain to try and compel you. But you were not to be forced to do it ; you had been ill-used, and you were not going to stand it.

At length the captain took charge of the case himself, and said, " Now, just you light that fire. I order you to light that fire. Now do it at once." You did not move or speak.

" Are you going to do as I tell you ? " No answer.

" Now, just say you won't do it." " Well, I won't do it." He then called the mate to witness that you had refused duty, and then went below, and you went into the forecastle.

At ten o'clock that morning you were taken up before the magistrate, who simply asked if you would return to your ship and do as you were told. You tried to explain that you had been knocked about, and ordered to do two men's work ; but you were not listened to. The question was put to you, " Will you go on board and do as you are told—say yes or no." You tried to explain once more, but it was no use.

" Answer me yes or no." " No," you said. Committed to jail till the ship sails, and to be treated exactly like a convict or a villian of the darkest hue.

Is it any wonder that our sailors degenerate, when they are thus treated. No justice for them in those days. If by an act of injustice on the part of the officers, you were forced into disobedience, you were liable

to be sent to prison. And such a prison—a place where highwaymen linger, and even murderers serve their seven or fourteen years, and for life—sent among a lot that were being punished for crime upon crime, crimes of the deepest die, committed when they were already in servitude. What had you done to deserve being cast into prison among such a lot, to have the same amount of work meted out, the same food given you; put into the same rooms with them to eat, and what was far worse than all, compelled to sleep in the same room with them. And what for? Simply for taking your own part and not allowing yourself to be imposed upon or worked more than your bone and muscle could stand. It may be that the children of the man who sent you there found their permanent home in one of those places, and you hoped, and felt sure, that he deserved to be sent to such a place himself. Of course, having been a convict himself, he thought nothing of the punishment he inflicted on an innocent sailor lad.

When the vessel was loaded and ready for sea you were sent for and taken on board; you said nothing to anyone, you kept all you had gone through to yourself; but there was one thing quite certain, that was, that the boatswain would not venture to strike you again.

On leaving Hobart Town the barque was bound for Melbourne, and to get there she had to pass through Basses Straits, and there you saw one of the most wonderful sights you ever saw before or since.

The vessel was lying becalmed. There was a little ground swell on, and the sky was clouded, the sea having that lead-coloured appearance which it always

has when there is no wind to darken it with a ripple.

The land was in sight all round, appearing rough, inhospitable, and uninhabited, as it really was in those days. Excepting the flapping of the sails, all was still. At about seven in the morning, or about that time, a very exciting scene took place which lasted the whole of the day.

A large whale came in sight. At first you could only see it spouting, but in a short time it was quite clear that the whale was making for the vessel very fast. It was not long before it came quite close to the barque, and when within a few yards of the vessel it came up very slowly and blew the water high up in the air, then lay quite still on the top of the water, showing a large portion of its smooth, dark, lead-coloured back. The whole of the crew were mustered together looking over the ship's rail, when to the surprise of all hands a thumping noise was heard going on under water, and neither you, nor anyone on board, could make out what the noise was; but while you were still listening, there sprang up out of the water, close by the whale, a large thick-set fish. It went far up above the ship's mast-head, apparently with the tail and lower end of its body shaking and trembling as if to assist it in going as high as possible, and when it was up at its greatest height it turned over, and with tremendous force came down upon the whale, making a noise like a sharp clap of thunder.

Meantime the noises under water were still going on, and in a few moments the thick fish before mentioned sprang up into the air again in the same manner



BECALMED IN BASS'S STRAITS. THE THRASHER KILLING THE WHALE.

as it did before, and came down again with the same thundering noise on to the whale's back.

From the enormous size of the whale anyone would have imagined that it could do as it liked in its own element, that it only had to move its fins and its tail, and in spite of everything it could get away. But it was not so. There lay the monster of the deep on the surface of the water with the uppermost part of its back quite bare, as if to accommodate the "thrasher" that was pounding it to death, while the noise heard issuing from underneath the water was the sword-fish probing it in its under parts.

This kind of thrashing and probing was going on the whole of the day, and you became so accustomed to it, that you wondered when there was to be an end of it. When you went below you expected it would be all over by the time you came on deck again. But such was not the case, for the whale seemed to die hard. There could be no doubt that it was doomed, as when night came on the poor whale was spouting blood.

After dark the same noise could be heard, but a breeze sprang up, and the barque left the whale and its enemies behind her, so, in two day's after, you arrived in Hobson's Bay, the then quiet

PORT OF MELBOURNE.

Melbourne, in the year 1840, was a place you used to read about, but very few people had ever seen it. In that year the arrival of a ship of any size, and the appearance of a few strangers in the then small town of Melbourne, used to make the people turn out to look at you. On passing the two headlands you had to

make the best of your way to the anchorage by means of a chart, as there were very few who could pilot you, and the arrival of vessels was so few and far between, that it was not worth while to look out for them.

Hobson's Bay, where the vessel anchored in order to take in cargo (Memo.—This was the first full cargo of produce that ever left Melbourne for England, the cargo consisting of wool, bark, tallow, and hides) is a very large bay, and there was seldom more than three vessels in it at one time. William's Town, on one side of the bay, boasted of only a very few small huts and one or two public buildings. The other side was called Le Hardie's Beach, on which there was one solitary house, a hotel kept by Mr. Le Hardie.

To get to Melbourne in those days you had to land on the beach, or else pull your boat up the Yarra-Yarra River. If you took the former route, you had to tramp over about two miles of sand and swamp; but if you tried the latter, *i.e.*, by the river, you had to pull some miles, and mostly against the current. The river was narrow, the bar at its mouth very shallow, and from its mouth right up to a little place above Melbourne, where it could be forded, there was scarcely a habitation of any description to be seen. There were large trees and thick vegetation right down to the water's edge, and if you wished to land it was with great difficulty you could get through the bush.

It was on the banks of this river that you saw the first group of Aborigines. They consisted of men, women, and children; all were alike, undressed.

The town of Melbourne was of small extent; there were not more than two or three dozen houses in it

altogether. The barque lay in Hobson's Bay about two months, as there were then no facilities for loading ships, and it was not easy to collect a full cargo.

The vessel was at length loaded, and after receiving on board a goodly number of passengers, she left Hobson's Bay for London, and for the first time in your life you were on your way round Cape Horn.

The passage from Melbourne to London round Cape Horn in those days was considered by seamen: serious undertaking, and a passage that would be likely to make all hands feel the cold; therefore the crew, long before the vessel left Melbourne, had prepared for very bad weather, and had put their clothing in good order. The vessel had also had a good overhauling, as it was expected she would meet with some heavy gales.

Having made up your mind that the vessel was going to meet with heavy weather and adverse winds, when they came you thought nothing of them, but just lent a hand to set and shorten sail, did your share of the duty of the ship, taking your regular trick at the helm—in fact, you were perhaps as good a sailor as any on board, in most respects. Many a time when you were sent aloft to rig out a studding-sail boom, you first had to kick away the ice, as the yard and the boom were frozen together. But still you were very happy, and especially when you could get enough to eat, which was not always the case.

The vessel having been detained off Cape Horn by adverse winds, the provisions began to run short, and it was well known on board that it was the intention of the captain not to touch at any port.

It was quite bad enough to have to eat bread that was alive with maggots, but when you could not get enough of that even, it was bad indeed. Moreover, the crew had been put on short allowance of meat as well, and very often had to go without their breakfast altogether.

Frequent applications were made to the captain for more biscuit, but they were of no avail. He would merely remark that you had as much as was good for you, and that was all the satisfaction you could get out of him.

One day it was blowing very fresh, with the wind on the quarter; the topgallant sails had been taken in, and the whole of the topsails were being carried as long as the topmast would bear them. At length the word was passed along, "All hands reef topsails."

By arrangements made among the crew, one of the men took the bread-barge aft in his hands. The order was given to clap on the weather mainbrace, when the man very coolly put the bread-barge down by the feet of the captain, and said, "Please fill that, and then we will shorten sail for you."

"This is no time to talk about your bread-barge," said the captain, in a towering rage; "haul away on the maintopsail brace, and round-in the maintopsail yard."

"Fill the bread-barge first," said two or three of the men, all speaking at one time. They had their hands on the rope, and were ready to pull, but not a single pound's weight would they lay on it until the bread-barge was filled.

"Haul away on that main brace," said the captain,

the mate, and the boatswain, all at once. No one spoke, no one moved. "We shall have that topmast over the side if you don't round-in on that weather brace. For God's sake take hold of it, men! Now, my lads, haul away,"—and all sorts of coaxing words of this kind came from the captain. But it was no use; the men knew him too well. They knew that if they once shortened sail, and the vessel was got under easy canvas, they might whistle for their biscuit.

At this time the wind, as before stated, was on the quarter, blowing very hard. The barque was under whole topsails, foresail, with the weather clew of the mainsail hauled up, and the jib and mizen also on her. She was walking along cheerily, and had as much as she could do to stagger under the press of canvas.

"For God's sake haul away on that topsail brace, men!" No word, no more refusals, but a steady and determined strike for the bread they were so honestly earning. They knew it was on board, and that it was the intention of the captain to make it "spin out" until the vessel arrived in London, no matter how long the passage.

At this time the vessel was rushing through the water at a fearful rate; the topmasts were bending and buckling like coach-whips. The sea at the same time was getting up fast, and as one heavy sea would take hold of her weather quarter and lift it up high, burying the lee cat-head in the foaming water in front of her, she would rush on at a pace that made it difficult for the sea to pass her.

Then came another appeal from the captain. "You

"will have every stick over the side if you don't get some of the sail off the ship."

At this stage the boatswain lost his temper, and turning round on the captain, said, "Why the dence don't you give the men some biscuit? You see they don't mean to budge an inch until they get the bread; and if you don't give it, we shall have all three masts over the side. She will be broaching-to directly, and when she does, we shall not have a stick standing in her."

The captain, up till the time of the boatswain's speaking, had been rather cool, and, so to say, determined not to give in; but when the boatswain turned against him, he had to give way. He put his head down the companion, and called out, "Here, steward, fill this bread-barge."

The steward had it filled in a minute; it was taken forward to the forecastle, and as soon as it was placed there all hands clapped on to the weather maintopsail brace, and hauled on it with a will, and with a "Yo—he—hoy!"

When a crew of good men commences with a will to take in a ship's canvas, and the officers know how to direct them, there is no trouble about making a vessel snug. The weather topsail brace was hauled on with a will, the sail was soon "spilt," the yard came down on to the cap, the reef tackles were hauled close up, the weather main brace was hauled in, and the sail was ready for reefing.

The same was done to the foretopsail, the mizen was taken in, and after double reefing the two topsails, the vessel was snug for the night.

There is nothing worse that a sailor could be guilty of than refusing duty at a time when the vessel was in danger of losing her masts, as it might have occasioned the loss of the vessel and all hands. But still, good men may be imposed upon so much that they will turn round and determine to have their own way, and even show fight; for a good English sailor, in good health and hungry, is a queer sort of animal to deal with. But only just give him anything like fair play, and spoil his appetite, you may then do anything you like with him.

These men, however, knew the man they had to deal with. They knew that he had made up his mind not to touch at any port, and that meant that they were to be, for about two months longer, on short allowance of provisions; and nothing in the world would prevail with that captain but making a decided stand when he could not do without the aid of all hands. He had been well tried on every other tack, but the crew always went to leeward; somehow or other he usually had the weather-gauge of them.

After rounding Cape Horn with a fair wind, the vessel then steers for the northward, and it is wonderful how soon the weather changes from cold to heat, or rather how soon your vessel runs from a sea of ice into fine, mild weather. And then you are not very long before you are in a tropical climate again, where you have to put on one side your monkey-jacket, sea boots, and sou'wester, put on a straw hat, and wear as few clothes as possible.

After passing some degrees through the tropics, the vessel was becalmed for some days, and after that she

fell in with light winds, and consequently had to put into Bahia in the Brazils for a fresh stock of provisions, and you were exceedingly glad to see another strange country.

You were now considered one of those useful sailors who was strong without being heavy. You were very active and in good health, and always willing. You were always one of the first to be called into the boat to put the captain on shore, or for any other shore or boat duty. Your life as a sailor became more pleasing, and when you could manage to get enough to eat, you were very happy, and fast learning to read; and as you made headway in that respect, you began to feel that kind of independence which everyone ought to feel who has good work in him and is willing to sell it, and especially when it is honest, practical seamanship that he has for sale. Why should he not be independent when his labour is always marketable? Why should he stand to be bullied, knocked and shifted about, and cheated out of the half of his food? Let Jack go on board his ship in a sober, steady manner, with a moderate outfit suitable to the voyage, and in accordance with his means; let him look to his sleeping-place, and see that it is clean and a fit place to sleep in. If it is neither of these, don't join the ship until these defects are remedied, or some other place provided. If it be dirty, buckle to and clean it; if they will not give you time to clean it, take the time. Then when the owners, the captain, and the officers have in all fairness done their part of the contract, go you and do yours. Not only do what you are told, but anything that may want looking to, if only for the

interest of the ship ; and do it with a will. Be respectful and obedient to those above you ; be kind and considerate to those who are younger and weaker than yourself, and in the full knowledge that you are doing right towards the ship you engage in, stand up for your own rights, fight for them if necessary, as every real British sailor would for his dear Old England.

Always bear in mind you have but one Master, and that He has His eye on you always. He knows that if you are a wrong-doer you will be a coward ; but if you do what is right and just to your fellow-men, you cannot but be brave and able to keep up your own dignity and insist on your rights. Why should you not ? Take your sailing directions from the Bible, have a chart of truth and honesty tacked on, one which marks the way to duty to your employers. Keep to those sailing directions, to that chart, and then what right have the owners, the captain, or the officers to rob you of the least portion of your provisions or your rest ? No more right than you have to neglect your duty that you may go on shore and get drunk, and return on board in that or in any other state that would unfit you for duty. Give unto the owner that which is his, and insist upon having from the owner that which is yours. Budge not an inch from either, one is just as much a duty as the other ; therefore, be sure always to keep matters well, and make sure you are just, and if you become puzzled, ask Him, your real Master ; look into your own heart, and ask yourself, " Am I doing right ? " If you are, nail the bunting of truth to the mast-head of your conscience, and never haul it down for any man ; and as sure as you do that, you will, ratline by.

ratline, step over the heads of those who do not, and will one day stand on the quarterdeck, where you may give to others the same fair play that you so justly demanded for yourself.

Reverting back to the history of a sailor, your vessel is now in the port of Bahia. Your duty is now in the boat, as one of the boat's crew, and after a very long sea voyage a very pleasing duty it is. You have to go on shore and do anything the captain orders. You pull some of the passengers on shore, and every now and then get a small piece of silver put into your hand, which enables you to get a little soft tack, some fruit, a few eggs, and so on, all which articles are very acceptable, and you think that a sailor's life at sea is not so bad after all; nor is it bad, if owners, captain, officers, and men do not make it so. Unhappily too often it is made almost intolerable.

The vessel having taken in water and provisions, sail was again set for London. There is a good deal of jollity on board a vessel homeward bound, and crossing the line in the direction of England after a long voyage, inspires the feeling that you are really getting near home; and when you come to reckon up and conclude that in thirty days more you will most likely be there, the time seems quite short.

As the first shade of daylight began to show itself from under a dark, narrow streak of heavy-looking clouds to the eastward, the whole body of the said dull-looking clouds drifting along the horizon at the same time, without lifting an inch, as it were, but sending over the chops of the English Channel a cool and moderate breeze, the good barque "G——," of Glas-

gow, was much benefited, for when it touched the after-sails and swelled them out, it would get through every hole and every open space in order to fill out the square-sails on the foremast ; but it could only half fill them. The wind was south-west, and as the ship was steering north-east, of course the wind was dead aft. The main-sail was hauled up, the maintopsail, maintopgallant-sail, and main royal were doing duty well, by dragging away at the clews and earrings, giving a nice rounded shape to their bellies, an artistic curve to the foot and leach-rope of all three of them. The maintopmast, topgallant, and royal studding-sails, which were set on each side, formed pretty and useful adjuncts to their midship mates, that were doing duty so well between them. Then there were the two lower studding-sails, one on each side of the foresail ; they were also doing well. Every now and then, as the good ship rose on the top of a sea forward, lifting her bow up as the crest of the wave ran roaring on each side, these lower studding-sails would lift up the outer end of the lower boom, and the studding-sails would bend themselves nearly half double, but always retaining the balloon shape. In the fore part, at the same time, the foresail would get filled with wind, and the foot of it would go into a half circle, giving you a chance to see that all the head-sails were stowed ; but the foretopsail and topgallant-sail were hanging about loose, only just catching a handful of wind that would by chance get under the foot of the maintopsail.

Under all the sail there was any use to set, running dead before the wind, on went the ship as lively as a whale-bird, and seemingly quite as pretty. When you

looked up aloft, and as the ship ran with, and then followed, wave after wave, so did the first shade of daylight lighten itself into a brighter and broader shade, which showed you one by one the outlines of other large vessels steering exactly the same course, with the same sort of sail set. Besides the outline of the large vessels, as daylight came on a nearly black spot would dart out from behind the dark clouds, which had been pushed on by the sun coming nearer to the horizon. Then far away on the port bow there is another streak of dark, but its outline is more defined, it is not so lumpy and jagged as the first dark streak. This last streak has smooth bends on it, and runs off to a point at one end, as if it ran quite into the water. And so it did; it was the land. All hands were on deck looking at it, and as the sun lighted up that morning, so did it lighten up the hearts of everybody on board. How much does the view of Old England repay you for hardships and dangers! The sight of it fills you with sensations that you do not feel at any other time nor under any other circumstances. Then the water has changed colour from a light or dark blue to a greenish hue; not only does the colour change, but the shape of the waves has altered; they are more lumpy, and do not run so regular; they knock each other about at times and make splashes—it is evident the vessel is in tidal waters.

Now the first rays of the morning sun are seen coming from one spot eastward; bright streaks of light are spread upwards and sideways; the ends of the upward ones are lost behind the bank of clouds, and in the west, well above the horizon, the clouds are tinted

with red. The sun shines on them long before you see its upper limb. And now it is broad daylight, and vessel after vessel heaves in sight, until the whole surface of the sea is dotted with them—all sailing ships, no ocean steamers in those days.

Outward-bounders are turning to windward, under single reefs, and topgallants set over them—vessels of all kinds and all sizes, from the fishing lugger to the trading schooner or coaster, all making the best of a foul wind, all compelled to go on, hoping for a change—from the jaurdy brig, with her foretopgallant mast, down to the stately East Indiaman with every yard aloft.

As the sun appears above the horizon it sends forth a sort of misty shine, as if drying up the damp of all the previous evening, and at night the far distant vessels disappear behind the misty sun, and so does the land; the vessels that are near are the only ones in sight now.

Every one on board are in high spirits, looking forward to their home and friends. You also are in good spirits. You have not many friends, nor have you any home; but still there is great pleasure in having a run on shore. Moreover, you had about fifteen pounds due to you, which was a good lump of money for you to have. And the best of it was that it was all your own hard-earned money. No thanks to anyone else for it, it was your very own, and therefore much sweeter than any money given to you by your relations, who parted with it in a grudging manner, giving you anything but pleasure in receiving it or spending it.

Early on the second morning after the arrival of the

"G——" at the chops of the Channel, she sighted the Isle of Wight. It then fell calm, and to your great disappointment an easterly wind sprang up, and your vessel had in her turn to go on a wind and do her best. The wind commenced with a light breeze from about S.S.E., and gradually increased into a gale; and by the time night came on the vessel was under storm canvas, standing off and on. In those days there used to be large fleets of vessels in the Channel tacking about night and day. There were no regulations about carrying lights, and therefore the crews of the vessels had nothing to depend upon but their own eyes. Consequently they were made good use of, as it was considered a very disgraceful occurrence to get in collision with another vessel. Every sailor knew the then very simple rule of the road at sea—a rule that came as natural to a sailor as did hauling up the weather clew of the mainsail when the wind came well on the ship's quarter. Now, however, for some reason or other, sailors are no longer the managers of their own affairs; they are legislated for by landmen, their good, honest old customs have gone to the four winds. They are forced to carry lights, and stick them in their places according to Act of Parliament; they must satisfy the law that has been forced upon them, and if the lights are burning brightly, they leave them to look out for themselves, and the vessel for itself.

Between the Isle of Wight and Beachy Head there is almost always a large number of vessels; and when many of them are tacking off and on, and a large fleet running down the English Channel, it needs a good look-out all night, and in the daytime as well; but

with good look-outs on board all vessels, collisions were very rare indeed.

About midnight the "G——" was standing in towards the English coast. It was blowing very hard indeed, and all of a sudden there was a cry of "Breakers ahead—breakers on the lee bow!" which brought everybody on deck, whether they were dressed or not. All hands rushed to the lee side of the vessel to look, and there, sure enough, were the long line of breakers, now showing up plainly, and then lost sight of as the vessel fell into the hollow of the sea.

The chief officer, who was the leading man in the ship; and without whom nothing of importance could be done, instead of looking over the lee-bow, sprang up the main rigging, and was soon on the topsail-yard, and when he had taken a good look ahead, he was soon down on deck and aft to the man at the helm. Instead of making a noise about it, he assisted the steersman to put the helm hard up, and having done that, he gave orders to wear ship. The mainyard was squared, the vessel soon went off the wind, and was rushing through the water like mad, and by the time she was on the other tack the lights of Hastings were plainly to be seen, and the vessel being too near the shore, more sail had to be put on her. All this time the captain was below, there was something the matter with him, which was usually the case when any important duties required his presence on deck. But it did not much matter although he did feel too sleepy to be roused when he was most wanted; the mate was always equal to the task; and had it not been for him on this, as on many other occasions, the barque "G——"

would never have landed, as it did, the first full cargo that ever arrived in the London Docks from the now noted port of Melbourne.

"*A miss is as good as a mile,*" is an old saying, and when the captain came on deck and found the vessel safe and reaching off shore, he said, of course, that he knew that the vessel was standing in for Hastings, and began asking the mate and passengers what they were frightened at, at the same time blaming the mate for interfering with the navigation of the ship without consulting him first, whereas if ten minutes had been lost, the vessel would have gone among the breakers, and she, with all on board, would very likely have been lost.

Two days afterwards the ship was safe in the London Docks, and you, with the others, went on shore the moment the ship was made fast—and *what a treat*.

Especially as you were now quite a sailor—a real smart young sailor—and you knew as much yourself, for, as you were preparing to leave the vessel, Captain R—— asked if you would, next voyage, go as able seaman. You gave no reply; your heart was full of the idea that you would be able to go and show yourself at Putney. So to Putney you went the very next day.

You walked down to the river-side, and when you got there the tide had just reached the stone on which you stood when old Cobb directed you to London. With a cheerful heart you sprang on to the top of it, and as you stood there, to your great delight, you saw old Cobb pulling with all his might towards you in the very same punt.



A CRUISE ON THE THAMES WITH OLD COBB AFTER NEARLY FIVE YEARS AT SEA.

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CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST STEP ABOVE ABLE SEAMAN—SEVEN MONTHS' HARDSHIP AND NEARLY STARVED TO DEATH—SEVERE ATTACK OF SCURVY—RECOVERY.

THERE is not a man or boy on the face of this earth who can properly describe the extreme delight which takes fast hold of you when you land after such a long voyage as I have endeavoured to describe. Putting your foot on hard and solid earth, what a funny but delightful feeling! Why, you are on your own natural element, everything is solid under your feet. *You* may roll about, but the earth is apparently a fixture, it does not move; still there is an unaccountable feeling of motion. What is it? Why, it is you who are rolling, it is not the ground which moves and rolls about, for you know it does not, and cannot move in a perceptible way. Then you say to yourself, "Bother it, why don't I keep steady." But you can't keep steady, so on you go, rolling about just like a ship *rolling down to St. Helena*. You are happy, and don't care; you are on shore, and everything appears strange, although you have seen them all before. You look at the people as you pass them, and pity them, because the being on shore to them is every-day life; they don't know how to enjoy life. Many of them are at work from six in the morning till six at night, slaving all the time, and you wonder why the whole of them,

men, women, and children, don't go to sea, so as to find out how nice it is to be on shore again. Then you recollect that you have no watch on deck when night comes on. "Oh, goodness!" you say to yourself, "what a treat that will be, not liable to be called up when I am sound asleep. I will not hear that horrid bell strike eight times, then a gruff voice call out, '*Starboard watch, ahoy—eight bells there below!*' and immediately after, '*Now, then, rouse out there below.*' No," you thought to yourself, "none of that to-night; I am all serene." So you went along, dancing with joy, not knowing what to do with your happiness. "Good gracious," you say, "am I really ashore and nothing to do?" You can hardly believe it. So on you go, dancing away, pitying everybody around you because they are not as happy as yourself. Then you jump into a 'bus, and in another hour arrive at the door of your sister's house near Regent's Park.

How strange to be with your very own sisters! Two or three of them you had found out somehow; they were fine handsome girls, all older than yourself. One of them had married a very tall husband, but a perfect gentleman. You were much pleased to be there; your sisters made a great pet of you, took you out, showed you about, and seemed very pleased to do so.

The first night on shore, in a clean, well-arranged house, having at hand everything you want, no one to order you about, no duty to do of any kind, much less that continuous expectancy to be called on to do something. There you were with your sisters; you could talk to them freely, and they were delighted to talk to you again; and it seemed so strange that you

should be with them, and speaking with them. You did not remember having been in the society of any females before, and began to wonder how it was. But then it came to your mind that you had been so long at sea, and that you were still only a boy ; you had been so hard worked, and it had taken you all your time to get your living, and being a stranger wherever you went, no person ever took any notice of you ; but as you never expected anything from them, so you took no notice of anyone. Thus on you went through the world in that happy state of feeling which said, "There is no one who cares for me, and I don't care for anyone." But when you came to the stage of life of which you are now writing, you found no difficulty in getting a living. At the age of sixteen you were perfectly independent. You could get a ship in an hour, where you had a home, your pay, and your food.

Reverting to the first night on shore, how delicious to get into clean sheets !—no odour of "ship" about them ; and when there, to sleep as long as you pleased, and even much longer, as the fashion on shore, especially in London, is to lie in bed as long as you can, and make a point of not getting up before you are forced to do so. And when you awoke in the morning, how very much astonished you were to find that you were not wanted, no kind of work about for you to do, no decks to wash, no swabs to handle, no mast to grease, no rope to haul on, no spray coming over the bow, getting in the back part of your ears, and sliding from there down your neck, and making your undergarments stick to your skin, causing you to shift your person about inside the damp garments in order to make

them let go, and when they did let go, a cool breeze would rush between the garments and the skin, making you feel as if you wished that they had still stuck to each other, and you said to yourself, "What a fool I was to disturb them ;" but they soon adhere again.

The first morning on shore is a calm without the ship or the ocean. You wonder what is the matter with you; there are none of those unpleasant things about you. Where are they? You think to yourself, "I don't feel as if I could do without them. Why, bless my heart! I feel quite unhappy now. I have no grievances—nothing to growl about. Ah, dear me! what shall I do without my grievances? I only wish some one would come and call out, '*Starboard watch, ahoy—eight bells there below,*' so as to be able to roll over in bed, and tell them or him to go to Jordan." You thought that would be satisfaction enough to make you sleep again.

How funny you felt without hearing the words, "*Lay aft here the watch, trim sails ;*" or, "*Clear up the decks for a wash.*" You felt quite inclined to get out of bed and wash the floor, but found there was a carpet on it. As you lay there, thinking over the last voyage, and all you had seen and gone through, you said to yourself, "What a tame life it must be to stop on shore. There is no anxiety about wind and weather, excepting as to whether it is going to rain or not. What queer people landsmen are, to say it is bad weather because it happens to rain. I don't call that bad weather; besides, if it rains, blows, and snows altogether, there is no heavy sea on at the same time, no topsails to reef—and who cares for the weather on shore?"

All these thoughts were running through your mind as you lay tumbling about in bed the first morning after your arrival from a voyage round the world.

It is very nice to be petted by your sisters, and to be trotted out and shown about as a real sailor; but then there is nothing to do. You say, "Oh, hang this life; I don't like it. I must be off and look for a ship, and go another voyage." This occurred to you the day before you were paid off from the "G—;" and while thinking about another voyage, you said to yourself, "Where shall I go next? I don't want to go to Melbourne again just yet. I think I should like to go to the East Indies;" and you then and there made up your mind to go the next voyage in an East Indiaman.

About six days after the arrival of the vessel you were told that she was to be paid off, and about three o'clock you received your full pay—between fifteen and twenty pounds—and away you started back for your sister's house.

While the captain and chief officer were paying you your wages, they said the vessel was going a similar voyage, "would you like to go again as able seaman." You were very proud of the offer, but told them that you had made up your mind to go an East India voyage, as you had never been there, and you preferred to go to a fresh place every voyage.

A sea-going life, if it be gone about in a proper manner, can be made tolerable, and there are many pleasing recollections left for your old days if you live. If youngsters know in their own hearts that their mother, their father, or both of them, find it hard to make both ends meet, and that perhaps there are sisters in the way who

must be cared for—let them take to a sea life, a more independent one cannot be chosen. Only get into a respectable ship, one that belongs to a known respectable owner. The respectability of the owner is a guarantee for the respectability of the captain and the honest purpose of the ship—that, so to say, is all a youngster need care for. There are certainly some owners who do not equip their ships so well as others, either in provisions or outfit, and there are captains who will half starve the crew in order to let the owner profit. But the owner never does profit by starving a crew, because the crew, when so treated, take no interest in the vessel or her gear, and if they see a rope chafing, or anything likely to get adrift, they simply say, “Let it go; they take very little interest in us; time enough to look after their interest when we are told.” But if the vessel is sailed on liberal terms, the common sailors looked after and treated like men, and made to feel that they are really cared for, there is not a better, a more obliging and faithful class in the world than the real sailors of Old England.

Boys can go to sea in these days without fear of being ill-used, knocked and kicked about, as you were. It is true there are a few of those savages about who would strike a boy, but those who do strike and ill-use the young are only very great cowards, there is no manliness about them, and my advice to boys is to hit them back again as hard as ever they can. There is nothing like taking your own part. If the country to which you belong had not hit back again when she was hit, where would be the flag that has braved many more than a thousand years? Why, it would have another flag

hoisted over it. Therefore it behoves every Englishman to take his own part, and having taught himself the way to take his own part, he is sure to be able to do his share towards taking the part of his country. Keep clean and unsoiled that flag which is hoisted at the gaff of every ship, nail it to your heart, it is in the keeping of every British sailor as he goes over the world; and in taking care of your own honour you are doing honour to the flag which every true Englishman is so proud of, therefore do not allow anyone to impose on you; and if a man raises his fist to one smaller and weaker than himself, that man is a coward, fear him not; the chances are that you will be able to master him. No brave man will strike at the weak; let it be your motto never to strike the first blow, but hit back again as hard as you can after you are struck.

The voluntary offer on the part of the captain and chief officer of the "G—," to take you next voyage as able seaman, gave you fresh heart, much confidence in your ability, and determined you to ship as able seaman in an East Indiaman, if possible.

Thirty-five years ago the British nation was blessed with a fleet of good, honestly-built ships, put together by real, practical shipbuilders. In those days vessels left the dock in good order—everything had been seen to by the captain himself, with the assistance of the officers. Many crews worked on board perhaps for weeks before the vessel sailed, and when the owners and the friends of those on board used to say "Good-bye," they felt no anxiety about the safety of their vessels. They could calculate on the probable length of the voyage, and expect to see them home again within

a week or so of their time. There was then no insurance of captains' effects, no life insurance. Many of the owners took their own risk, and the vessel being good, and intended to go the voyage, they left port and came back again, leaving a handsome return for the owners. Officers and crew had a good round sum to take, enjoyed themselves for a time, and then sailed on another voyage.

Having enjoyed yourself on shore, when you had arranged your outfit you were not long in getting the very kind of ship you desired to go in. She was a real East Indiaman, and bound on a voyage from London to the Cape of Good Hope, Madras, and Calcutta. You engaged in her in the real good old fashion of those days—that is to say, you looked round the docks yourself, and, being a pretty good judge of a vessel, you took a fancy to the full-rigged ship “D— of B—.” She was then lying in the East India Dock, taking in a general cargo. You walked past her many times, watching the movements of those on board, and when you saw that she was filling up, jumped on board and asked the chief officer if he wanted any hands. After looking you well up and down, he asked you many questions, and among them, whether you were able seaman. You told him you had shipped at under wages the last voyage, but you had been asked to go another voyage as able seaman. He then looked at your discharge, and put your name down, told you when the crew would be shipped, and warned you to be on board by a certain day, at a given time. You were there at the time named, and shipped by the captain himself, who was very particular indeed as to the men he did

ship. You did not require any advance, and even in those days that was a very great feather in your cap, as it caused you to be looked upon as trustworthy and careful of yourself. That fact gave you the very first lift in life—a lift which, although small in itself, tended to give you heart to persevere in the determination to rise in your profession.

After signing articles you were allowed two or three days to do as you pleased, but if you did not present yourself at the time named, another hand was shipped in your stead. As soon as you came on board you were expected to go to your duty, so that when the vessel hauled out of the dock she was hauled out by her own crew, and when the ship got down the river as far as Gravesend, the anchor was let go, and there she remained for a day or two, in order to be put in perfect trim to receive passengers, and for the long sea voyage.

The “D— of B—” was one of those ships well known among shipping people of all kinds as a “country-built ship,” which means that she was built in India, and of wood grown out there—the best timber in all the world for shipbuilding, viz., teak.

There were in those days a large number of such vessels built in India, and they were, as a rule, the very finest and strongest ships in the world. They were, for the most part, built by native shipwrights, but were designed, and their construction looked after, by real English shipwrights. At that time there were no books arranged by scientific men, competing how to lay down rules telling how weak you might build vessels in order to get them a first-class character. The ships of those days were built to last; they were in-

tended to stand being touched by something harder than water, and still remain a ship, not become a coffin in a few moments of time, and bury themselves and all on board of them. In those days vessels seldom came to grief, but if they did run foul they would give each other a good hammering, and then get clear—the crew would be set to work to repair them, and they would then go on their voyage. Putting into port was an occurrence that was never thought of. A sailor captain thought it a stain on his character for life if he veered from his course. The place he was bound for was his port of repair, and there the ship had to go if repairs that could not be done at sea were wanted.

There is always a feeling of sadness in leaving the dear old country for sea, even if you have no one for whom you care, or who cares for you, and you could not help being a little depressed as the noble ship lay at Gravesend getting ready. There was, however, plenty of work for you to do, which kept your mind occupied.

The third day after the ship had dropped anchor at Gravesend all hands were mustered; and first they were divided into watches, then the forecastle men were chosen, which meant a set of the best sailors to work the ship's forecastle; then fore, main, and mizen topmen were chosen; and that being done, the best of each gang were picked out as captains of the forecastle and of each top. To your great delight you were picked out as the *Captain* of the *Foretop*, and that was the first lift you ever had on board ship. You were really chosen as the best of a gang of sailors, and put in charge of an important part of the vessel.

Being the captain of the foretop meant that you had the responsibility, under the boatswain, of looking after all the gear about and above the foretop, and it was your duty, when any sail above the top was being set or taken in, to see to the men not only doing it quickly, but you had to see that they did it well, and in a seamanlike manner; you were not expected to do any of the dirty work yourself, such as greasing the mast, but you had to take care that it was done at the proper time, and done well too.

Leaving Gravesend in those days meant setting sail, and making way under sail alone; no steam-tugs to tow you down, although it might be a heavy ship.

This voyage in a ship like the "D— of B—" was a very important period in your life. She was a noble ship, and had for her commander a real gentleman sailor; her chief officer was also a gentleman and a sailor, and the lower officers were of the same class.

The carpenter was a picked man from a good school of shipwrights—in fact, the whole crew were picked. The ship was well manned in every respect; there was plenty to eat, plenty of work, and, what was best of all, she was a well regulated vessel; when your work was done your time was your own, you could make sure of it, and it gave you good opportunities to improve yourself in reading and writing, and it was in this noble and well regulated ship that you took, by yourself, without any assistance, the first lesson in navigation.

Many and many an hour you spent upon the foretop of that vessel, reading from one of Norie's books on the art of navigation. How many hours, days, and weeks

did you turn over the leaves of that book before you understood a word or a figure in it! Then, when the first problems were understood, what a pleasure it was to take up the book and dive into it whenever you got a chance! Many a time when it was coming on to blow hard, and it was your duty to be in the top, so as to be ready to shorten sail—either to take in a studding-sail, a royal, a topgallant-sail, or a reef—did you sit there alone with your book, racking your brain with what then seemed hard figures and harder words. But you were determined to learn, and it soon became a pleasure to do so.

There were many regulations in this ship which differed much from other vessels. All hands were expected to be on deck every forenoon at work about the rigging, which made it rather a long day for the watch that had been on deck ever since four o'clock in the morning; but still there were advantages given you that in a measure compensated for this. You had a regular hour for dinner, and at five o'clock exactly it was the custom to clear up decks and knock off. Of course at night there was a regular look-out kept, and the remainder of the watch were allowed to lie down and go to sleep on the quarterdeck when it was fine, or in the "cuddy" when the weather was rainy; but it was well understood you were to be ready to jump up in an instant if you were called to take in, set, or trim sail. In this way you generally got plenty of sleep, though sometimes you did not.

During fine weather, after the decks were cleared and the sails all trimmed for the night, it was customary to encourage amusements among the crew, very often

for the edification of the passengers. These amusements consisted of such games as "sling the monkey," "follow the leader," singing, dancing, and various other games. There was a fiddler and a fifer, who were engaged especially to play at certain times, such as when the anchor was being hove up, or hoisting a sail, as well as for amusement, so that there was no lack of pastime when it did not interfere with the duties of the ship.

It was also the custom in this vessel to carry on the working of the ship, as near as it could be done, in the same smart manner as on board a man-of-war, that is to say, that when one royal or topgallant sail was taken in, all three had to be handled at the same time, and in the case of setting them, they had to be sheeted home and hoisted at the same time; likewise in reefing topsails—all three yards were expected to be on the cap at the same moment.

The hammocks had to be lashed and carried on deck at seven bells every morning, and taken down at three bells every afternoon. Every Friday was set aside for washing clothes, at least when it did not interfere with the working of the ship.

Shortly after crossing the line a circumstance happened which made the vessel uncomfortable for you afterwards, and was the cause of your leaving her before the voyage was over. You often had good cause to regret this, as it put you back in the world a great deal, and caused you a loss of time with respect to your education which took you a long time to pull up again.

The ship was in company with another vessel of the same class, bound to the same port in India. The

captains were friends, and there was a wager between them as to which would arrive at Madras first; and as they were sailing in company there was much manœuvring to make one ship get ahead of the other; sails were trimmed and set to the best advantage, and everything that could be done was taken advantage of to put the ship on her best point of sailing. Among other things a foretopmast studding-sail had to be set, and it was the duty of your gang (the foretopmen) to see the tack bent and the sail up clear, but through the awkwardness of one of your men the tack slipped from his hand and unrove. The captain and mate were much annoyed at this, and called out for one hand to go out on the boom and reeve it again. You ordered the man who let it go to perform this duty, but he did not seem to like the job, and therefore hesitated; and some one from the quarterdeck called out, "Now then, foretopmen, are you all frightened to go out and reeve that tack? Shall we have to come up and reeve it for you?"

In a moment you saw one of the small quarterdeck officers coming up the rigging. Your mettle began to rise as you saw him climbing up, and especially as the captain and all the ladies were on the poop looking at him, and admiring the quick way he ran over the ratlins. You waited until he put his feet on the foot-rope of the fore-yard, then you took the fore-lift in your hand, and just as he was passing the quarter of the yard, you slid down the lift, and with both your feet on the small of his back, pinned him down to the yard and stopped him from going any further. The weight on his body caused him to sing out; in a minute



THIRD MATE FINDS HIMSELF IN A FIX.

you were off his back, out on the yardarm, then out on the boom-end, and rove the tack. The laugh from the quarterdeck against the officer was loud and long, and he never forgave you for it. He asked you what you jumped for? and you told him he had no business there. This was the cause of your leaving the ship in Calcutta, and leaving her nearly cost you your life.

Although he had no business there, as you thought, you were wrong in jumping on his back, and could just as easily have passed him, and by that means been the first on the boom; but that was one of the many mistakes you made during your life, and as it was done it could not be helped. However, as above stated, it caused you to leave the good ship "D— of B—," and you went further to fare much worse.

Not long after leaving the "D— of B—," you obtained a berth on board the "P—," of Greenock, at £3 10s. per month. She was deeply loaded with a Calcutta cargo of rice, sugar, indigo, saltpetre, and silk. She left Calcutta during the rains, and in passing through the James and Marys, took the ground, and in an instant was over on her beam-ends. Some of the crew were pitched overboard, others, yourself among the number, took to the rigging, and had a narrow squeak for your life. The vessel, however, when on her beam-ends drew less water, and was washed by the strong ebb tide over the sands, and as soon as she was in deep water again, partly righted, upon which they managed to get her into Diamond Harbour, where the cargo was trimmed and the vessel put in order again without discharging the cargo. This was the commencement of an unlucky passage home. As

a rule, when a vessel makes a bad start her bad luck follows her throughout the voyage.

After leaving Diamond Harbour the vessel had a long and tedious passage down the Bay of Bengal; then she was becalmed for a long time on the line, after which light winds prevailed till she reached the Cape, where she fell in with heavy south-west gales off Cape Recife and Cape de Agulhas, and was very much hammered and battered about for over five weeks; ultimately she managed to get round the Cape, then experienced long calms off the Cape de Verds, and finally a continuance of easterly gales at the chops of the English Channel.

It will be well remembered by many, that about the year 1844 there were a large number of merchant vessels known to be just at or outside the chops of the Channel. You were among those unfortunate vessels. It will also be remembered that the merchants of London and Liverpool petitioned the Government to send out men-of-war cruisers with supplies of provisions, as it was conjectured that the vessels must be out of stores after the long time they had been at sea. Your sickness commenced about five months after you left Calcutta, and with it began all the miseries of a sailor's life at sea.

The "P—" was one of those ships belonging to outside owners, who encouraged the captain to work his crew hard and feed them hard at the same time. You have found out of late years that the more steadily men are kept at work during a long sea voyage, the better it is for them. There is always sufficient legitimate work for men to do and to keep them at. Let

them be fairly fed, have their meals at the proper time, and when working hours are over allow them to dispose of their time in their own way, when there is no work of necessity to do. Let men have fair play like that, and it will give them an interest in the ship, or, rather, they will take an interest in her, and keep her in order; and should a sail want reefing in a hurry, or any extraordinary work want doing in any particular part of the vessel, the crew that is well treated will be "all there."

In the "P—," of Greenock, it seemed to be the object of the captain to get all the work out of the men he could, and then to give them as little as possible for it. He used to think it a very clever thing indeed if he could do them out of a watch below, and especially if he could do them out of a meal. At the commencement of this long passage the food was bad enough, and not too much of it; but as it came towards the end of four months out from Calcutta, you were put on short commons; at the end of five months the short allowance was again reduced by one-half. Still the captain kept you at hard and unnecessary work, so as to keep the scurvy out of your bones, as he used to say; or it may have been that he desired that you would refuse duty, in order that he might get a chance of stopping your wages. Be that as it may, you had to work whether you had sufficient food or not.

As before mentioned, about five months after you had left Calcutta you began to feel ill. You did not know what was the matter with you; you had never felt so before, and it was a long time before you openly complained. At length, however, you were compelled to

do so, and after much complaining you were listened to, and on being examined by the captain, it was found that your legs were swollen, and that there were one or two black spots just above the knees. The flesh altogether was like a lump of cold dough, and when you made a dent in it by pressing your finger on it, the dent remained there for a long time after it had been made. Much against the wish of the captain, and very much against your own inclination, you gave in, and turned into your bunk in the forecastle—a nasty, dirty hole, filthy with the steam from the sugar and rice, the whole of the forecastle appearing as if it had been painted a dirty lead colour. The draining of the sugar, mixed up with the bilge water, made it awful; but there was no help for it, you had to turn in, being very ill with the scurvy.

There you lay day after day, night after night, never seeing daylight, the same bad odours always, the same kind of bad food, the same sort of medicine, every day getting worse and worse, until you became so ill that you could scarcely either eat or drink; and it was well for you that you could not, as there was very little on board for you to eat. Every other day the captain would send you a little pumpkin mixed up with sugar, and that must have kept you alive.

One afternoon it was blowing a fresh easterly wind, the vessel still beating to windward, and you felt that you would like to be lifted out of your bunk and taken on deck. The sailors, who, seeing that you were so very ill, were exceedingly kind to you, managed to lift you out of your bunk, and take you on to the forecastle deck. You had been about five weeks without seeing

daylight, and as you were handed from one to the other up the ladder on deck, you felt the light coming upon you, and when you reached the deck the light hurt your eyes so much that you were obliged to close them, and to you all was dark, at least so far as seeing any objects, but you could distinguish the strong light of day through your eyelids, and even that was too strong for you.

You felt the cold sea breezes getting under your clothing and cooling you rather too much at first; but you had not been long on the deck before all was lost to you. You went out, you don't know for how long, but you had been away—nowhere. That blank was delicious; of course you could not say it was really delicious, because it was a blank. It only occurred to you that it was nice, because all the nasty feelings had gone out of your mind; they were not connected with your feelings, your thoughts, nor your vision—they were all disconnected from you. All the pains, the aches, the thoughts, the longings, the bad odours, were gone, and a blank took their place. You did not know that there had been a blank until you came back again to the sense of all the horrors of life. When you opened your eyes and saw the ship, the ropes, the sails, and the blue water, all seemed to disgust you, so that you wished you had never opened them. You, however, seemed to have been rested; the blank had refreshed you. The body and mind had been released from the hurts and other feelings which made you so sorry that you came back to them, or that they came back to you.

You heard some one talking near you; it was one of the men. You heard him say, "He is breathing again,

he is not dead ; let him alone—there, leave him to me. I'll watch him ; he is not dead yet. You need not be in such a hurry to sew him up." You did not at the time know what it meant, but afterwards found out that you were put down as being dead, and they were preparing to sew you up in your hammock, to bury you in the sea.

For days and weeks you lay in this state, sometimes on deck, sometimes below, just as the crew felt inclined to lift you about. You heeded not what they did. Your food was sugar and water, the sugar being taken from the cargo.

You must have been many days in this state, as you afterwards found out ; and you were also told, as you were getting better, that your vessel was one of the unlucky ones that had missed the cruisers with the provisions ; you remember that some soup with vegetables in it was given you. Only one or two spoonfuls of the soup were given you at a time, and the man who gave it came very often with it. You were asked if you wanted to go on deck ? and you said, "Yes, you would like to." When taken on deck you were pleased to see that the ship was in London River ; you could not only see the land but you could smell it ; you felt an earthy kind of odour from it which refreshed you. You had given your sister's address to some one who came on board, and a message was sent to say how ill you were, and the time when the ship was expected to arrive at the London Docks.

Never will you forget the day you arrived at the dock entrance. You discovered that you were not the only one on board who had the scurvy, but you were



RESULT OF SEVEN MONTHS STARVATION AT SEA.

by far the worst. You, however, began to recover your senses when you saw the vessel's bow pointed towards the dock-gates. You were seated in a chair before the windlass, wrapped up in some old jackets, blankets, or something of the kind. There were a number of men working about the vessel, helping to haul her into dock, and as she was getting quite close to the pier, you heard some one say, "Come, bear a hand and get the ship alongside, and let's get that poor fellow on shore." His voice seemed so kind, so welcome, that you never have forgotten it.

You remember quite well several men taking hold of you and handing you over the bow of the vessel, and then being put into a cab that had been sent for you. You remember being driven through the streets past a lot of shops and public-houses; and finally you were carried into a sailor's boarding-house, where the old lady of the house was very kind to you indeed, and, strange to say, every half-hour seemed to make a difference in you for the better, almost every tick of the clock that was hanging over you seemed to tick new life into you. Two days' nursing by the good woman of the sailors' boarding-house did you much good, and on the third day you were really in full possession of your senses again.

You remember one of your sisters coming to see you. She came in a close carriage, as she was very ill, and had been ordered carriage exercise by the doctor. She thought she might as well drive down to see you, and try and get you out for a drive at the same time. You were not well enough the first time she came, but when she paid you the second visit you were able to

leave the sailors' boarding-house altogether, when you went to reside with your sister, and afterwards at the house of a friend.

About a week after you landed, for the first time you were able to take a survey of yourself, and found you were certainly in a mess.

Your eyes were not unlike those of a dead fish. There was a thin layer of film over their youthful brightness which made them appear very much like the eyes of an old man; the cheeks were flabby and had the reverse of a healthy tint on them; the skin hung loose on the cheeks, for it had been stretched while the face was swollen with disease, which made the bights of the cheeks hang down like a monkey's "fan-wam" bags when they are empty. The skin of the neck was also too slack, and from the elbows up to the armpits there was a dirty, dark purple hue on and under the skin, as if there were masses of dead blood clotted together lying there, and which could not move about. Both arms were alike, the very same kind of blotches on each. You thought to yourself, "However can I come right again?" You had forgotten to look into your mouth, but when it occurred to you, you did look—and what a sight! It was very much like looking into the mouth of the Thames Tunnel with all the lights out. There were no teeth in sight; they might or might not have been there, for all you knew, or for all you could see. You had not had any use for them for such a long time that they had gone away out of sight altogether. You wondered where they were, but put your gums together, and the dark purple, fleshy parts touched each other and hurt you a little. On further examination you found

the teeth were there, but that the gums had grown down over them ; therefore you were compelled to live on spoon-meat, only now and then munching a little soft food.

The fleshy part of your back was also a dark blue or purple. You then had a look at your legs. Ah ! what a mess they were in. From just above the knees, right up the thighs, were masses of this clotted blood shining through the skin. The latter was cold and disagreeable to the touch. You were on your knees at the time, because you could not straighten your legs ; the sinews were contracted so that you could not put your feet down or pull your body up ; you had to do the best you could with them. They were just right for lying in bed, as they were already pulled up for you.

Gradually, however, the puffy flesh went away and real flesh began to take its place ; the repeated munching of soft things between your gums compelled them to go back a little, and the teeth began to come to the front again, as if they felt it their duty, and that they were all there when wanted. First of all their very sharp edges came in sight, just as if you were teething over again, only the two rows all came in sight at the same time. You could then masticate a little meat, but had to go very gently to work about it, as you had not quite forgotten that you were cutting your teeth over again. Little by little they came in sight, and when they did they were as white as the purest ivory.

Slowly but surely you came to yourself—all that the doctor could do for you was to regulate your food.

After you had been landed about six weeks you remembered limping along on crutches, as your legs had

not yet become quite straight. You went into a house to get a glass of stout, which the doctor had ordered you to take. While in conversation with the mistress of the house she remarked how ill you were looking, and from some remark she made, you asked her how old she thought you were? She took a good look at you, and you looked her straight in the face. At first she seemed a little puzzled, but at length said, "Well, I should think you were about forty-six." When you told her you were very much under twenty, she became quite cross, and said, "Don't tell me; I am a better judge of age than that. I meant to say fifty-six," she continued, "but I did not wish you to think you looked older than you really were." However, nothing would make her believe that you were not at least forty-six.

While you were getting better you had time to study. Your dear sister, who was also on the sick list, used to come and ask you to join her in her carriage drives, and her society and the drives were of great benefit to you. She was about two years older than you, and had been thoroughly educated, so that both her conversation and sympathy did you much good; many excellent lessons did that dear girl give to her poor sick brother Charlie.

Little by little you continued to mend. You began to get more and more straight, and was able to walk slowly without your crutches; and as your teeth had come back all right, you were ordered to take a good rump-steak whenever you wanted it, or you might have a mutton-chop by way of change.

CHAPTER IV.

YOU BEGIN TO STUDY NAVIGATION—APPOINTMENT AS SECOND OFFICER ON BOARD THE “A—,” OF NEW-CASTLE—PROMOTION TO FIRST-MATE IN SAME VESSEL.

As you had become strong enough to walk about and to study, but still not well enough to return to sea, you made up your mind to learn navigation, and for that purpose made application for admission to the Naval Academy, 157, Leadenhall Street. The charge for teaching navigation was twelve guineas, and you had to purchase your own books, which came to two or three pounds more. That money you paid; it was the savings of money earned as ordinary seaman.

The little man standing on the little stand as you enter 157, Leadenhall Street, with one leg thrown back and the other a step forward and bent, with a quadrant in his hands, his eye glued to the glass, still trying to get the meridian altitude of the sun—the same cocked hat, and all complete—is still there, having the same appearance as in days gone by; but the good old man who was upstairs, where is he gone? Let us hope still higher up. He has left behind him lasting traces of his good and useful life. He was one of the best samples of a thorough sailor and a gentleman that you ever knew before or since—and how much more might you have profited by his good example!

Well do you remember what trouble he took with

you, and how careful he was not to hurt your feelings when he found out that your education had been neglected ; and when you asked him how you were getting on, said, in such a kind manner, " You cannot expect to get on as fast as some of the others. Most of them have advantages over you ; but you must try on, and you will do well. And I may as well tell you that you have one very great advantage over all of them, and that is, that you are a thorough sailor." You were cheered on by that speech, and kept hard at your studies.

The time did come when you were quite restored to health, and meantime you had done a great deal towards learning navigation ; but your funds were getting very low, and it was necessary to seek another ship. You had quite made up your mind that you would go to a fresh place every voyage you made, and you always adhered to that plan.

One afternoon, as you were walking near the docks looking for a ship, you saw a crowd of sailors standing round a shipping agent's door. You pushed yourself in among the crowd, and soon learned that a vessel was shipping hands by the run from Gravesend, where she was lying, to Dublin, to which place she was bound with a cargo of mahogany. It appeared that she had arrived from the Bay of Honduras, and was ordered round to Dublin with the original cargo. All hands had left her, their voyage being up.

You were not long in finding your way to the man who was shipping the hands, and offered your services, which were accepted. You signed the agreement, and away you went to get your clothes. It was arranged

that all should meet at the same office that evening at nine o'clock.

When you got back from your quarters with your clothing, you found that you had been picked out from among the hands to take charge of the whole crew. You undertook to see them all on board, and they were informed that they were under your charge, and that they must attend to your orders. You were all put on board a steam-tug, and just before midnight, you, with the crew, arrived on board the "A—," of Newcastle.

A letter was given you by the agent in London, which you gave to the person in charge. Having opened it and read the contents, he said both the captain and chief officer were on shore, but that the former would be on board soon, and in the meantime you were to take charge of the deck, and the captain would speak with you when he came.

About half an hour after your arrival the captain came on board. You met him at the gangway, informed him the crew were all on board, and in the fore-castle getting something to eat. The captain seemed pleased, and asked you if you had brought your clothes on board. You told him you had. He then asked you down into the cabin, and after having a good look at you, inquired if you would go as second mate. You replied that you would do your best, and were then and there engaged as second officer of a large barque. The captain requested you to bring your clothes aft, and away you went as proud as Lucifer, and soon had your bed made in the officers' berth in the cabin. The captain ordered a good supper for you, to which you did ample justice, and then held a consultation about

keeping watch. You told him some of the men had been drinking, and that it would be better not to disturb them ; and as you felt quite fresh, having been on shore some time, you volunteered to keep watch till six, when the men might be called. At this the captain was greatly pleased, and asked you to take a glass of grog. You declined, saying that you never touched it, which pleased him still more. So you were soon walking the quarterdeck, the real second officer of a large ship, and felt proud of the position you had gained. You scarcely knew what to do with your happiness.

This most unexpected promotion gave you fresh heart. You were now in a position of trust, away from the fore-castle, and you made up your mind that you would keep aft ; you had had quite enough of the *fore end* of ships.

When daylight came the pilot made his appearance on board, when you were allowed to go below, as you had been on deck all night.

It has been mentioned often, and is noted in another part of this book, that very often when a vessel commences with bad luck it follows her to the end. She takes up her streak of bad luck at almost every point there is a chance of laying hold of it ; and if she does not take hold of it, misfortune will take hold of her and stick to her to the bitter end.

It was so with the "A—," of Newcastle. She had been launched in that streak of bad luck, and it seemed that she could not well get out of it, in spite of all the care that could be taken. The captain was both a sailor and a gentleman, as was also the chief officer. On the voyage from the Bay of Honduras to the port

of London the vessel had met with very heavy weather; her sails had been blown away, and she had been otherwise knocked about. Therefore it happened that while lying off Gravesend she had to undergo a series of repairs—among other things she had to get new suits of sails. All these repairs had been completed by the time you joined her, and she was once more ready for sea.

On the afternoon of the day following that of your arrival on board, the vessel was got under weigh, and with a fair wind down the river, next morning she anchored in the Downs. The wind was blowing fresh from the south-west, with showers at intervals, but as it was not blowing very hard, the vessel was under weigh again at daylight next morning, and beating down Channel. The wind veered a little to the southward, which enabled her to make "a long leg and a short one," and in the course of three days she was off the Lizard. At this point the wind freshened and came right in her teeth, and ultimately increased to a gale. It seemed very bad luck, for if we had been only a few miles more to windward, the vessel would then have weathered the Land's End, and have had a slashing fair wind up the Irish Channel and into Dublin, where she was bound. However, she was still in the streak of bad luck. She was well handled, had good sails, her masts were well secured, she had a good and willing crew on board, but in spite of skill and perseverance, the wind and sea would be masters. Still the captain was determined not to put into port. He said we might still be lucky enough to get on the right tack, and only one slant would take us round the land.

As much sail was kept on the vessel as she could stagger under, and by good seamanship she was kept to windward, but only "holding her own."

Three or four days were thus spent, hammering as hard as it was possible to hammer against a westerly gale, the sea getting heavier and heavier every day. At length, when we made the land on the English side of the Channel, it was found that the ship was going to leeward. Still the captain said he would hold on as well as he could, and the vessel was put under easy canvas for the night, and after wearing her, there was plenty of room for the ship to stand towards the French coast during the night.

About eleven o'clock that night the ship was well clear of the land, and for that reason we all felt safe; but it came on to blow a hurricane, and the sea rose to a fearful height. The vessel was under close-reefed topsails, foretopmast staysail, and a storm main-staysail. It soon became evident that she could no longer carry that amount of sail, and to make matters worse the mainsail was blown out of the gaskets. This was a terrible disaster; it was a new sail of No. 2 good canvas, and luckily all the gear was new.

This new mainsail getting adrift at a time when the vessel had more than enough sail on her, and the fear of losing it, for a while quite distracted the captain; but it was not long before he was right again, and, like a good sailor as he was, he said—

"There is no use crying about it; let's see if we can't save the sail. Where is the second officer?"

"Here am I," you said.

"Can't we get that mainsail in?"

"I will try, sir, if you will give the order," was your reply.

"Then up there with you, all hands, and make fast that mainsail."

"Hi, hi, sir," was your reply, and passed the word along.

"Now, my lads," you said, "come along, and let's see if we can't secure this mainsail."

The men were close to you, and did not seem inclined to move; but you followed up your other words by saying, "Come along, lads; follow me; don't let's lose that new sail," at the same time taking hold of the swifter of the main shrouds with your right hand, and swinging yourself on to the first rattlin of the main rigging. The men, seeing this, quickly followed, and you were soon on the mainyard.

There cannot be any person in the world who knows what it is to handle a mainsail under such circumstances but real good sailors, because none but real good sailors would be of the slightest use on a mainyard (even if they could get there) at such a time. For the greater part of the time you were on that mainyard it really needed all your strength, and even by straining every bone and muscle it was as much as you could do to hold on, much less to pick up the sail.

The wind continued to blow a hurricane, bringing with it a mixture of hail and snow, which found its way into the crevices of the sail, and made it still heavier. You could only just get your fingers in between the yard and the jackstay to hold on by, when the sail was so full of wind that you could not get a grip of it; then it would flap and make reports like

guns going off close to your ears. At times the wind would lull, and give you a chance. You would then call all the men to "Come here, my lads, here is a chance; come along, all hands, on the weather yardarm. Now is the time; let us 'puckerrow' it;" and after some difficulty, all hands managed to scramble out on to the weather yardarm, determined to master it somehow.

There were many stout hearts on that mainyard, and like all good sailors, they only required some one who knew his duty to lead them. One sailor may soon find whether he is dealing with a thoroughbred sailor or not. If he knows he is led by a sailor he will not be beaten, but will follow on and stick to his duty, until bone, muscle, and sinew can no longer hold out; then he must let go, too often only to fall into a watery grave, to be written off the ship's articles as lost at sea, and to be forgotten. I have said good sailors will be led by good sailors. It is true they will, and right into the jaws of death, too; but they will not be driven by men who are not themselves sailors. They will shape the course of their work against the grain of right, they will do it the wrong or the left-handed way, and the non-sailor will not be able to detect that they are cheating him. They will laugh under their sleeve at him, and hence the dreadful losses to the world of valuable property now lying at the bottom of the sea.

Reverting to stowing the mainsail. You were all out on the weather yardarm; you had already been three-quarters of an hour up there, but one sailor cheered the other on, and at length, with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, you managed to get

the weather-leach together, and put it under your chests, and jammed it down on the yard; then, little by little, you began to get the canvas rolled up and the gasket passed round, and after an hour's hard work the sail was saved. As soon as you were on deck again the order was given to square away the yards, the captain having made up his mind to run for Falmouth Harbour. The helm was put up, the yards were squared, and as she was paying off, a very heavy sea struck her on the weather beam, came on board, and swept away with it almost everything on deck, besides injuring both the chief officer's legs.

About three o'clock in the morning the harbour light of Falmouth was made; the vessel was soon inside of it, and the anchor let go in about five fathoms of water. The night was so dark that we could not see the vessel's length, but through the skill of the captain we were brought safely to an anchor, out of one of the heaviest gales of wind that ever blew.

With a good ship under your feet, a good sailor for a captain, one who can impress the minds of the men with the fact that if the ship goes to grief it will not be from want of a knowledge of navigation or seamanship, the crew feel safe, and with a good leader would work till they dropped down, unable to do any more; but they are very often imposed upon by captains and officers who do not know their duty. The first duty of a captain is to know of his own knowledge that the ship is sound and safe, and if he be a sailor he will know what to expect in the shape of weather at sea. He will know well what kind of gales and seas he may have to encounter during the passage he is about to

make. If he is going on a long voyage, and undertakes to sail in a vessel which he knows to be unseaworthy, or not efficient enough to face the very heaviest gale that may be expected on his course, it is he who is in fault; no one else is to blame.

It may be said in answer to the above, that if I, being a good sailor, refuse to go in a vessel which I know to be unable to stand up against a very heavy gale, some one else will be found who will undertake the voyage, and I am left to be laughed at. Now, in the opinion of many, a more shiftless, cowardly assertion cannot be made. Fancy a sailor going about crying for a berth because he would not be tempted to go in a dishonest ship! Why, a dock-labourer's berth is better than commanding an ill-found ship. Many may and do go the voyage all right; they happen not to be caught, and go voyage after voyage without accident, making good profits; but the captains are none the less guilty for risking the lives of others, as well as their own.

All the sensational talk in the world, all the speeches among working men, all the going round with the *hat*, all the libellous books ever written, or that may be written to make money out of, will be of no avail to put sailors in a right position. Nothing in the world will do any good for them if they do not take charge of their own affairs; and unless they look after their own interest, and insist on being looked upon as of the greatest importance to their country, they can never be anything more than what they are now considered, viz. a degenerated lot, who permit landmen to go round with the *hat* soliciting funds to enable them to look after the *poor sailors*.

Why should sailors want a landsman to go round with his hat on their account, asking old maiden ladies to give money to procure an Act of Parliament to save the life of poor Jack? Poor Jack is well able to look after his own affairs, if he be left more to himself to look after them.

What a funny idea that people should be asked to believe that the owners of ships impose upon poor sailors. Let anyone go round the docks of London and Liverpool, and many other ports of the kingdom; they will see fleets of fine ships in good order, ship-shape in every sense of the word; and on board of those ships are to be found good honest sailors, from the commander down to the small boy, who is about to learn to be a good sailor in his turn.

If you wish to find out a lot of bad sailors, you must not go among the class of ships I have just been writing about, you must go among the bad class of ships; and those who go in vessels which are not fit to be sent to sea do not deserve the name of sailors, for, as a rule, they are not seamen, unless, indeed, they are drunken ones. It is true that in these days the good ships have to put up with very indifferent sailors, owing to a scarcity of good ones; but most ships which are intended to get an honest living are prepared for that by having machinery on board which will facilitate the taking in and setting of the sails.

It is quite a mistake to think that Old England has not as many good sailors as ever she had. The whole face of the earth is covered with good British sailors; but they will not go to sea, they can do better on shore. A good English sailor, especially if he be a sober one,

is useful anywhere, in the kingdom or in the colonies. There are many thousands who have been to sea and have become thorough sailors, but have discarded their profession.

Poor sailors, imposed upon by the needy or greedy owners! Those are the words you hear as the hat goes round. Then a committee of dear old maiden ladies get together to see what they can do for the poor helpless sailors, as they call them. The dear, good souls will meet and put their good-natured heads together, puzzle their brains, try all they can to hit on some plan that will do the poor sailors good, but usually find in the end that they can do nothing but pull out their long purses, gather handsome sums of money, money which is given with the purest motives, gifts which are given with a heart and a half; the good creatures go to their homes, feeling sure that they have done their best. Giving money was all they could do for the poor sailors, but not one penny would those for whom it was intended ever see, or derive any benefit from. Nor do they want it. The able-bodied seamen of England do not require any help or assistance from charities. They are, if they choose, the most independent, the most un-needy race on the face of the earth, unless they bring themselves to poverty through bad habits of some kind or other. And as for shipowners enticing them to go to sea in rotten ships, the greater fools are they to do so. Serve them right if they get drowned in such ships, for there is always a brisk demand for good sailors' labour in good ships, as well as on shore, all over the world.

There will always be some good ships lost, and their

crews drowned. Those losses are not the fault of anyone, they cannot be avoided. Then let those dear, good ladies of my own dear country, as well as my countrymen, leave able-bodied seamen to take care of themselves. As a sailor, I know they are able to do it, so long as they are able to work. But when they have been pulling and hauling on ropes for years—when they have gone voyage after voyage, perhaps twenty times round the world, doing their duty well—when they cannot any longer get over the rim of the maintop—when they can no longer hold their two hands above their heads and swigg on a rope with a “Oh-ye-ahoy!”—when they have pains and aches which are the result of exposure and a life of hard, honest toil—when their flesh has all dried up—when their skin hangs loose on their bones—when they can no longer work—when they are obliged to coil up the ropes for the last time—and when they turn their backs on the docks, saying to themselves, “It is no use my going there any more; they won’t ship me; I am too old and useless; I am used up, the canvas of my carcase is worn threadbare, the heart-yarns of my body are without tar, my bones are getting mouldy, my eyes are refusing duty, I must lay up for a full due, where shall I go?”—then is the time for the good, kind, dear English gentlewomen to form a committee.

When the poor, worn-out, old English sailor says, “I must lay up for a full due, where shall I go?” then come forth, ye good and pure blood of England, and say, “Here, Jack, come this way, here is a home for you; you have done enough for beloved England. Good English people will take care of you; there are

quarters for you at Belvedere, or other institutions of its kind; there are excellent homes for you aged seamen, supported by voluntary contributions. Go there, Jack, there is a home where you may lay up, and be thankful to Him who has so well preserved you through all the trials and dangers of a long seagoing life." There is an opportunity for those who want to do real good for the British sailor. Leave his life in his own hands. While he is able to work there is always plenty of demand for his labour. Leave the saving of his life at sea in his own hands, also let him, as other people have to do, manage his own affairs. Let landmen look to matters they understand; and if they really wish to do a good turn to the sailor, let them know that if they lend a hand to sail British ships during the best of their lives, if they have been of good character, and worthy of the name of a British sailor, they will be taken care of in their old days.

"Poor Jack!" A very nice brace of words to utter as you go round with the hat. But many sailors cannot help thinking that those who use these words know very little about sailors, or they use them for their own advantage. Poor Jack! indeed, has been well bandied about of late, and some people have made lions of themselves. When no other dodge would answer their purpose, and with the aid of the honest and kind-hearted, they made a pretty good thing of "throwing away a sprat to catch a mackerel with."

Once more, I say, leave the ships to shipowners, leave the sailing of ships to sailors; and if the latter choose to go in dangerous vessels, it is their own fault; there are plenty of ships to go in that are not dangerous

As daylight appeared on the morning after anchoring in Falmouth Harbour, you were astonished to find that the vessel had run in among a large fleet of vessels, which were lying within a cable's length of your ship. It was quite a miracle how your vessel kept clear of this fleet as she ran in, seeing how closely they were anchored together. There you were, however, in the midst of them, having passed between them without seeing a single ship.

The chief officer, from the injuries he had received during the gale, had to be landed, and you were thus made acting chief officer, a post you felt quite proud of.

The south-west winds continued for some weeks, but there was plenty to do to get the ship in order for the next voyage. She had been well knocked about, but, like every well-proportioned ship, she could stand a gale; it was calculated that she would in all probability meet with gales, and the very worst was prepared for, while all hands were hoping for the best.

As soon as the wind abated the vessel was once more got under weigh and turned to windward, down towards the Land's End again. Bad luck continued to follow the ship, however, for after beating round the land, the wind hauled round to the eastward, and we had to thrash her up the Irish Channel against it. After a good deal of tacking and cheating the tides, we managed to fetch into the Bay of Dublin, and were soon safe in the dock where the vessel was to discharge her cargo.

You were now firmly on the quarterdeck, and there you made up your mind to remain. You had had quite enough of the fore-castle.

Nine years was quite long enough for your taste, but

not too long to make a good sailor of you. The Almighty had blessed you with good health ; you were strong and well formed, and only eighteen years of age. You were steady, always the first at the duties of the ship. You had gone through many hardships, and remembered well what they were. You now determined to make the remainder of your life as jolly as you could, consistently with your duties.

Chief officer of a large barque at the age of eighteen, and not placed in that position because you had interest. Oh dear, no. You were placed there because you were a good sailor, because you were respectable, and especially because you did not drink. Neither were you fond of bad company ; but still you liked a little fun, and meant to have it. Your pay was six pounds six shillings per month, besides board and lodging, and you felt mighty independent.

In the year 184— there used to be a very decent house on the North Wall, Dublin, called the Temperance Hotel, the proprietor of which used to take in officers of ships as boarders, and it was there you took up your quarters while the ship was discharging her cargo, and during the time she was fitting out for the next voyage.

Breakfast at eight, dinner at one, and tea after knock-off time ; not far to walk from the ship to the hotel, and when there for a meal, you were waited on by such a pretty little Irish girl, with a brogue as rich as her dark blue eyes were delicious.

“ Now, Mr. Mate, is it teasing me your after ? Sure, Mike will be here directly, and sure he will be in a tearing rage wid yer, so he will.” That is what dear

little Biddy would say when the chief officer of the "A—" of Newcastle had kissed her; and still Biddy did not increase the distance between herself and the "rogue of a mate," as she used to call you.

Now Mike was the mate of another vessel lying close to the hotel, and was Biddy's lover. He did not like her to be interfered with; but who could help it, when Biddy didn't mind it? Besides, she was one of those olive-complexioned, round, strong, dark, blue-eyed, dear little things that a young fellow could not help liking.

Moreover, she had such a lot of dark-brown hair, such a row of white teeth, such red, rosy cheeks, and only seventeen years of age. You were a little over eighteen, and quite as good-looking as she was; and besides being good-looking, you wore gold lace and anchor buttons on your uniform, and Mike neither wore gold lace nor was he good-looking; but still Biddy loved Mike before you went there and interfered; and Mike was not long before he began to discover that Biddy had changed, and that you were the favourite.

In the room where Mike and yourself used to take the meals of the day there were two round tables at which you sat, yourself at one, and Mike at the other. The latter was much older than you, very raw-boned, and had the appearance of being a very strong-minded, hot-headed Irishman—one accustomed to have his own way, and who, until your arrival, was the "cock of the walk."

Mike always took care to be in the hotel exactly at the same time that you were, and in the evenings he would take good care not to leave the hotel

while you remained in—in short, he was very strict in his look-out after you.

Up in one corner of this dining-room were some hat and coat hooks, and quite up in the corner was always hanging a coat which belonged to Mike. The coat was nearly the length of Mike himself, and under the coat there stood a pair of Mike's sea-boots. On the hat-hook above hung Mike's sou'wester; in fact the whole rig-out appeared very much like Mike himself standing there, excepting on rainy days, when a portion of the wardrobe would disappear.

Now, on this particular day the weather was fine, and the rig belonging to Mike was hanging there as usual. You made a bargain with Biddy that you would be in the dining-room about an hour and a half before the usual dinner hour, and Biddy readily agreed. This little arrangement was made early in the morning, when Mike was supposed to be at his ship. You kept continually looking at your watch to see if the time was drawing nigh to go and meet Biddy alone in the dining-room, which made the time seem long before the appointed hour came. At length, however it did arrive, and you were there punctually. Biddy had been watching for you going upstairs, and as soon as you were in the dining-room, she appeared also. Now when Biddy entered the room she had never looked so pretty. She had had a jolly good wash in cold water and good, honest yellow soap, which had made her round cheeks as red as if they had been painted, while the olive or white of her face was as clear as if it had been powdered. Her large eyes were the true Irish bright dark blue, such as are only to be

seen in Old Ireland. Her hands were a little red from the recent wash, but her arms were round, brown, and just a little browner on the outside, while they were white and pretty on the inside. She wore a dark brown dress, with a frill of white lace round her neck, and her hair was thrown about her head so carelessly that you wondered how it was so much, of it could be kept so clean. The smile on her face as she came to meet you, and especially when she showed her even row of teeth, quite enchanted you. She came close to you; her hands were hanging by her side. You took hold of one in each of yours, and raised them about half-way up, and held them. You looked straight into her beautiful eyes, and said, "Bless you, Biddy, it is very kind of you to meet me. I did so wish to have an unreserved chat with you." At the same time you tried to pull her towards you, and to kiss her red rosy cheek. She held back and said—

"Now, Mr. Mate, don't you be after teasing me. Sure, we are alone now, and you must not be taking liberties—you know it is not proper. If you do so when others are about, sure it does not matter much; but you must behave yourself when we are alone—" and you pulled her nearer towards you, and put your arm round her waist.

"Sure, now, let me go, or I will tell Mike—sure I will."

You were looking into her beautiful eyes, which were glistening like dewdrops in the sunbeams. Never before or since had you seen a girl look more beautiful; but at the name of Mike you felt the blood rush up to your cheeks, you turned your face quite opposite to

hers, and said, "Biddy, for that speech alone I am going to kiss you, and I don't care whether you like it or not," and at once put yourself in a position to do so, when the dear girl's face turned pale with fright. She looked up into your face beseechingly, and said, "Sure you are too much of a gentleman, Mr. Mate." Her honest appeal had its full effect upon you, and made you love and respect her; but her threat that she would tell Mike, the mate, came into your mind, and induced you to say words which you were sorry for afterwards.

"Tell Mike," you commenced to say to her; "you will tell Mike, will you? Now, Biddy, I just tell you what it is, I will tell Mike myself, and if he in the slightest way interferes with matters between you and I, he will get a rap over the head."

"With a shillelah," said Mike, who had been in his boots up in the corner behind the coat all the time, and with two long Irish strides had come across to where you were standing, and gave you a stunning blow right on the side of the head. There was a scream, and you fell to the ground, or rather on to the floor.

Just coming to your senses again, with a terrific headache, not knowing for some time who were near you, what had been done to you, or where you were, you saw some one moving round you, and cold dressings being put round your head; then you were able gradually to open one of your eyes a little, the other being quite bunged up.

All that had transpired came to your mind, and you remembered all that had taken place up to the time you received the rap over the head with the shillelah, and

gradually also you remembered that Mike had been hidden in the corner, and that it was he who had felled you to the floor. But what puzzled you most was that Mike was in attendance on you. You could not quite make that out, and thought that perhaps you had only been dreaming it was he. So you thought to yourself, "I will remain quiet until I am sure." You saw also that Biddy was attending on you. She was sitting near you; it was she who was tending you and bathing your head, and when you made sure it was her, your better eye opened wider still, notwithstanding the pain it caused you. But a sight of Biddy was good for your sore eye, so you did not care a fig for the pain.

It was not very long before you quite came to your senses, and began to inquire what time it was and how long you had been there? You were told you had been there about twenty hours. You then inquired whether any person from the ship had been inquiring for you? and was answered that there had been two or three, and that they were very kind, and left word that you were not to trouble yourself about the ship; everything was all right on board. The captain had gone to Newport, and would not be back for five days, but had left a letter for you. The letter at the same time was handed to you by Biddy, but, as you were alone, you desired her to open it and read it—having, at the same time, quite made up your mind that it was your discharge, and informing you that some one else was engaged in your place. However, you desired Biddy to go on, and let you know the worst. It ran as follows:—

"Captain Seaward's compliments to the chief officer

of the barque 'A—.' He is obliged to start for Newport, in order to effect the chartering of the vessel for the next voyage. He feels sure the chief officer will be able to do without him for a few days. Captain Seaward will write the chief officer in two days hence."

You could see plainly with your one eye that at the termination of the note Biddy's face lighted up. She was pleased you were not rebuked in any way, and of course you were also pleased. But you felt that you were neglecting your duty. At that moment the master rigger, who had contracted to fit out the ship, walked in, and, with a jolly smile over his face, he said,

"Well, how are you this morning, sir?"

You told him you were getting better every hour, and hoped to be able to get down to the ship very soon.

He then said, "Now don't you trouble about that. As soon as I heard what had happened I made up my mind to do your duty for you; and the captain asked me before he left to give you any advice and assistance in my power, as you were young. So that you need not be at all uneasy about your ship; I will take care of her."

So far all was well, and you were getting all right. What was better than all, Biddy was your constant attendant, and the trouble you were in became a source of pleasure.

There was, however, one matter which rather preyed on your mind, which was that Mike was constantly passing round you, and also dodging round and about Biddy; and, independent of all other feelings, you were not going to forget that he had nearly knocked your brains

out. You had too much English blood in your veins to let that pass off quietly. Moreover you could plainly see that although he pretended to repent, and was anxious to do anything for you, it was only a pretence to keep near Biddy, and when you saw him you always wished him further. You thought a great deal about it, but said nothing.

Two days after you received the blow, you said to Biddy, "How was it Mike came to be in the room exactly at that time?"

She replied, "Ah, sure he heard us talking about it in the morning, and stole into the room when he knew I was in the bedroom, put on his boots, hid himself behind his coat, and overheard all we said."

You said, "I say, Biddy, what did he hit me with?"

"Ah, sure," she said, "it was a shillelah."

"What has become of the shillelah?" you asked.

"Sure, I have it here," was her reply.

"Now, Biddy, let me have it for a keepsake; you know the knock I had from it will always make me remember it. Nevertheless I should like to have it by me, so that if I ever catch anyone trying to kiss the girl I love I can give him a rap. At any rate, Biddy, let me have a look at it."


After a great deal of persuasion, Biddy said, "Well, I think I can trust you with it, if you promise not to use it. You must give me your word now," said Biddy.

You said, "Biddy, I give you my word of honour that I will not use it on anybody unless I catch them trying to kiss the girl I love."

"Very well," said Biddy, "you may keep it."

Now at the time the shillelah was given to you, and innocent Biddy consented to let you keep it, she little thought that you had been concocting a plan whereby to take revenge for the cowardly blow you had received. You hid your rage from Biddy, and apparently swallowed the insult, as well as the degrading disfigurement. At times you felt as if you could not hold in your rage, but still you did keep it to yourself, although it was hard to bear. You kept trying to persuade yourself that to give a cowardly rap back, such as you had received, would be doing another wrong, and that two wrongs would not make one right. But then there was something that always seemed to say, "Are you going to be a coward? For shame! Your forefathers were not cowards; have you degenerated? Are you going to submit to such a blow without retaliation? For shame! Why, you are afraid; you want revenge, but you are afraid. Ah, you coward! coward! coward!"

While the above thought passed through your mind your face became red hot. You felt ashamed of yourself, and answered the accusation your own thoughts had made against you. You said to yourself, "No, I am not a coward. I mean to pay him off in his own coin. I must and will give him a tap, and he shall have as good a one as he gave me. But then it's wrong; and, moreover, there is Biddy, to whom I have made a promise, and I must keep my word." But the longer you continued to think about it something more powerful seemed to urge you on to retaliation, and that you must do it, no matter what happened. Your mind was now made up that your assailant should not escape.



About five days after having received the blow you were quite well and strong again, and your plans were all arranged. You told Biddy that you would not have your dinner so early that day, but would take it an hour later, so that she could keep it back for you. When that arrangement was made you went down to the ship, and saw that everything was going on well. The captain had not yet returned.

The exact time for dinner was a quarter-past one o'clock, and at that moment Mike used to walk into the dining-room. He had heard that you were not to be there, so he had it all to himself. You, however, had been there about ten minutes before him, had pulled on his sea-boots, and placed yourself behind the door, exactly as he did, and there you stood.

True to his time, Mike was in the room, quickly followed by Biddy. It was not long before Mike had his arm round her waist. Biddy resisted, but Mike insisted on holding her and trying to kiss her; but she would not allow him. She was rebuking him for the blow he had given you, and while she was so rebuking him he kept on trying to stop her mouth with kisses. At length she said, "It would just serve you right if you were to get a rap across your mouth."

"With your own shillelah," said you, at the same time giving him a blow in the teeth that made them rattle like loose peas. You did not intend to strike him in the mouth, but he happened to turn his head at the moment, and received it there.

"Oh, murder! oh, murder!" called out Biddy; and "Oh, oh, oh," called out Mike; but he soon stopped his noise—his mouth was too full of blood. He held

both hands up to his mouth, bowing his head down to his knees with pain, as the blood ran down his arms, while you coolly walked round the room, flourishing the green shillelah.

The dead black blood was still all round your head and under one of your eyes, while the eye itself was bloodshot, showing plainly that you had had a good taste of it. Mike continued to go round and round the room, with both hands up to his mouth, every now and then emptying his mouth and roaring like a bull.

Just at this stage the master rigger entered the door with a letter, and as soon as he saw Mike he called out,

“Be jabbers! here is another broken head,” and then went up to Mike and said, “What’s the matter with you? Sure, are you hurt?”

Mike removed his hands, and showed that three of his upper and two of his lower teeth had been knocked out. The master rigger looked on him with disgust, and said,—

“What sort of an Irishman are you if you can’t stand that? Sure, if you are able to give a joke, sure you ought to be able to take one.” At the same time he held down his head and showed a deep indent in his skull, and said, “Look at that, now; sure, that was something like a tap with a shillelah. Don’t you know, sure,” he continued, “those good old days are gone by when an Irishman could take and give a tap just for the humour of the thing? Sure, he was a good boy that gave me that tap, so he was. Bedad, when I was picked up, me skull was broke; there was about two inches of the brain hanging out. The doctor washed it in cold water and put the piece of skull in the right

place. After putting the brain back in its right position, he covered it over with a piece of wet lint, and said, 'Now, Pat, you had better go home, and don't be after shaking your head about too much, or your brain will come out again; but if you *will* have another jig before you go home, be sure and tie a handkerchief under your chin and over your head, so as to keep the piece of your skull from getting loose.' "

You thought to yourself what a fuss you made about the rap you had had; but still you could not help feeling sorry for the blow you had given Mike. The master rigger handed you the letter, which ran as follows:—

"MEMO.—From Captain Seaward to the chief officer of the barque "A—."—Make application for fifty tons of ballast; get sails bent; look out for a crew by the run from Dublin to Newport, subject to my approval when I arrive. Have the vessel in every way ready for sea during the next two days. I shall arrive in Dublin on Saturday morning next."

What a relief it was to you that the captain was not coming for three days. The scrape you had managed to get into would be all settled by that time.

You told the master rigger to have his part of the work done, and at the same time asked him to lend you a hand to get a crew, which he did willingly, and you made up your mind to go ahead with the work, in order to make up for lost time.

You could not, however, rid your mind of a feeling of depression. You were unhappy, and continued to feel dull, because you had knocked five of Mike's teeth down his throat. You felt that it was cowardly, and did not

like yourself a bit for it. Still, you remembered that he had given you a blow that nearly cost you your life, and with that excuse as a justification, you tried to shake off the feeling of dulness, but could not. You knew in your own heart you had done wrong, and that was quite enough for you.

After working hours in the evening you went to the hotel to have tea. On your way there you wondered what Biddy would say to you. You felt half afraid to face her ; in fact you could not throw off the feeling that you had done a very cowardly act, however much you thought yourself justified at first, or rather before it was done.

There was no disguising your feelings. You could but feel dull when you entered the dining-room. You expected to find Mike there, but Biddy was there alone.

You said to her, "Biddy, where is Mike?"

"Sure, he is away to the hospital," replied Biddy.

You said no more, but sat down at the table, and Biddy brought your tea in as usual. That jolly, bright smile was absent from your face; that sailor-like, devil-may-care feeling was gone—you felt about seven years older.

"Gone to the hospital," you kept saying to yourself, "perhaps he will die." Then you tried to eat, but could not. You drank your tea, and sat with your chin resting on both hands, your elbows resting on the table. You saw Biddy standing watching you, and wished she would go. You felt ashamed of yourself, and did not know what to do. You wished you were out of sight of Biddy, but did not like to pass her,—so there you sat, feeling cowardly stupid. You then put

your head, or rather your face, in both your hands, and began to think of what you had done. You thought of the rapid manner you had risen to the post of chief officer, the important duties that were entrusted to you, and felt that you had no sooner jumped into a good berth than you commenced to abuse it. You remembered the hard life you had endured during the last nine years, how nicely you had escaped from the fore-castle, and no sooner had you done so than you began to get into disreputable brawls and scrapes. You thought of Mike, and pictured to yourself his broken mouth. You regretted the cowardly blow you had dealt him, and would have given all you possessed to have recalled that blow.

You had sat there a long time, pondering over these matters, when you felt a hand laid gently on your shoulder. Like all who are guilty, you started, removed your hands, and saw it was Biddy.

"Sure, what's the matter, Mr. Mate?" said Biddy. "Och, how pale you're after looking. Is there anything fresh happened to you?"

"No, Biddy, nothing fresh," you said.

"Then why don't you eat something? You were all right this morning, now what a change," said Biddy.

You looked up into her pretty face and said, "Yes, Biddy, I was happy this morning, because I had done no wrong. Now I am after doing wrong, as you would have said, and I feel like a coward."

"Och, be aisy wid you," said Biddy, "is that all you have to fret about? Sure, we were all talking about you, saying we wondered what you were going to do, whether you were going to leave such a blow as that

unsettled; for I told them all downstairs that you would not let it pass. Mike said that you would not notice it, but let it pass over. The rigger man that comes to see you told Mike to look out for himself, for he believed you would pay him back some day."

"Yes, Biddy," you said, "I made up my mind to give it him back, but now it is done I feel exceedingly sorry, and wish I could undo it. Biddy, where is the hospital?"

She told you where it was, and you recollected the place. You looked into her face as she stood with her hand on your shoulder, and saw a large tear gathering in her eye. You never saw her look more beautiful.

"Now, Biddy," you said, "don't be stupid." You put your hand against her face, and said, "Biddy, cheer up, I will go and see Mike," and, without waiting for a reply, left the room.

After walking some distance you came to a building with three large, white pillars in front. A pair of large, blue painted gates gave entrance to vehicles, and on one side of these gates was a small side-gate, through which visitors on foot gained access to the building. By the side of the left-hand pillar hung an iron chain, with a handle attached. "That's the hospital you were asking for, sir; pull that bell, sir." These words were addressed to you by a man whom you asked to show you the place. You thanked him, and pulled the bell.

There was a harsh, grating sound in the bell which did not tend to raise your spirits. It seemed to make a sickly, screeching sort of noise, as if it had been wounded; and when the man came to open the door, the latch, when he lifted it, also made a disagreeable

screech. The man himself spoke as if he could hardly find breath enough to utter intelligible sounds. Then a dog came to bark at you, but it had very little voice, and was so weak in the hind legs that it nearly threw itself down every time it tried to bark; indeed, after the fifth attempt to bark it did fall down, and threw its face on its shoulder, as if thoroughly exhausted.

After passing through the gate you made your way to a small lobby, in which a fire was burning. Opposite to the fire sat an old woman, with her elbows on her knees, holding the palms of her hands before the fire, with her fingers spread wide open and her thumbs stretched as far away from her fingers as possible. She turned her face towards you as you neared the door, and seemed very sulky. Altogether the appearance of the place made you feel more dull than you were before.

At length the man inquired what you wanted, and you informed him that you wished to see one of the patients who had had his teeth knocked out of his mouth.

"Oh," he said, "you mean the mate of a ship who came in this morning."

You replied that it was he you wanted to see, and were shown into the surgery, where you found two or three doctors, who, as soon as they caught sight of the side of your face, which was still black, thought you had come as a patient.

One of them said, "What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," you replied, "I only wish to see the mate of a vessel, who came here this morning with his face smashed."

"Stop a minute," said one of the doctors, "let's have

a look at you; how did you get that blow?" at the same time examining the black mark.

You told him an Irishman had done it with a shillelah.

"Well," he said, "it is a miracle he did not kill you. Look here, Joe," he said to one of the other doctors. Joe came, and had a look, saying,

"That has been a narrow squeak for you, young man. If you had received the blow half an inch higher up, you would have been killed on the spot. How came he to hit you like that?"

You told him that you were trying to kiss his sweetheart, that he hid himself in a corner of the room, that he had provided himself with a shillelah, and that he took you by surprise and gave you the "Irish hoist."

"Who was he?" they inquired.

You told them it was the mate of a ship, in fact the man with the broken jaw, whom you had come to see.

"You seem very loving towards him after his nearly taking your life. How is that?" one of them inquired.

You told them it was you who had hit him in the mouth, that you felt sorry for it, and wished to ascertain if there was anything you could do for him.

"Well," said the leading man, "you seem to love Irish fashions. You break each other's heads, and then try to apply some soothing syrup to the wound; it is very kind of you, however. So you wish to see him?"

You answered, "It is not so much that I wish to see him as that I am anxious to know the extent of the injury done. I expect to sail in a day or two, and should like to know exactly how he is likely to fare before I leave."

"Very well," said the doctor, "come along with me; you seem honest in your way of breaking heads. I will soon tell you what damage you have done," and away you and he went together.

Lying on a bed about the middle of the ward was Mike stretched at full length on his back, with a whole heap of lint placed over his mouth. When you came to his bedside he could not speak, but took a good look at you, and seemed to nod as if glad to see you; then he pointed to his mouth and shook his head. You gave him a rueful look, and said you were very sorry you had hit him so hard. He then pointed to his head. The doctor understood the sign, and said, "You ought to have hit him on the head, that is what he means," and Mike nodded assent.

"Let me have a look at you," said the doctor, "that I may see what damage has been done." He removed the lint, and made an examination of the patient's mouth, and remarked to you, "There is nothing the matter here but the loss of five teeth; he will be well in a week." Turning again to Mike, he said, "You gave him a worse knock than he gave you, and may think yourself lucky you were not hanged on his account, for had you tapped him just a little higher up, you would have killed him. As for you," he said, "you have done him justice by coming to see him, and had nothing to fear; you have only taken five teeth for one black eye and a dented skull, and he thought that neither of you had much to complain of; you were about square, and when you met again you might open a new account."

You thanked the doctor, said "good-bye" to Mike,

and away you went, feeling as happy as possible, promising you would never again do so cowardly an act as to strike anyone over the head with a murderous stick.

Feeling you had got out of this affair without either giving or receiving much damage, you made up your mind to look out in future and steer clear of such scrapes. That shillelah had given you a lesson which there was little chance of your ever forgetting.

The hotel was about a mile and a half off, so getting into a sort of dog-trot, you soon arrived there. As you expected, Biddy was at the top of the stairs waiting anxiously for you, and at once perceived that a change had come over you—that you were yourself again; but she seemed to think you were laughing because Mike was badly hurt, and that you were rejoicing at his misfortune.

“Now, Mr. Mate,” she said, “have you seen Mike?”

“Yes, I have.”

“Well, and how is he?”

“Oh, Biddy,” you said, “I am so glad he is not much hurt; the doctor says that with the exception of losing his teeth there is nothing the matter with him. His other injuries are only flesh bruises, which he will soon get over.”

“Is that true?” said Biddy.

“Indeed it is,” you replied.

“Ah, sure, then you are a brave fellow, so you are,” said Biddy, “to go up and look after him,” and Biddy somehow came quite close to you, and the next moment she was saying, “Ach, be aisy wid you, Mr. Mate; sure, let me go. If Mike were here you would be after getting another tap over the head with the shillelah. Och, let

me go now ; sure it is a shame for you—let me go now. Sure, I will ring the bell," &c., &c.

A reaction had come over your feelings now Mike was out of danger, and at the same time comfortably cared for at the hospital. The thought certainly crossed your mind every now and then that you were the cause of his teeth being lost to him for ever ; but you consoled yourself by saying, "Never mind : he hit me first, and pretty hard too." Then again you thought to yourself, "I am all right with Biddy, that is one consolation ; moreover, I have her all to myself, which is another advantage." But you did not lose sight of the fact that you had your duty to attend to, and resolved that nothing should tempt you to neglect that. So after having a jolly good supper, you tumbled into bed, and at six o'clock next morning went down to the ship. The ballast was alongside, and being thrown in through the ballast-port ; the riggers were all at work, bending sails and setting up the rigging. A board was put in the main rigging, with the following notice written on it :—"ABLE SEAMEN WANTED BY THE RUN TO NEWPORT."

In these days there was no interference on the part of the Government as to the shipping of seamen ; legislation was only just commencing, so that there was no difficulty in getting together a crew of good seamen. They were not over legislated for then, as they are now. The few words on the board were quite sufficient to insure a crew. Men flocked down alongside the ship in numbers, and you could take your pick of the best of them. There was little difficulty in getting them on board, but you had some trouble to keep them out of

the grog-shops just as the vessel was about to set sail.

All was now going on cheerily ; everything was being put into ship-shape order. You had a good friend in the master rigger, who, seeing you were young, and that you had been in trouble, was anxious that all should go well, and the ship be in first-rate order before the captain returned.

At the hotel on the North Wall you were in lavender (so to say). It is true that Biddy blushed a little next morning when you went in to breakfast ; but the pretty Irish girl soon became herself again, and the meal hours passed only too quickly. However, there was always time to make Biddy threaten to ring the bell, and many a time she called you a rogue, and meant it too.

At length Friday night came. Next morning the captain would arrive, and you expected that that evening would be the last you would spend with Biddy. Still, you made the best of your time, and went to the theatre with her. She was a jolly little companion, and there were ever so many young Irishmen who envied your having charge of such a beautiful Irish girl. You, however, took particular care of her, and thought yourself very lucky to have full charge of that grey-eyed, olive-skinned little craft. You thought to yourself, "Who wouldn't be a sailor ; the girls do love them so. Why, I would not be a landsman on any account." That evening was one of the happiest you ever spent in your life ; because you were really fond of Biddy, and Biddy was equally fond of you. Moreover your ship was in good order, and your face was quite better. You had done your duty well, under all

the circumstances. You had nothing to fear from the captain when he arrived; and what was best of all, Biddy was quite enjoying herself

On Saturday morning you were down to the ship in good time, and by ten o'clock the crew were all alongside of the ship, she being quite ready for sea.

Just before noon the captain arrived. He was pleased at finding everything ready, and in the afternoon the vessel was being hauled out of dock, and moored to the end of the North Wall.

In those days there were very few steam-tugs, and they were only engaged when it was impossible to do without them. About three o'clock in the afternoon the order was given by the captain to set all plain sail. The men, being paid by the run, of course were anxious to get the trip over, and therefore set to work with a will to make sail. You, having full charge of getting sail on the ship, were not a little proud to see Biddy on the quay, looking at you with a feeling of pride which there was no mistaking. Some of the men were what the sailors call "half-sprung," and in the humour to chaff anyone standing on the quay, so, as a matter of course, Biddy came in for her share of compliment.

One very corpulent old gentleman came hastily along, thinking the vessel was about to cast off, and nearly out of breath with his exertions, called out, "'A—," ahoy! Is the captain on board?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Tell him just to look up a minute, will you?"

The captain put his head over the companion, and said, "Who wants me?"

"I do," said the old gentleman, still out of breath.

Says he, "Captain Seaward, I wish you to write to me. I leave this afternoon ; I go by steam."

The moment the words, "I am going by steam," were out of his mouth, a voice from the maintopsail-yard called out, "Mind you don't burst your boiler, old chap," which set up a roar of laughter against the old gentleman, who was still panting for breath.

"Is the chief officer here?" called out the pilot.

"Yes, I am here."

"Have the fore-breast rope cast off, and stand by the stern ropes."

"Hi, hi, sir," was your reply.

"One man at the helm there."

"Hi, hi, sir," and one man was there in a moment.

There was a light breeze, just enough to fill the sails and make the vessel look grand. You looked up aloft, saw that all the sails were well set, and were proud to see Biddy watching you.

Just as the ropes were all ready to let go, there came a strong puff of wind, and the vessel, being light, lay over to it a little ; at the same time the order was given to let go everything fore and aft, which was done in a moment—and away the good ship went, with a fine breeze on the port quarter. As the vessel quickly gathered way, you took a last fond look at dear little Biddy. She was holding the corner of her apron up to her eye with one hand, while with the other she was waving her white handkerchief. You swung your cap round over your head, and in a few minutes afterwards Biddy was out of sight, but not out of mind.

"Oh, dear me," you thought to yourself, "what's the matter with me?" Why, you have a sort of

heaviness far down below your throat; you feel downhearted, and at first don't seem to know what is the matter with you. Your mind seems heavy; you keep looking over the stern of the vessel, and see nothing but the land. You feel ashamed when you find yourself incapable of attending to your work, and the duties of the vessel being neglected. Instead of ordering one of the boys to come aft and coil up the rope, you began to coil it up yourself. Then you discover that you are coiling it the wrong way; you are coiling it against the sun, instead of with it. You seem to wish you were on shore again, and find yourself saying, "Shall I ever see her again?" still coiling up the rope the wrong way.

At length you observe the pilot has been watching you all the time, and also find out your mistake in coiling the rope the wrong way. The pilot's eye catches yours, and your face becomes hot, and as red as scarlet. He makes no remark, but looks at you and smiles. You feel he knows what you were thinking of, and you say, quite involuntarily, "Why, he will think I am in love. In love!" you said to yourself, "why did you say in love? Ah, my goodness!" you thought, "why, so I am." And indeed you were—quite far gone, too, and you did not know it until Biddy was out of sight and out of reach.

You were soon roused up from your dull mood by the second officer calling out, "Shall we cat the anchor, sir?"

"Yes, cat the anchor at once," was your reply, and away you went on to the forecastle to see it done.

"Now then, over there and hook on that cat some of

you," you called out in a savage tone; "move yourselves, some of you," and while uttering the words you were making your way in among the crew. You found that nearly all of them were more or less drunk, but as you expected that such would be the case, you were not much surprised. Notwithstanding that nearly all the crew were about half-sprung, they were good sailors, and some of them tried very hard to keep steady and appear sober.

As soon as the anchor was catted, you called out, "Now, over the bows, one hand, and hook on the fish." One of the men sprang on the rail and was nearly overboard. You could see he was doing all he could to keep steady, but you also saw very plainly that he could not. You called out to him, "Now, my man, come down out of that; you will be overboard directly. Where is the second officer?" you continued. "Here, you, jump over the bows and hook on that fish." The second mate sprang on the rail and was soon outside of it, when you discovered that he also was about three sheets in the wind, and became alarmed lest he should make a hole in the water.

"Now then," you said, "mind how you swing that hook, and take care you don't get overboard."

"All right, sir," he replied in a jolly tone, at the same time giving the fish-hook an extra swing, which nearly hooked the fluke of the anchor, and only wanted an extra shake to turn it the right way to make it hook. In giving that extra shake he over-reached himself, became top-heavy, and away he went headlong into the sea. Immediately there was a cry of "A MAN OVERBOARD!"

All the drunkenness of Jack seemed to disappear at that cry. In a moment the helm was put down and the lee braces let go. The vessel laid the yard aback herself, and almost immediately began to lose her way through the water. The quarter boat was quickly cleared away, and being lowered; but in the hurry of lowering her an eye-bolt which was projecting from the ship's side stove her and rendered her useless. The other boat was, however, soon in the water, and the men in her commenced pulling in the direction of the ship's wake, and were not long in reaching the spot where the second officer ought to have been if he had kept on the top of the water.

It was, however, evident that the boat's crew could not see the man, for they kept pulling about in all directions. At length the captain called out, "Did anybody see him drop astern?" and as it appeared that no one did, the captain shouted, "Have a look round there, some of you, and see if he is not hanging on to something."

In a moment the whole ship's company were looking over the side, and there he was, sure enough, towing alongside. He was holding on like grim death to the end of the shank painter, which was long enough to allow of his being towed under the forechains. His head was resting on his arm, and he seemed to be paying no attention to anything but holding on with both hands.

As soon as his position became known, you immediately sprang over the side with a bowline round your waist, was soon in the water, and seized him by the collar of his jacket. Whenever he felt you take hold

of him, he looked up and said, "All right; don't choke a fellow." You gave orders to haul away on the shank painter, and at the same time asked him if he could hold on any longer? He replied, "Of course I can. I can hold on here for a week; no fear of me letting go. Haul away," he cried. In a short space of time they had him over the rail and on deck, and when there he coolly shook the water out of his long, curly hair, sprang over the bows again, hooked on the fish, and, like a man and a good sailor as he was, called out, "Haul away on the fish-tackle fall." The vessel's head was soon put in the direction of the boat, which was then some distance off. The anchor was fished, the boat was hoisted up, and the barque, with a slashing breeze on her quarter, was soon out of Dublin Bay.

This little piece of excitement seemed to have sobered the whole crew, and they were having a good laugh at the second officer, who seemed quite ashamed of himself, and was working away like a true-hearted tar, positively refusing to go down and change his clothing. He declared the dip had done him good, and that it had taken some of the Dutch courage out of him.

When the pilot left the vessel there was a fresh breeze blowing, accompanied by small rain, and the weather was somewhat cold. Altogether there was nothing to put you in a particularly good frame of mind.

The vessel having a leading wind, you gave orders for the decks to be cleared up, every rope laid down clear, and the watch to be set. And glad you were when the watch was set; and you were also glad that

the first four hours on deck fell to your lot, as you wished to be alone.

Walking the weather side of the quarterdeck in charge of the deck, and you in love—yes, in love. You tried to persuade yourself that you were not; but it was no use—you were too far gone.

There is something very charming in a sailor's life, especially if, when young, you creep into the post of officer, and more especially if you well understand your business. You go about your duties with pleasure and pride, and while you are so doing you think of "the girl you left behind you." The thought of her cheers you on in your work—in short, the thought of her makes you take a pride in yourself, your ship, and your duty. The thought of her makes you desire to go back with a fresh feather in your cap, because you know it will please her; and as you get further away from her, that honest love will grow stronger and take such a firm hold of your mind that you will not do anything mean for her sake, lest she should hear of it.

In your midnight watch you pace the deck, and count the days as they pass, and endeavour to forecast the time when you will see her pretty face again. It is such thoughts which compensate you for your roving life; and as your heart softens towards the girl who has taken a strong hold of your first love, so it draws your mind nearer your Maker, and leads you on to do your duty to your employers. Moreover, as your heart is softened in a general way, so it urges you to act in a kindly spirit towards those who are under you—to use your power firmly, but gently, and to avoid making

their somewhat hard lot more burdensome than, in the ordinary sense of the word, a seaman's life must be. The man who loves a good and virtuous girl, and loves her sincerely, and honours her memory when far away is worth a dozen bullies, who are so selfish that they care not for anyone. The former will be at his post in time of need, while the latter will play Tom Cox's traverses round the mast when danger is at hand. Therefore let us hope that all young sailors have some feminine face, the features of which he loves to outline in his own mind when pacing the deck alone; and even when he is drinking in the sweet repose which belongs to those who are too honourable to sleep in their watch, and especially in the hour of danger, as above hinted—such ties are good for those who can feel the full value of them, and we hope there are few who do not experience such feelings.

The distance between Dublin and Newport is not great, and on the third day the vessel arrived at the latter, and was taken into dock, and placed in a loading berth.

You had been chief officer now for some months, and not long after the vessel arrived at Newport the old chief officer joined her, and somehow or other you did not like to go back to the post of second officer, and therefore resolved to ask the captain to release you. You at once did so, and the captain replied that he had no power to stop you if you felt inclined to go. So, two days after, you left the ship, and started on your journey to London.

CHAPTER V.

VISIT TO CHELTENHAM—ADVENTURE WITH A BILLIARD SHARPER—RETURN TO THE STUDY OF NAVIGATION—APPOINTMENT AS SAILING MASTER AND ACTING CHIEF OFFICER OF THE BRIGANTINE “M—,” OF GOOLE.

You were now nearly twenty years of age, and began to feel the want of education sorely. Your ignorance seemed to prey upon your mind. You very often met with youths six or seven years your junior who could write a good hand, and had received a good education, and you felt yourself to be quite a dunce in comparison. How many hours of the day and night did you sit brooding over the fact that you were uneducated, while there were thousands going to sea who had a good education. You remember so well how much you envied anyone who could write a good free hand, and you knew you could not. What would you have given, you used to think in your own mind, to be like them. And the worst of it was you were never sure that you spelt words correctly; you were sure you were a bad speller, and that used to be a continual source of sorrow. Many times you would sit down alone and think over it, and say to yourself, “I shall never be of any use in the world. Behold what I am now. Indeed, it was a question in your own mind whether you were fit for the post of officer even.

After leaving your vessel you made up your mind to go to London by way of Cheltenham. In the course of the journey you made the acquaintance of a very gentlemanly man, who was also on his way to Cheltenham. After some conversation, he asked you to call on him, which you promised to do, and after asking you, he drew a card from his pocket, on which he wrote his address; you saw the way in which he wrote his address, so quickly, without a moment's consideration, and in such a beautiful free hand. When he handed it to you, and saw how well it was done, you quite envied him.

On handing you the card, he said, "Come to my garret—nothing very fine, nothing grand—only £300 per annum in Three and a Half per Cent. Consols, nothing else to live on, no one particular to keep, live alone. Shall be happy to see you always—glass of rum, I see you are a sailor. I am very much out at elbows at times—tailor won't give me any more credit. I pass half my life at billiards, the other half in bed; nothing whatever to do; only have to draw dividend, sign a book, pitch down the pen, take up the notes, crumple them up in my hand, push them down into the bottom of trousers-pocket—then glass of sherry, a chop or steak—always hungry when the dividend is due. Then good dinner at seven o'clock, and billiards till two in the morning. Sometimes a stranger is caught—fleece him of a lump sometimes—not often to be caught though—sometimes only a few shillings. Played with a fellow once, and won four pounds—he gave me a ten-pound note, gave him six sovs. in change—ten-pound note was bad—fellow gone—no money left. Bad business that, awful hard up. Nothing to smoke—nothing to eat—looking about till

something turned up—met a countryman—had five games at billiards—won thirty shillings. All right again—good luck set in—was very flush—dividend fell due. Never changed another £10—bad business that—my friend laughed but I didn't—nothing to be laughed at—oh dear, no. Your glass empty—take some more. Won't take any more. Quite right, young man; better not. Another one for me, you may pay for it, and we will go."

All this time you had been sitting with your mouth wide open, listening to this fellow rattling away, taking a drink every now and then, and always referring to his dividend and billiards, and trying, in a gentle nanner, to get you to go and have a look at the game, which you declined to do.

It happened that you had a brother in Cheltenham, and you took this opportunity of finding out his home, which you soon did. In course of conversation, you told him of the meeting you had had with the three hundred and fifty a-year man. This seemed to amuse your brother very much, and he was of opinion that you had come off very well indeed, as he had only fleeced you out of a shilling or two.

It was then you learnt that this extraordinary man had been telling lies so long that he began to believe them himself. Indeed, so completely did he delude himself into the belief that he had the money invested in the stocks, that on one occasion, when he noticed the dividends advertised as being due, he actually took a railway ticket to London to go and draw his income; and when he made his appearance at the counter of the bank, and told the cashier that he had come for his dividend, and the cashier told him that he knew him

not, he seemed quite insulted, and walked out of the bank pulling up his shirt collar and using threats against the bank directors.

In Cheltenham you had a few days' quietness, and during those few days you made up your mind to return to London, and to enter the Naval Academy again, so as to finish your studies in navigation, and at the same time to take every opportunity of improving yourself in spelling and writing. It was at this time of your life that you never let a scrap of paper pass you without reading what was on it, and very often, as you passed along the streets, you would stand and read every sign-board very carefully, and the same with every notice that was put up ; you noted how every word was spelt, and would spell it over and over again.

One day while you were carrying on this mode of education, you happened to go into a coffee-shop. A row of seats was placed on each side of the long room, and there were a number of separate tables, each to accommodate four people. Hanging over the partitions were several newspapers, and after giving an order for what you required you called for one of the papers, which was handed to you. There was a rather seedy-looking man sitting opposite to you at the same small table, and he, seeing you call for and get a paper, did the same. You could not help noticing the funny manner in which he handled the paper, as at first he held it on its side, or sideways up, but only for a little time ; he then turned it round and round. At length he settled down to read it, and remained apparently intent on it for some time, and you thought he had fixed upon something that interested him.

After he had been quiet for some time, he drew a long breath, gave a deep sigh, and then, in anything but a low voice, exclaimed, "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear, what dreadful losses!"

Several people who were near put down their knives and forks, and said,

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, dreadful—oh, dreadful," he continued, and when some one took a look over his shoulder, he said to them,

"Dear me, all these vessels capsized."

The fact was, there were a number of shipping advertisements in the paper, and as he held the paper upside down, or rather up-end down, they all appeared to him bottom up, and as he was unable to read, there was nothing he could comprehend to the contrary. When it was discovered that he was holding the paper the wrong way up, there was a regular roar of laughing at his expense. You did not laugh, because it set you thinking, and you moreover pitied the poor fellow because he could not read. This circumstance cheered you up; you began to think you were not the only one in the world whose education had been neglected.

It was there and then that you made up your mind not to despair. It fixed you in your determination to educate yourself, and to take every opportunity of improving your mind.

Returning to the Naval Academy again, you placed yourself under the excellent teaching of that good man, Mr. C—, who was a thoroughly good sailor and navigator. Teaching his youngsters to be as good navigators as himself was the lock, stock, and

barrel of his life; he spared no pains, especially with those who were anxious to get on. He saw plainly that you were very anxious to learn, and he accordingly was diligent and painstaking in teaching you. Never will you forget the marks of sorrow which would spread over his good, fatherly old face when he discovered from time to time your want of education. You, being tender on that point, used to watch his face often and often, and at times feared that he would tire of you and return your fee, as being hopelessly incompetent to learn navigation. The dread of being so set aside often made you sad. On one occasion especially, when Mr. C— was looking over an example, he became very cross, and, while altering one of the figures, said he could form better ones with his toes. This for a time made you feel depressed. Still you had made up your mind to persevere, and Mr. C— seeing that, began to take an interest in you, and assisted you all in his power.

After having remained at the academy for nearly three months, a captain of a vessel came to inquire of Mr. C— whether he had a good navigator—one who would be able to navigate his vessel.

It transpired afterwards that this captain was also the owner of his vessel, but had been only in the coasting trade, and had had no use for navigation, as he worked his vessel along the coast; but as the ship was going on a foreign voyage, he was compelled to take a navigator. This captain and Mr. C— stood talking for some time. At length you heard the latter say, I can find you both a sailor and a navigator—one who neither smokes nor drinks.

You wondered who that could be, and thought to yourself, "What a lucky fellow that must be, to be called both a sailor and a navigator, and by Mr. C—, too." The thought had scarcely passed through your mind when your name was called out by Mr. C—, and you turned your face towards him. Although you could hear a great deal of what they had been saying, your face was towards your books; but on turning round at the sound of your name, you found yourself getting quite hot, and as your eyes met he beckoned you towards him, and you were soon by his side in a sort of fear and trembling.

"Now then, youngster," were the first words of Mr. C—, "here is a captain wants a navigator for his ship, and he requires one who is also a sailor—are you willing to go?"

"So far as being sailor enough, I am confident of that part, but I don't know whether I am navigator enough."

"I think I can answer for him on that head; he is a good navigator, and if he goes on as well on board ship as he has been doing since he has been here he will do well enough."

You could scarcely believe your own ears. "Me a good navigator," you said to yourself, "and Mr. C— said so. Well, who would have thought it!" These thoughts passed through your mind in an instant.

The captain was the next to speak, and he said, "Are you willing to go?"

"I shall be very glad indeed to go, if Mr. C— will recommend me."

"He has recommended you, and very strongly, too," the captain replied.

The next question was, "When will you be ready to go on board?"

"I am ready whenever you please; to-day, if you like, sir," was your answer.

The captain said, "You need not mind to-day, but you may meet me at the office to-morrow, at noon. Here is my name and address, I shall be there, and we can arrange as to pay;" and the captain, after thanking Mr. C—, and saying good afternoon to you, left the academy.

"Now then, youngster, you had better keep your weather eye lifting; you have a start, and I have no fear of your ability. I may tell you, now that you are going away, that you have been working here at a great disadvantage; but notwithstanding that disadvantage you have gone to windward fast, and I have no fear of your going to leeward. If some of these youngsters who were born with a silver spoon in their mouths would stick at their work half as hard as you have done, they would not be taken aback so often as they are."

Acting under the advice of Mr. C—, you soon had your traps packed up, and after wishing him and the youngsters good-bye, you left the academy, and left it a good navigator.

Ah! what joy, the being considered a good navigator, a real good navigator. You could not help saying it over and over again as you rushed home to your lodgings to tell them all there. You really could not walk fast enough, you were so overjoyed. With your

bundle of books under one arm and a small bag under the other, you arrived at your lodging in a perspiration, and those in the house wondered what was the matter with you. You were not long in explaining to them that you had obtained a berth as sailing master on board a vessel bound up the Mediterranean. "Sailing master," you said to yourself, "what a first-rate berth—chief mate and sailing master." The whole of that afternoon you kept thinking over the piece of good luck you had met with, and when night came on could scarcely sleep; you were so anxious, that every hour seemed a day, and you could not sleep for wishing it was morning, so that you might get ready to meet the captain, and then join the vessel.

Noon found you at the office, and there the captain was in waiting. It was arranged that you were to have £6 6s. per month, and everything found—that as soon as the vessel took her departure from the Lizard you were to take full charge of the navigation of the ship, and to be responsible for her safety. With regard to her latitude and longitude, you were to do the duty of first officer also; but any amount of time was to be allowed you for the keeping of the ship's reckoning. You were, of course, to have your food at the captain's table, who, it appeared, always lived on board. Such were the arrangements made with Captain T—, of the brigantine "M—," of Goole.

At six o'clock next morning you were true to your time, and gave the first three blows with the handspike on the forecastle, at the same time called out, "*Turn to, there below,*" and having three times let the handspike fall end-on to the deck, and then finally out of

your hands with the above-mentioned words, you went aft, and commenced walking the quarterdeck, feeling very large, and as happy as the days were long.

Before going on with the work of this vessel, it will perhaps be well to give a description of her and her belongings.

She was one of those round, short, dumpy vessels, such as you often see up to this date in London river, and they were mostly employed in carrying the heaviest cargoes. To look at her, both inside and out, she had the appearance of being as hard as English oak could make her, that being the material she was built of. She appeared so round, had such a sheer, and every rope and sail seemed so good and so strong, that you would have thought nothing belonging to her would ever carry away. Her bow was in shape not much unlike the face of a very fat baby, the stem answering for the nose. Her stern was a dead flat, but overhanging, and there were several projecting planks with rounded edges on the outside of her that formed the bends ; these ran right round her, fore and aft. Outside she was painted black, with a narrow white ribbon round her ; inside her bulwarks she was painted yellow ; her bulwarks were low, only about three feet above the deck, and the decks had been done over with oil and red ochre. There seemed to be very little on her deck, and what was there was so compact that the deck would have appeared less clear without it.

Commencing from forward, there was the windlass, which was so compact that it seemed all of a heap, and when the windlass handles were unshipped there was plenty of room to pass round the ends. In front of

the windlass there was ample room to do the work of hauling down the head sails, and to stow the fore and aft foresail. Just abaft the foremast there stood a compact square wooden box—that was the galley. It had a very small appearance outside, but inside it appeared roomy enough. There was the little caboose, the “tormenters,” the ladle, the little poker, with a flat end at right angles with the stem, one or two small saucepans, a copper kettle for the cabin, a boiler for the forecastle, a pitch pine seat athwartship, red tiles for the floor—everything in its place and everything clean. Down below in the forecastle everything was very snug; there was room for four men and a boy. The men were good sailors, well known to the captain, or they would not be there, and such an occurrence as getting drunk was not known amongst them. The boy was, of course, larger, larger-headed, and with a larger body by far than some of the men—still, he was only a boy, because, no matter what age they were, or how large they were, if they had not served their time at sea, they were only considered boys.

The cabin of this vessel was, as a matter of course, under the quarterdeck, and was entered by means of a companion, which was painted green; in its after part were fitted the compasses, and the tiller-head nearly reached to where the compasses were.

The steps leading down into the cabin were nearly perpendicular, and at the bottom of these was your sleeping berth, like a cupboard with a sliding-door to it. To the left of the steps was the main cabin, and in it was a little table, round the after part of which were locker-seats; and in order to be able to sit in front

of it, there were always under the table two or three camp-stools. Built into the forepart of the bulkhead was a fireplace, surmounted by a surface of brass, kept very brightly polished. In the ash-pan there was always a copper kettle. On one side of the cabin was a sail and boatswain's locker; on the other side were the bread and store lockers. The seats round the after part of the table were all lockers also, and in them were kept sundry articles, such as preserves of various kinds for a standby.

Now, having described what sort of craft the vessel was, it will perhaps be interesting to some to learn what sort of a man the skipper was; and perhaps it may not be out of place to describe what sort of an old girl his wife was, who always went with him, and sometimes took her trick at the helm, &c.

The captain was a man about five feet nine inches in height. He was a raw-boned, hard-featured man, with a pale yellow complexion. He had a small beard, which was brown, as were also his eyes and hair. His fists were exceedingly bony, and when doubled up the knuckles protruded, and would scratch one's face like knuckle-dusters, if they ever happened to come hard against it.

He was a good-hearted, honest sailor. Well he knew when a pull on a rope was wanted and when it was not; and when it was wanted he was always ready to clap on above the hands of the other men, and give a pull that would tell well. He never was backward to lend a hand at anything, no matter what, if he saw he was wanted; but if it could be done without him he was as quick to observe that his aid was not needed as he was

to see that it was, and he would see you at Jericho before he would lend a hand.

He had a very strong voice, and his words savoured very much of broad Yorkshire. He was at times a great bully, and at others as quiet as a sea-sick cow. When he was in the humour for bullying, a stranger would have thought that he was one of the most cold-hearted, cruel, bloodthirsty brutes on the face of the earth. He would often threaten to break "thy" skull, or break every bone in "thy" body, while all the time he would not hurt a fly. He was by far too good a sailor to hurt anybody or anything; but from his dimensions, and the length of his tongue at times, you would wonder where he buried all his dead. He prided himself (and with reason) in owing no man anything, in keeping his ship in good order, and in feeding and paying his men well—all of which he did to the letter.

His wife was what might be called stout. She was dark-complexioned, and about forty years old. She had dark brown eyes, and a profusion of dark brown hair. Her skin was olive, and her cheeks red and rosy. She was accustomed to being bullied, and always more frightened than hurt. She was often very much ashamed of her husband's bullying, although she knew there was nothing in it but talk, but was well aware that everybody did not know that.

Altogether she was a comfortable, homely body, her greatest anxiety being to please her husband, which apparently she never succeeded in doing; but when more intimately acquainted with the couple, it was plain to be seen that she did please him, and that they were very fond of each other; for under the rough

exterior of the Yorkshire-sailor there beat a good, kind heart; but, like many another good and stout heart, it lacked education, and the refinement which education gives.

Such was the kind of vessel you were on board of, and such the people in whose company you were to sail the ocean. With a stout heart in a sound body you undertook your duties with a will.

Lying in one of the tiers not far from London Bridge, on the south side of London river, taking in shingle ballast—not necessarily to stiffen the vessel; she was stiff enough without that—there was little or nothing to do, as the ship was always kept in good order. Still the sails were to be overhauled, and a little service or parcelling to go here and there. The boats wanted looking to, and keeping the vessel clean served to pass the time away from meal to meal, and kept your mind employed.

The ballast being all on board, and the ship provisioned, she was cast loose from the tier, and sail set on her. She was taken down the river to a little below Gravesend, and there laid on the hard pebbly shore, nearly at high water, so that when the tide left her, her bottom might be scrubbed, and painted over with poisoned tar, to prevent the marine animalcules from holding on to it. One side of the vessel had to be done one tide, and the other side the next tide. No matter whether the tide served during the night or day the work had to be done, and all hands had to turn to at it, the captain doing his share in every way towards it. Fires were lit under the bilge of the vessel, and as soon as the water left her the old tar and

pitch were softened, and made to bubble on the ship's bottom, in order to get rid of all the water; then another coat of boiling pitch and tar, mixed with arsenic, was put on it.

In two tides this work was finished, and done well too, under the superintendence of the captain. Long before she floated all sail was set on the vessel, and as soon as she was afloat she gathered way and sailed down London river, and, having a fair wind, we did not let go the anchor until the vessel arrived in the Downs. Here came the first trial, or test, as to your being a navigator.

After the anchor was down, the watch set, and all finished for the night, the captain called you, and said, "Now, Mr. C—, just let us see how you are going to place the vessel on the chart, and let me see what course you are going to shape down Channel, with the wind off the English coast."

Now you were rather taken aback at this request, not because you could not do it, but because you had not thought of it. You had understood that you were to take charge as soon as the vessel was in the chops of the Channel. You had made up your mind to take your departure from the Lizard, if possible, and if not from there, from any other part that you knew the latitude and longitude of, and had prepared to navigate the vessel to the port to which she was bound, and had not thought of taking charge in the Downs.

It will be easily understood that there is a great difference between working out navigation in an academy and finding out the position of a ship, especially when you brought theory into practice for the

first time. Still, if you had had time to think a little, it would have been child's-play to do it; but to be called on to do so without a moment's consideration was rather tasking your youthful experience, and this rough diamond of a captain was not the sort of man to show any consideration for you. It would not occur to him that the first attempt at practical navigation might necessitate your wanting to think over it a while. You felt the blood rush into your face when requested to do it at once, pulled a pencil from your pocket, and commenced to put a fine point on it, in order to gain time to think; but that was of no avail, as the captain said, "Here is a pencil all ready sharpened, here are the parallel lines, now you can go to work." There was no help for it; you did not like to ask him to give you a little time to think, because you thought he would be likely to sneer at the request; so you set to work, had a look at the Downs, at the North and South Forelands, and at one of the lightships. You observed how they were distinguished from each other, and then went on deck and took the bearing of each of them, and marked their bearings on the chart. The spot where the lines crossed each other showed the position of the vessel. Of course it was quite easily done; but what made you nervous was that the captain and his wife were both looking at you while you were pricking off the chart for the first time in your life. You, however, did it correctly, and they had not a word to say; so from that time the captain had confidence in you.

Next morning the Downs were all alive with the voices of seamen heaving up the anchors and setting

sail for about an hour before daybreak. You could not see any vessels, nor anything like them, but here and there could observe lights moving about, and every now and then, besides the "Yoe-ye-hoys," you could distinctly hear the songs of the seamen, and their chorus, both far away and near to the ship, and every now and then you would hear the sound of the boats' oars working against the rowlocks, and their blades splashing in the water. But, as before mentioned, it was so dark that you could hardly see your own vessel. Of course you had begun to get your ship under weigh also, and were doing pretty much the same as the other vessels.

As soon as the slack chain was hove in, there being only a very light breeze blowing, all the sails were loosened, the fore and aft mainsail was "scandliozed," the square sails were set, and the remainder of the fore and aft sails were lying with the gaskets half cast off, in readiness to be hoisted at any moment.

By the time everything was ready, a streak of light began to show itself along the horizon in the east, and as that streak of light became wider and wider, so did it disclose to your view, first, the outlines of the vessels near you, then the indefinite outlines of the vessels far away; and as the outlines of those far away became more distinct, so did those near you begin to appear in their different perfect lines of ship-shape beauty.

Then, one after the other, you could see the gigs and cutters from Deal, Ramsgate, and Margate, and perhaps some from other places, all attending to their avocations—some taking off letters to the vessels, some carrying fresh provisions to homeward bound vessels, some landing, while others were supplying pilots. Hard at work

were these hardy men of Deal and other towns along the banks at the mouth of the Thames ; and when daylight had fairly set in, every kind of craft could be seen, from the large and stately East Indiaman, with yards aloft all squared by lifts and braces, the sails stowed in cloth, every rope hauled taut, and with the white-streak painted ports appearing quite clean, denoting that the ship was outward-bound ; while others of her class were less clean on the outside, not much less ship-shape aloft, but the iron rust from the bolt-heads of the channel-plates showing that they had traversed the ocean from a distant port.

There could also be seen several West Indiamen, which were distinguished from the others by their rig and general appearance, only known to those who get their living on board or among them ; while the homeward bound ones were easily distinguished by the steam from the sugar having turned them lead colour nearly all over.

In addition to the above were the grain ships of all countries, the timber ships, both outward and homeward bound, some of the latter having a list one way and some another, caused by their cargoes having settled a little to one side or the other. Then, mixed up with these, were the collier brigs and schooners, the coasting traders, the smart little vessels trading up the Mediterranean, and to the different islands ; and every here and there might be seen a large New York liner, which by her build could easily be distinguished from all other vessels, and dwarfing hundreds of small craft to be seen everywhere among the fleet—such as fishing-smacks, French luggers, Spanish “sashmarries,” Dutch

galliot, and numerous small traders, which were sailing about at their owner's own risk, getting an honest living for numerous families on shore; and as by far the most of them were English, they were rearing a class of good, honest Jack-tars, who in themselves have more or less kept up dear Old England's greatness.

Being nearly a calm, it was useless for any of the vessels to heave up the anchor; so there they lay, small and large, all with more or less sail set, and the remainder ready to be set; some with yards braced one way, some another, according to the direction they meant to cast their ships when the breeze freshened, as it was expected it would do on the turn of the tide; and as everything was in readiness, the crews of the fleet went to breakfast, and the Downs for nearly an hour remained quiet. At the end of that time the sound of the sailors "Oh-ye-hoy" was to be heard all over the roadstead, together with the sound of the "pawls" of the windlass. Then as the anchors came up to the hawse pipes, and when the cats were hooked on, there came over the still waters of the Downs the familiar song; "Cheerily, men!" from all quarters, which, together with the rattling of chains, the squeaking of the blocks, the throwing down on deck of coils of rope, and all the various noises, including the boatswain's pipe, and the more gruff boatswain's voice, gave one the idea of working life. Then, as the vessels were put on their different courses, and their sails trimmed to the wind, some running before it, some having it on their quarter, some with the wind abeam, and some close-hauled—there being every kind of build, every kind of rig, and of all sizes—ships of every nation, the men-of-war

keeping outside the merchantmen—all working away towards their several destinations as best they could, each crew handling their own craft like a clever boy handling his top—on they go, crossing and recrossing each other, without the slightest chance of colliding. For in those days there were no Acts of Parliament telling a sailor which way he was to put his helm; each vessel's crew knew that every other ship had officers and sailors on board of them; and as there was a simple and well understood rule of the road at sea, it was considered almost a crime for one ship to run foul of another, and it was also considered a disgrace to the vessel not in fault that it did not get out of the way of the other, as every one in command of a vessel was responsible for damage done to his ship, no matter how it was done—there was no Act of Parliament to hold him harmless.

Towards noon the vessels were scattered about in all directions. Some might be seen hugging the land, while others were hull down and far away in mid-channel; some were bound up the North Sea, and were reeving their way through the channels between the different sands;—and so, one after the other, they disappeared, and as the Channel widened, so did the vessels separate, until they were each going on their lonely course, apparently as if each was the only vessel afloat.

The every-day work on board the “M—” became a pleasure to you, and by the time she reached the chops of the English Channel you had become quite used to her, and had had some opportunities of practising navigation.

The captain, his wife, and yourself were all who messed in the cabin, and the former being Yorkshire people, kept up some of the Yorkshire fashions, one of which was to eat the suet pudding before they touched any meat. One day there were two puddings on the table, and one of them had been cut. You were asked which you would partake of, and of course said that you would have a piece of the one already cut, and were accordingly helped to a piece. It was very nice, and having finished your share, you held out your plate to the captain, and said, "I will have a little more of that, please."

The captain looked you straight in the face, and replied, "No, you won't; I want that myself."

"Oh, goodness," you thought to yourself, "I wish I had not asked." You felt the blood rush into your face, and looked across the table at the captain's wife; she also had turned crimson. She dared not speak, you did not know what to do, or where to look, and you pitied her. At length she said, "Won't you take some of the other?" and right glad you were to get a chance of doing anything to hide your confusion. After that the meal passed off all right, but you determined never to ask for anything again at that table; you always waited until you were asked. The fact was the captain did want the remainder of the pudding himself, and did not scruple to say so. He did keep it, and eat it too.

In due course the vessel arrived off the Lizard, and the two lighthouses came in sight. As the vessel was passing them, the captain called you, and said, "Now, C—, you take charge. I now leave it all to you; I shall have nothing more to do with her."

To old experienced navigators, taking the bearing and distance from the Lizard lighthouses, and shaping your course across the Bay of Biscay, is child's-play; but to a youngster not out of his teens, and for the first time taking charge of the navigation of a vessel, it is different. Mr. C— had taught you navigation; you had studied hard, and always brought out your examples correct to a tenth of a mile of space, and to the tenth of a minute of time; but then your ship was on paper, your sun was a wafer on the wall, your star was printed in the book, and the meridian altitudes of the sun, moon, and stars had been taken by some other fellow.

But now your ship was a real ship, and was eighteen miles distant from the Lizard Point. You were going to haul your wind and sail away out of sight of land, and about to make a long stretch across the Bay of Biscay. You had a real ship under your feet, and there were a number of lives on board; this imposed a responsibility on you which you had not been accustomed to. Still you were not unhappy about it, and if you had any misgivings, you were not going to let anyone know. You relied on what Mr. C— had told you—that you were a good navigator. So on you went; you put the ship on her course and let her go; and on she went, across the deep rough sea, at the rate of seven knots an hour.

During the three following days the wind was light and variable, still the craft managed to make a long leg and a short one, thereby gaining ground pretty cheerily. On the fourth day we had a fair wind, and the fifth we expected to sight the land. The anxiety you felt that day was difficult to bear. Still you kept such feelings to

yourself, and displayed every confidence in your course. You dived down below and scanned your reckoning, but could not find anything wrong about it.

"What time do you expect to make the land, C—?" inquired the captain.

"We shall be within fifteen miles of it at three o'clock this afternoon, sir, and as the land we are about to make is moderately high, we shall see it at that time," you replied, at the same time trying to look as wise as ever you could. Your announcement was heard all over the vessel.

As soon as the words were out of your mouth you said to yourself, "I hope to goodness I have told the truth." At the time you made this statement it was about ten o'clock in the morning, therefore you had five long hours to wait, and again said to yourself, "I hope to goodness I am right."

During the time you were waiting for the land to show itself, you scarcely knew what to do to make the time pass quickly—the hours did seem so long. At about two o'clock you made an excuse to go up aloft, and while there, had a good look in the direction you expected to see the land, which was broad on the port bow. At first you thought you saw a dark shade hanging over the spot. You did not like to keep looking, but wished to appear unconcerned about the matter. After being aloft about ten minutes you could distinctly see the land looming dark under the haze which hung over the place where it was.

You said nothing about the matter, and was now really quite unconcerned; no longer anxious. You resolved to snub any person who might question you

about the matter; so you soon came down from aloft, went into the cabin, took out the ship's log-book, and commenced writing up the log as if nothing was the matter.

At about a quarter to three the captain lifted up the companion, put his head down, and called out, "C—, where's this land of yours? I don't see anything like land ahead."

"It is not three o'clock yet, sir. You will not see it ahead just yet, but if you look on the port bow at three o'clock you will see it then."

It took them about a quarter of an hour to look about them; but just at the time named they made out the land on the port bow. To you, however, it was a matter of course; you treated the announcement as one that was to be, and you knew it was to be, and there was, so to say, nothing in it.

Only those who have been placed in a similar position can imagine the relief this was, and how thankful and proud you were to find you were a good navigator, and that you really could conduct a vessel across the ocean without the help of anyone. You found it rather hard to repress feelings of joy at your success, because if you had been out of your reckoning, and not on the exact spot where you reckoned the vessel to be, you would not have known wherever she could be. However, that feeling was all gone to the four winds. You were assured that now and for ever you could set yourself down as a navigator, and could not help noticing the looks of admiration that were cast towards you by the captain's wife the first time you met her after making the land.

The land sighted was Cape Finisterre, the southern—

most point of the Bay of Biscay, which is on the Spanish coast. You were now quite happy, and of course had no doubt about your reckoning. You gained as much confidence in yourself as if you had been navigating ships for years.

Sometimes with a fair wind, sometimes close-hauled and turning to windward, about twelve days after this, the dark and high land at the mouth of the Gut of Gibraltar was made, and in two days more we passed through the Gut into the Mediterranean Sea, and in the usual manner made our way along the north side of that sea, sometimes close in-shore, sometimes out of sight of land, but altogether very pleasant sailing, and finally sighted Cape Gata, which is a little beyond Almeria (which will be afterwards described), the port at which the vessel had to call, to enter and clear out, before going to and after leaving a place called Adra, a small town on the coast of Spain, which had not at that time any custom-house.

Almeria lies in a deep bay, and is not easy to make out until the vessel is close to it; and even then there is nothing which would lead a stranger to believe that it was a port, as in those days there were usually only one or two vessels to be seen in it at one time, and very often there were none at all. At the time you sighted it there was no sign of a vessel, or even of an anchorage, therefore all you could do was to go by your latitude and longitude, and by the chart, which you did, and felt confident that you were running into the proper place. Somehow or other, however, you could not satisfy the captain that you were right.

It was a bright, sunshiny day. The sky was with-

out a cloud ; the wind was strong and blew right into the deep bay, and to get to your port you were obliged to run the vessel dead before the wind, and therefore dead on a lee shore. Every now and then the captain would say to you, "C—, how do you know you are right ? Are you quite sure you are going right ? Is Almeria in this bay ? Where is it, I cannot see it ? There is nothing like a harbour ahead. Do you know where you are running to ? " and a long string of such questions.

The only reply you could give him was that you were confident the ship was running into the latitude and longitude of the place, and that was all you could do.

" But how do you know you are right ? " he would say.

" I know that if the books and the sun are right, I am right."

" But how do you know the books are right ? " he asked. To which you replied,—

" They were right when making other lands, and it is only reasonable to believe that they are right now."

" Well," he would say, " as long as you are sure it is all right, I am content ; but mind we are running on to a dead lee shore, and we should not be able to beat out of this deep bight again."

And so he kept bothering you until noon came, when you took the meridian altitude of the sun. You ascertained the latitude and longitude of the vessel, which placed you seven miles from the roadstead you were bound to ; and after consulting the chart you went on deck, where you found the captain looking out ahead very anxiously. You went to him, and pointed out the roadstead, told him the depth of water to anchor in,

gave up the charge of the vessel to him, and then went forward and commenced to get both anchors ready to let go, with a long scope of chain on each.

For the handling of a ship on a lee shore or any other shore, in a river or in the open sea, there could not be a better hand or better sailor than Captain T—, especially if he knew the place; but as he did not know the place, and as he was unaware how its position was determined, he became timid and excited, and was therefore somewhat out of his element.

“Have you both those anchors ready there, C—?” he called out.

“Yes, sir, they are both quite ready.”

“Well, come aft here, C—, I want you;” so aft you went.

“Now,” he said, “you are quite sure that this is the right place you are running for?”

“Yes, sir, all right,” you replied.

“Well,” he said, “now let me go forward and attend to the anchors, to make sure that nothing goes wrong, and you see her steered right to the spot you want her, and I will bring her up there.”

At this time all sail was in and stowed, the vessel running dead before the wind, and fast closing in on the land. At last we were within a quarter of a mile of it, the vessel was rounded to, the anchor let go, and with fifty fathoms of cable out she was brought to a standstill.

Even after the anchor was let go the captain did not seem sure that we were at the right place, and as there were no boats coming off to us, he became more fidgety; but after looking round him a little, he made up his mind to go below and dress for going on shore.

He had not been very long below when a brig hove in sight. She had just rounded the inner point of land which somewhat sheltered the roadstead, and ran quite close to your vessel, rounded to, and let go the anchor near to where your ship was lying.

The captain, still in doubt whether the vessel was in the right place or not, put his head above the companion, and said, "C—, go and ask that man," pointing to some one on the brig, "what place this is."

The blood rushed into your face on hearing this order. You did not care to disobey him, nor did you like to do as he bid you. To please the captain, however, you had a boat put over the side and sent three men in her to ask the question. The men were soon within speaking distance of the brig, and you could hear them call out, "Brig, ahoy!"

"Hullo!" was the reply.

The man steering the boat said, "What place is this, if you please, sir?"

The answer was, "Where are you bound to?"

"Almeria," said our man.

"Then you are all right," said the captain of the brig, and that settled the matter.

CHAPTER VI.

HIS FIRST VOYAGE AS NAVIGATOR—HE TAKES THE SHIP SAFELY TO HER PORT OF DESTINATION—ALMERIA, ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Writing from memory, Almeria is situated in a small corner of a very large bay. Whatever it might have been in days gone by, it was a very quiet place when the "M—" arrived in its port. In order to get on shore you had to pass round a small point about half a mile from the anchorage, and land on a shelly or sandy sort of beach, which faces the bight of the bay. After landing, you had only a few yards to walk before you were quite in among the houses of the city.

On the beach were several small craft in various stages of construction, but, as it was afternoon, and the sun rather hot, it appeared as if the workmen were all fast asleep, as not a soul could be seen, and the streets of the city itself seemed to be almost deserted. Perhaps Almeria *was* fast asleep.


This charming place is situated in latitude 36 51 degrees north, and longitude 2 37 degrees west of Greenwich. It is the capital of the province from which the city takes its name, and is in the kingdom of Granada. Not very far from it is the outlet of the river Almeria, and the distance from the latter to Madrid is 253 miles.

As there was no doubt now in the mind of the captain as to whether he was in the right place or not, the boat being made ready, he was taken on shore, where he remained nearly all the afternoon. When he returned to the vessel he announced that she was again ready for sea, but, as the wind was still blowing into the bay, it was not considered advisable to get under weigh that night.

Next morning, at four o'clock, the wind being off the land, and a leading wind out of the bay, the anchor was hove up and all sail set, and away she went towards Adra, where we arrived the same evening.

Sailing about this Spanish coast was very pleasant, and off the little town of Adra it was especially so, for in the calm evenings the young Spanish girls would come off in their picturesque boats, and, making them fast under the stern, they used to pass away the sundown and twilight hours playing on the light guitar and singing some of the most delightful airs.

In this pretty little place the vessel lay for a few days, and it was here you saw some of the prettiest Spanish girls you ever saw in your life ; and especially one, who came on board as often as the weather would permit. She was a tall, slender girl, about eighteen years of age. Her skin seemed to be (excepting her cheeks) pure white, with a very thin layer of bronze over it. She had a Grecian nose, magnificently formed, and well placed on her oval-like face ; in the centre of her cheeks was a red rose-like dash of deep crimson, which was also bronzed over, the bronze being so thin that you could see through it very plainly. She had a profusion of what, at a distance, seemed jet black hair,



but when you approached her you saw that that was also bronzed, and was, therefore, of a rich, dark-brown hue. There was something in her long and well-shaped neck which had the appearance of a bend forward in it; but still, when you looked more closely, you could see that it was only its exquisite shape which made you imagine there was a slight curve. Her eyes were large, and of a dark brown colour, a very dark brown, in fact nearly black where they were not a pure white. When you had a full glance from them, they seemed to pierce you through, while, at the same time, they were of melting sweetness as they sent their rich and loving glance straight through you. When you teased her about her eyes, as you were privileged to do, she would shut them, and while she kept them shut, as, for fun, she often did for a little while, she seemed quite as captivating without them, for her beautiful, long, and curved eyelashes threw out a delightful contrast to her nearly white skin.

Then her eyebrows formed an artistic cluster which could not have appeared to such advantage in any other position, they seemed to match her noble forehead so well. The little scarlet cap she wore over her rich cluster of curls, and which was trimmed with yellow, hung, with a tassel, a little behind her left shoulder, and seemed as if it really naturally formed a part of her, although on most people it would have appeared very ridiculous. Altogether there was something so dashing, so unlike anything you had ever seen before, that neither you nor anyone else could help loving this tall Spanish girl.

Besides all that has been described, there was some-

thing extremely graceful about her every movement; her step was firm, yet graceful, and withal there was a maidenly timidity about her walk which only added to the grace of her sylph-like form. She was always ready to please, and her smile was not a jot less touching than her voice, especially when mingled with the sweet sounds she called forth from the strings of her guitar.

Then the little scarlet jacket she wore was of rich velvet, trimmed with yellow, showing a row of small pearl-buttons close together down the front edge, and only meeting at her tiny waist. The jacket, being open in front, exhibited a quantity of richly-worked, pure white lace, through which you could catch a glimpse of garments that were more richly worked. Altogether, her dress was somewhat fantastic, but seemed to suit her, and gave you an impression that on no other person would they look so well. You also had the least glimpse of flesh colour, only just enough to make you wish that you could see more; and there was no mistaking the fact that there were some fascinating straps under that lace which were truly feminine, for her body seemed so well balanced that she could turn herself in any direction without moving her feet, never appearing in the least ungraceful. The manner in which she bent herself backwards, while dancing and playing the castanets, was most enchanting, and the graceful gestures of her arms, body, and feet, only the more helped to show off her exquisite form. She invited you to her home, and having remained one night there, you saw her in her morning attire, which threw out her real beauty a thousand times more than the rich dress,

her plain, unadorned attire serving to bring out her loveliness into stronger relief. In short, the light and unornamented dress that veiled her own natural charms did more than ornament could ever do.

It is not much to be wondered at that you were over head and ears in love with this beautiful girl; and it was some satisfaction to know of your own knowledge that she was proud of the young English sailor.

Your heart was heavy when you left the dear little place, and never have you forgotten the fiery and melting eyes of the graceful mountain maid.

Having half loaded the vessel with lead at Adra, the next place you were bound to was Carthagená, a little further along the same coast. Two days after leaving Adra your ship was at anchor in the bay of Carthagená, and there the vessel finished loading with lead, and a very ugly cargo it is to load a ship with. Most of the cargo was thrown in a heap down the main hatchway, so as to bring it as high up in the vessel as possible.

One day, while heaving up the pigs of lead in the chain sling, the lighter that brought the lead alongside was rolling about a little, and, while giving a rather heavy roll, the sling, full of lead, caught on the gunwale, causing it to unhook and fall into the sea. This was the first disaster which had befallen you, and brought with it a rebuke from the captain. You were told that you would have to pay the loss out of your wages, and thought it rather hard lines, but said to yourself, "Well, it cannot be helped," and made up your mind that you would pay for it.

The following Sunday came—a beautiful day. The sky was clear, the bay as smooth as the face of a mirror, and the water as clear as the atmosphere. Looking over the ship's side, you could distinguish objects at the bottom of the sea; the seaweed, the shells, the sand, and the pieces of sponge, as well as the star-fish—in fact, you could see everything. Suddenly it occurred to you that it might be possible to recover the lead, and you lost no time in procuring volunteers to go in the boat to help look for it. The boat was soon manned, and in less than an hour the lead was recovered and safely on board the ship. Everyone on board felt glad when the lead was recovered, more especially yourself, and in the afternoon, on the strength of recovering the lead, you asked for liberty to go on shore, and the request being granted, dressed in the uniform of a merchant sailor officer, you went on shore in company with an officer belonging to one of the other ships.

Of course, as a young officer, you used to smoke, and remained behind your companion in order to light your cigar, but did not succeed in doing so. While walking fast, so as to overtake your companion, who had sauntered on, you were stopped by a Spanish military officer in full uniform, who, in the Spanish language, asked you for a light. You were unable to comply with his request, and did not take much trouble to explain to him that you had not a light, but walked on quickly.

You had not proceeded far when you felt a hand laid on your collar, and, turning round, found yourself face to face with the officer who had asked you for a light. On seeing that you had no light in your cigar, he made

some remark that you could not understand. But your English blood was up; you did not like being collared in this manner—so, making your way into a cigar shop, you purchased a cigar, lit it, and coming out again, placed yourself near the spot you had before been standing on. Blowing out a cloud of smoke, just as you expected, the same officer came up to you and asked for a light. You looked him straight in the face and said “No.” In a moment with his open right hand he gave you a slap on the left cheek; the next moment you gave him a blow in the face with your closed fist, straight from the shoulder, and down he went full length on his back, his face becoming as red as his coat with the blood that flowed from it.

There were several other officers standing near, and as soon as they saw their brother officer down, they drew their swords, and thrashed you very severely with them. You tried to defend yourself in the best way you could with your fists, but as soon as you lifted your hands they were knocked down with the flat sides of their swords.

They were not satisfied with giving you a good sound thrashing, but continued to maul you till you could scarcely stand; so, little by little, you backed yourself up against a wall, where they could only get at you in front, and as you had something to prop yourself up against, you thought you would be able to keep them at bay. But it was of no avail, for as soon as you lifted your hands they were beaten down again, so that your hands, arms, and shoulders became fearfully bruised, you could not lift up your hands any more; all that you could do, as each of them struck you a cowardly

blow, was to — in their faces, which you did as often as they struck you. This enraged them much, the more so as some of the bystanders commenced cheering you as the officers took out their handkerchiefs to wipe their faces. Just as you were nearly thrashed to the ground, two or three English sailors came along and saw what was going on. They deliberately stepped in between you and your assailants, and said, in real Anglo-Saxon, “Come, ’vast heaving there, you lobster-backed——, are you going to kill the poor young fellow?” and two of them threw off their jackets forthwith, and were preparing for a fight. Behind the sailors you managed to get your jacket off, but it was a most painful operation. You did get it off, however, and right glad you were to see your defenders joined by three or four more. By this time you had rolled up your shirt-sleeves, preparing to help, for it seemed as if there was going to be a regular fight.

At this stage the officers put their swords in their sheaths and declined to have anything to do with the British tars.

You were now very sore all over, and found you could hardly lift up your arms, when you felt a gentle touch from behind, or rather on the right side of you. You looked in the direction from which the touch came, and to your utter astonishment beheld the beautiful Spanish young lady from Adra. She had noticed a crucifix that had been tattooed on your arm. It was a good representation of our Saviour bleeding on the cross. She put her beautiful face down to the crucifix and kissed it repeatedly, keeping her hand in yours and holding up your right arm with the crucifix on it

as well as she could, for, besides the imitation of blood flowing from the representation of our Saviour, the real blood was flowing. The young lady had not led you far before you were stopped by three officers in another sort of uniform. They were about to lay hands on you, when your fairy guide lifted up the bleeding arm and pointed to the crucifix, and spoke some words to them in Spanish which caused them to step on one side, when she and you were allowed to pass.

Carthagena, like other Spanish cities, is walled in, and the gates are closed after a certain hour. The houses are very high, and the streets very narrow. It was down one of these narrow streets the Spanish maiden led you, still holding your arm. She then turned up a small, or rather a narrow court, and, after threading it for some distance, stopped before a large pair of folding-gates and rang a bell. The gate was quickly opened, and she led you through a courtyard, then in by the back door of a well-furnished house. Several people came out to meet her, and at first were startled at the sight of you in your half undressed, and bruised and nearly fainting condition.

The crucifix on your right arm seemed to be your passport, and you felt many a warm lip settle on it for a moment—lips mostly belonging to the young of the softer sex.

You were now taken into a magnificently furnished apartment, with all the comforts of a chamber of repose within it. You were laid on a couch which stood under the windows, and a glass of sweet wine and some grapes were placed within your reach, with a decanter to replenish your glass; it was clearly indicated to you that

you were to help yourself, or that you were to rest first, whichever you pleased. In short, every comfort was placed at your disposal, and every precaution was taken against your being disturbed.

You had no idea that you were so tired until you lay down, and when you realised the luxuriousness of everything around, you fell into a quiet sleep.

How long you lay there you could not tell, but, on waking, daylight had passed away, and darkness had come on. Still you were not quite in darkness, as here and there in the large apartment small wax tapers emitted tiny gleams of light which fluttered in the gentle breeze or mild current of fresh air that was passing through the chamber. In the chamber, mixed up with the current of fresh air, you became aware of a most delicious odour, and when quite awake you wondered where you were. You could not, for the life of you, recollect ; you could only see a portion of the room, and the lights you saw might have been half a mile off, or they might be close to you. Then you thought you heard the rustling of a dress near you, which made you start, and when you did, every bone in your body refused to let you move. You were in the greatest of agony for a moment ; but, after lying still for a short time, the pains left you, and you felt a desire to cast your eyes round and try to pierce the darkness, but could not ; you could only see the outline of some of the hangings, and they, like the lights, might have been far away or close to you. Quite helpless, and having not the slightest idea where you were, and without being able to help yourself, there you lay, bewildered.

At last you heard a voice in Spanish, a voice you had heard before, but you had heard it in Adra. Surely you were not in Adra again! No, you remembered leaving Adra too well—yes, too well. Then you recollected the arrival of your vessel at Carthagená; you remembered taking in lead, and losing the slingful overboard.

“Yes,” you thought to yourself, “it is all coming back now.” You remembered grappling for the lead and hooking it, taking it on board, and then asking for liberty to go on shore. You remembered landing, the slap in the face you received shortly after, and the blow you gave in return. Then you felt the blood rush into your face, you felt the English lion in your breast, and instinctively tried to move, but your bones refused duty. So there you lay; one thought after the other came to you and passed away, while others followed in their turn, until the time the British tars came and took your part. You recollected taking off your jacket, and then came the remembrance of the beautiful Spanish girl of Adra, the soft and warm lips on your arm, the tender caresses you received as she led you away, the entrance-gates, and the room, all came to mind. You wondered where she had gone, and the thought of your losing sight of her, not even able to thank her for all her loving kindness, made you draw a long breath and give a long sigh, and, at the same time, a half suppressed groan.

The moment the groan had unintentionally been uttered, you heard the rustling of a dress, a small gong being sounded, and in an instant an attendant appeared with a long wax taper, and in a short time the whole

of the candelabras were lighted, and you immediately recognised the room you were first placed in.

The attendant, who was an old woman, asked you, in broken English, if there was anything she could do for you, and you requested her to give you something to drink. She offered you some wine; but you told her that you required a long draught, upon which she brought you a tankard of light wine.

When the old woman had left you, after arranging your coverings, then entered the young Spanish lady of Adra. You had long known her by the name of Roseardo, at least that was how her people pronounced it when they used to call her at her mountain home. She walked slowly up to the couch on which you were lying, and stood near to you. She wore a low evening dress, and her hair was highly ornamented; but over the low dress she wore a rich and very long scarf, thrown first over one shoulder, then cleverly passed round the waist, and finally thrown carelessly over the other shoulder. She asked you how you felt, and you told her, as well as you could, that you were very ill indeed. She tried to lift your arm, but you could not bear its being moved. The bruises had now all come out in their full dark masses, and in some places had been bleeding. She asked if you would like a wash, and you indicated that you would, upon which she brought you a change of underclothing, as well as a suit of Spanish clothing, and a very richly made dressing-gown. She requested that you would put them on, and you said you would. A warm bath was brought into the room and placed by the front of your couch. Roseardo then put the clothes down on the end

of the couch, drew your attention to them, and indicated that she would very much like to see you dressed in them, and then, with one of her sweetest smiles, left the chamber.

The aged female attendant again made her appearance, saying that she had come to assist you in taking your bath. You told her you were very glad of her aid, as you felt it impossible to move without help. With the aid of the attendant you managed to get your clothing off, and tumbled into a bath, the water in which was kept as warm as you could bear it. While getting into the bath the old woman handed you a looking-glass, and the first glance at yourself caused you to give such a start that it made your bones and bruises pain you fearfully. You saw that your jet-black hair, which always hung in a profusion of ringlets round your neck, was matted with blood and in great disorder; your shoulder was a mass of black and blue stripes. In some places the blood had been oozing out, in others there were narrow stripes of white skin, and in many places the marks of the swords, crossing and recrossing each other, could be seen. Your face, however, was untouched; it was pale in some parts, but the brightness of youth and the glow of health was still apparent on the rounded, but not full cheeks.

You remained in the bath for some time, and the old woman carefully washed your head and combed out your curls, which she seemed very pleased to do; and while so engaged she said that Miss Roseardo would be enchanted with them, and also remarked that all your bruises would be hidden when you put on the Spanish dress, adding that Miss Roseardo was delighted that

your features had not been much damaged, and also she had remarked that none of your teeth had been knocked down your throat.

When you had been well cleansed, your garments were put on one by one. After the underclothing, with assistance you drew on a pair of white silk socks, and placed on your feet a pair of patent leather pumps. You then put on a pair of pure white trousers, wide at the bottoms of the legs, and tight round the waist. The attendant placed a red striped shirt, of fine linen, over your head, and, as soon as that was arranged inside your pants, wound round you a long sash of scarlet silk. This was passed many times round the waist, and the fringed ends were allowed to hang down by your side, but rather in front; the collar of the shirt was laid open, just enough to show the scarlet under-vest, and over this was thrown a rich Cashmere dressing-gown, with yellow velvet facings. A white satin necktie made up the dress, and as soon as you were thus attired, the old attendant commenced to dance around you, saying that Miss Roscardo would be enchanted when she saw you.

The bath was taken away, the apartment was made tidy, and the old woman gave you to understand that she was going to call Roscardo, but that you were not to expect her until you had had time to rest after the fatigue of bathing.

You were now able to sit in an easy chair, but could not lift your arms without causing much pain, and almost every bone in your body was aching.

You sat in the chair patiently waiting for Roscardo to come, but, as she did not make her appearance, you

began to wonder whether she would come at all. You imagined she would have been glad to have seen you in her own country's garb. While you were thus thinking you happened to look into a mirror that was hanging on one of the walls. This mirror reflected another door which gave entrance to this extensive chamber. Standing just inside this door were four maidens, one of whom was Roseardo; the other three you had not seen before, but they were magnificently dressed and of exquisite beauty. It appeared from what you saw reflected in the mirror, that Roseardo had brought them to have a look at the young English sailor in the Spanish costume. You could very plainly see their gestures of admiration, such as putting their finger-ends all of a bunch to their lips, and throwing them away in a half-circle till they could not reach further; then they would carry them to their lips, and do the same thing over again, but not a sound did they utter. After a good survey of you they disappeared, and it was not long ere Roseardo entered, alone, by the other door, and commenced congratulating you on your appearance. She more than once hinted that she was sure you had Spanish blood in your veins, and made repeated allusions to your curly locks, your white teeth, and your well-formed nose! She brought a glass, and requested that you should look at yourself in it, which you did, and were compelled to say that she had made quite a handsome fellow of you—indeed, you felt proud of yourself and your personal appearance.

It now became necessary to think of communicating with your ship, and you intimated to Roseardo that you were a little anxious on that score. She seemed

quite prepared for that, and said her friends had been speaking of it, and that a letter had been written to the captain. She took a copy of the letter from a little pouch hanging by her side and handed it to you, and which you found was written in plain English. It ran thus :—

“ To the Captain of the British vessel “ M—,” Hotel de Ville, Carthagena.

“ Sir,—The young officer belonging to your vessel has been very much hurt during an altercation with some Spanish officers, and, unfortunately, your officer dealt one of the Spanish officers a heavy blow in the face which has disfigured the latter very much, and as the officer so disfigured is of high rank, vengeance is vowed against your countryman, who is almost unable to move. Therefore pray don't make any inquiries after him ; be assured that he is with friends, and above all, don't admit to the British Consul that you have missed an officer. If you do, your ship will be held responsible for his acts, and the Spaniards have vowed they will have his life for what he did in defence of himself. It is a pity that your officer went so far as he did ; but, although we are Spaniards, we cannot help saying that he was to a great extent justified, and only showed the undaunted pluck of a British tar.

“ We are, with the greatest respect to you,

“ HIS FRIENDS.”

After reading this epistle, you thanked Roscardo for her thoughtfulness ; but still you could not help feeling

somewhat vexed at the contents; you felt sorry that they should have thought you hasty, while you could not admit that you were to blame. You did not feel a bit sorry for what you had done, and did not trouble yourself much about the consequences.

You expressed your gratitude to Roseardo, and said that you hoped you had not given her pain. She put her tiny little hand on your face as a signal for you to stop talking, and intimated that your dinner would be sent in presently, and that you were to eat well. You promised to do your best, and with a pleasing smile of approval on her pretty face, she skipped out of the room.

Notwithstanding all the kindness that was heaped upon you, you felt sore at heart, and could not but feel that it was mingled with rebuke. The danger of losing your life did not seem to alarm you half so much as the rebuke made you unhappy; you would have given the world if that had been left out. But when you remembered the act you had been guilty of, you felt that you deserved it and more; still you could not help justifying yourself to some extent, inasmuch as they continued beating you so unmercifully.

After dinner you felt refreshed, and the old woman and Roseardo remained with you until it was time to retire. Shortly after getting into bed you fell into a long and refreshing sleep. On awaking you heard sundry noises in the streets, and the voices of people who were taking their goods round for sale made you remember where you were; so, with much difficulty, you managed to get out of bed and dress yourself.

In the apartment in which you were located there

was every kind of luxury. Fresh fruits of all kinds, and oranges, hanging on the trees in large quantities, so near that you could reach them from the folding-doors of the balcony. On the sideboard stood every kind of wine, and also sweets of many kinds. You had not long finished your toilet when the old-woman attendant entered with a cup of coffee and a small roll of bread, which lay in a plate by the side of a large bunch of grapes, the latter having on them the dew of the summer morning. You were indeed in lavender now, every wish you could form, and more, was anticipated.

As the day rolled on you were better able to move about, but you suffered a great deal at times from pains in your bones, and some of the wounds were very sore.

Still almost every hour brought a change for the better in your condition, and you felt that you were soon going to get over it. About mid-day you received a letter from the vessel, saying that they had heard of your trouble, and that it had been confidentially communicated to them that you were in good hands, and that you were to stay where you were until asked to leave, when all preparations would be made for you to be put on board the ship as soon as she passed outside the fort. You were also warned above all not to attempt to join the vessel, or even communicate with her, until requested to do so by the friend who first took you by the hand.

In this luxurious home day after day passed. Roscardo and yourself were constant companions, and you were fast becoming like brother and sister, or at any rate you taught each other to love in some way.

Roseardo used to feel delighted to take you to the glass in your Spanish dress and compare notes. She used to declare that you must have come from a Spanish father and mother, or she would add that you were a very handsome sample of an Englishman.

About four days after the thrashing you were well enough to walk about, and were formally introduced to the three young ladies who were staying in the same house, and you recognised them as being the same three that were looking through the mirror at you. They could talk a few words of English, and you could manage a little Spanish, so that somehow you managed to make yourself understood. Two of these young ladies used to half dress themselves like young Spanish gentlemen and dance the Spanish dances to the playing of Roseardo's guitar; many hours of the day were passed in this way.

In due course the sad tidings came that the vessel was ready for sea, and that you must hold yourself in readiness to join her at any hour of the day or night.

When Roseardo announced that you would soon have to go, you thought you would be brave. You saw a large tear gathering in her eye, and as you brushed it away from her eye, you could not prevent one gathering in your own; so you both burst out into what you wished each other to believe was a laugh.

As the evening drew near you were told that your vessel was getting under weigh, but as there was but little wind, she would not get far off the land; a boat would be ready to take you off when the proper time came, and you must be ready at a moment's notice.

Sitting in the splendid apartment where you had

enjoyed so much happiness and received so much kind hospitality, you had ample time to think. Uppermost in your mind was the thought of leaving Rosecardo, the generous, good, and unselfish girl who had for days risked her own liberty, and perhaps her life for you.

While sitting thinking over the past you heard a great noise in the courtyard below. There seemed, from the stamping of horses, the rattling of accoutrements, and the many voices in various parts of the building, inside and out, that a strong force was surrounding the front and back of the house. You wondered what it could mean. "Was it possible," you said to yourself, "that you had been discovered after all;" and if so, what would become of Rosecardo? She would have to suffer also. You did not seem to fear being arrested, in fact in your own heart you seemed to wish for that, but then if it involved Rosecardo in difficulties, that would break your heart.

As you were thus thinking, the sound of voices, the rattling of metal or steel gear, and the heavy tramping of horses and men's feet puzzled you much as you sat there alone. You felt quite sure at times that Rosecardo must have been arrested, or she would have been with you long ago, and you could not help working your feelings up to a very high pitch of excitement, every moment expecting a great rush up the staircase in search of you. You felt sure that Rosecardo had been taken already, and there was no alternative for you but to wait patiently. Feeling quite sick and tired of the suspense, you sat down on the couch and rested your forehead on both hands. You uttered a shor

prayer for Roseardo, and made up your mind for the worst, but hoped for the best.

You had not been so resting for many minutes when you heard the sound of heavy feet, and the rattling of steel and what you thought was sword-sheaths on the staircase, fast approaching the door of your apartment, and felt relieved when they came closer, because you thought all would soon be over.

Just as they were, as you supposed, quite close to the main door, a side-door of the apartment opened, and as it did so, there burst into the room twelve of the most beautiful Spanish girls that ever you saw in your life, either before or since. They were all in dancing, outdoor costume, each with castanets, and as they entered they struck up some of the most delicious music you had ever heard. At the first sound of the instruments the twelve young beauties set off into a graceful Spanish dance, throwing about their hands, arms, heads, and feet especially, in the most graceful attitudes, and making, at the same time, each of their castanets almost talk, or rather chatter, in delicious harmony with the music.

Pale, and nearly overwhelmed with fear for the fate of Roseardo, you uncovered your face, and there, quite close to you, with bow and arrow in her hand, stood Roseardo in the sort of picnic dress you had so often seen her in at Adra.

You could feel your face turning from pale to red as you looked into her face for an explanation, and she also looked at you for an explanation. In a few words you made her understand what your fears had been. She seemed to comprehend, and very soon made yo

aware that all was right ; and in order that you should not attract any notice going out through the gates of the city, a moonlight picnic on a very large scale had been arranged to come off that evening, and you were to be one of the party, which was going some little distance along the coast.

The whole arrangements were explained, and you were told to keep close behind Roseardo wherever she went ; no matter where she was, or what she was doing, you were to accompany her, and whatever you did you were to keep close to her, and, above all, you were not to speak a word to anyone, not even if they spoke to you.

Roseardo said, with one of her sweet smiles, " I will do all the talking for you ; " and after placing a set of castanets on each of her pretty little hands, she said, " Come along," and stepped in among the dancers. An opening was made for her, and in a graceful, dancing attitude, she passed through the opening, and you followed, at the same time moving your body slightly to the tune of the band. As soon as Roseardo had passed through the line of dancing girls, they all drew round you and followed in close order, dancing and playing on the castanets all the time, until they came to the landing of the staircase, when they descended.

At the front door of this grand establishment, for as far as could be seen, there stood a row of carriages. Those to the right of the door were all filled, and those to the left were drawing up in their turn, taking as many persons as would fill them, when they immediately passed on. You did as you were bid, kept close behind Roseardo, and kept your tongue still at the

same time. Your party had not stood at the door long ere several carriages were placed at its service, in the first of which you were seated with Roseardo and the two young ladies you had seen in your room, and whom you had often met before.

There were, besides carriages, many horsemen, and here and there sedan-chairs—in fact the whole street, as far as could be seen, was lined with conveyances of all kinds, and the numbers were being added to from every by-street. Every here and there in the line of carriages was a band, which kept playing soft and pleasing airs, while some of the young ladies would sing and keep time with the castanets.

Some time before the daylight had disappeared the party were on the road, had passed outside the city gates, and were soon clear of the houses. It was easy to see that Roseardo was more herself after the houses were left behind, as she then commenced to join in the songs. Once well on the road you could see better what sort of a party it was. There were in all about two hundred carriages and about three hundred horsemen, which included most of the aristocracy of Carthagená. Here and there along the line of carriages were bands of music, and in almost every carriage a guitar; and as the daylight faded and the moon appeared, all the bands joined in one soft and slow tune, which was taken up by the guitars, and as time was kept by means of the castanets, the air was filled with the most delicious notes. There was but a soft and gentle breeze blowing, just enough to cool the atmosphere, and everybody seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. So on they went for two hours, amidst the

greatest mirth and glee, judging from the merry laughter which might be heard mingled with the songs and music. It was quite certain that every one there was bent on enjoyment.

As soon as the carriages stopped a signal was sounded along the line of the party ; that signal was for refreshments—wines, sweets, cakes, and fruits, which were handed round. When these had been passed round, the whole of the company began to alight, and the real fun of the evening commenced. The horsemen dismounted, gave their chargers into the care of servants, and were soon among the ladies. Cloths were spread on the grass for the musicians, circles were soon formed, and dance after dance followed in quick succession ; at a short distance several large fires were lighted, and the waggons disburdened of their loads. Every here and there tents were pitched, beautifully furnished and well illuminated, while all the luxuries the world could produce were displayed on the tables. Hour after hour passed away, dance after dance was gone through, and youth and beauty of both sexes were well represented on that gay and festive evening.

Besides the dancing, card, and drinking parties there were many strolling about, in single couples and in groups of four or more, who strayed far away, seeking pleasure and enjoyment in their own particular way. Two of your companions often joined in the fun, while Roseardo kept charge of you, and when any one spoke to you, Roseardo would either answer for you, or avoid giving any answer at all. So on went the evening until midnight, at which hour an exhibition of fireworks commenced, which were very grand, and lasted about

half an hour, during which time Roseardo and yourself were joined by the two other lady friends. All four walked down towards the sea-coast, and as you were nearing the beach a Spanish sailor came up to Roseardo and informed her, in Spanish, that all was ready. Her reply was, "Very good." The man then asked if he should make the signal, and she replied, "Yes." Immediately afterwards two rockets went flying into the air; at the same time a blue light was shown and allowed to burn out. As soon as the blue light burnt out, Roseardo took out her watch and said, "Now, look to the southward for a light to flash three times in five minutes. The five minutes had no sooner passed than Roseardo said to the man, "Now, down to the boat, we will follow after."

For a short time you found yourself quite alone with Roseardo. She bade you a farewell such as you could not describe, and as you took the parting salute from her, she bade you always be as brave as you were while the soldiers were thrashing you; she also gave you to understand that the boatmen were well paid to take you off to the vessel, and that it was quite likely the ship would be pursued; but she said the captain had been put on his guard, and knew well what to do. You were also told that your clothes were in the boat, and anything else you found in addition to them she begged you to accept as a present from her family, and for her sake. It was hard for you both to bid farewell, but the time had come, and go you must.

Under a perpendicular cliff, and just round a bluff point, up in a little nook or corner, lay a large fishing-boat, with all her fishing gear on board. Besides the

crew there were two or three extra men, enough to pull five oars on each side, and as soon as you put your foot on board the order was given to shove off. On opening out the bluff headland the sea was a little rough, and a few rather heavy rollers had to be passed through. The oars were muffled; their blades were cautiously put into the water and as cautiously taken out again, so as not to make any noise. The men pulled long and strong strokes, as if they were anxious to get the job over. Not a word was spoken during the first half hour, the men continued pulling long and strong strokes, when there came a sound from the man steering the boat which for the moment alarmed you. The steersman simply gave one clap of his hands, but the moment the boat's crew heard the clap they lay on their oars; not a word, not a sound from any of them was heard. The man at the after oar stooped down and took from the bottom of the boat a large keg, from which he poured wine into a large flagon. He handed it to you, and requested you to drink freely, which you did, and found it to be most delicious wine. After you had drank as much as you wished he emptied the remainder overboard, refilled the flagon, and passed it to the steersman, and so on all round until every one in the boat had taken a hearty drink. Then came one clap of the hand from the coxswain, the men set to pulling again with a will, and in about one hour after the boat was run alongside of a brig. This brig had a white full-length figure-head, while your vessel was brigantine rigged, and had no figure-head of any kind. You were, however, in such a state of mind that you took things as they came, and made up your mind not to

make any inquiries, as you were sure Roseardo had arranged everything for the best; whether it was brig, barque, or ship you were taken to, you resolved to do just as they told you; so at their bidding up you jumped, and soon landed yourself on the deck of the brig. Just fancy your astonishment when you found yourself surrounded by your old captain, his wife, and the whole of the crew, who all welcomed you on board. You were much pleased at the kind reception you met with from all on board, and especially from the captain's wife. You saw that everything on the vessel's deck was the same, and she appeared to be the same vessel; but her figure-head and the change in her puzzled you much.

After you had been some time on board it was explained to you that the captain had received warning that it was probable that, after he was out at sea, the vessel would be pursued by a man-of-war steamer and searched, and that it would be wise of him to take every precaution to disguise his vessel. A large sum of money had been sent on board to defray any expense he might be put to on your account, and for any detention arising from the vessel being put out of her course, &c.

After the captain received this warning, and knowing that the vessel would be held liable for the deception practised, he not having reported that one of his officers was missing, set to work and made preparations for the disguising of the ship. The old figure-head was obtained from another vessel, and the after-yards with which he rigged his vessel into a brig were formed out of the spare foreyard, topsail, and topgallant yards,

and he made the spare square sails do the same duty aft as they did forward. In this way the captain had made an entire change in the appearance of the ship. You ascertained that during the last two days, while lying in harbour, the captain, preferring to keep his own counsel, had told the men that as the vessel was loaded with lead he might want more square sail on her to keep her from rolling, and then set to work to get the yards ready to send aloft. As to the purchase of the old figure-head he made no remark about that, but merely had it trimmed, so as to be fitted in its place at an hour's notice.

Having made everything ready, he passed the fort as a brigantine with a white streak round her, but soon after he passed the fort he commenced disguising the ship. The first thing he ordered to be done was to rub out the white streak round the outside of the vessel, next to get the white figure-head well secured in its place, and then to send the after-yards aloft and bend the sails.

It would be difficult to find a man more competent for his work than Captain T—, especially where his own interest was concerned. He was an honest, hard-working fellow, and if anything connected with his own ship had to be done, there was no one better able to carry it out than he; and as for securing anything in the shape of masts, yards, rope, and canvas, if he took it in hand it was sure to be done well. "Quick was his word and sharp was his motion," and therefore it was not to be wondered at that he so completely altered the appearance of his vessel.

By the time you got on board and the boat clear of

the ship it was nearly five o'clock in the morning ; there was therefore no time to be lost. Up to this time the vessel had been hove to. The wind was dead aft if she had been put on her homeward-bound course, but that was not the captain's plan. He had made up his mind to make an outward-bound vessel of her, and lost no time in putting her dead on a wind, and commenced to stand right off the land, just as if she were turning to windward.

Every sail was therefore set, the yards were braced well forward, but not too sharp up, so that the ship might go through the water, as with the daylight there came a fresh breeze. As soon as everything was ready, and all the ropes laid clear for going about, the captain gave up charge to you, and said,

"Now, C—, I have had charge all night and now want some rest, therefore I shall go and turn in. We shall be sure to have a steamer after us, therefore don't be surprised if you see it giving chase as soon as daylight sets in. We are, however, pretty safe, because, if they know the vessel again it is more than I should, so I think we need not be uneasy about the result. Remember, if you are asked, that you are from Cardiff to Constantinople with coals and merchandise."

"All right, sir," you said, and the captain was soon below and in bed.

It was a beautiful clear morning, somewhat cold and damp, as there had been a heavy dew falling during the night. The dew had settled on the ends of your hair where it was not covered by your cap, also on your shirt collar, as well as the wristbands of your shirt, just enough to make you feel slightly uncomfortable for a

time ; but you were soon too much engaged to care about that, as daylight had now fairly set in, and you could plainly see a long, dark line of smoke, quite low down, throwing out its gloomy contrast to the bright sky and obscuring the clear and fresh atmosphere of the early morning.

There, sure enough, was a steamer's smoke straight in the direction of the entrance to Carthagera ; and although you were standing right away from it, it was plainly seen that the steamer was fast overhauling your vessel. You were, however, quite easy in mind. First of all you felt certain that they would not be able to detect the vessel, so thoroughly had the captain disguised her ; and if they did, then you would be sure to see Roseardo again, and you felt that you would rather be shot where she was than live at a distance from her.

The sun rose in all his glory, sending his rays far and wide, lighting up the ocean waves, causing them to shoot forth glittering coruscations, making them dance, as if for joy that the newly-risen sun was once more sending his warm beams along their surface. You could also see the fish leaping about in a most lively manner, as if they also were glad ; but on watching them more attentively, you found they were not leaping for joy, but from fear ; indeed, they were not much unlike yourself at that moment—they had a larger, a swifter, and more powerful enemy after them. At all events, as the sun arose and shone brightly on the different objects around, so did the steamer's masts and funnel rise above the horizon fast enough to show that the steamer was going at double the speed of your vessel.

Yourself and the watch on deck kept yourselves em-

ployed making everything as shipshape as you could, and you had also a good look at the outside of the vessel, and found that she was as black as black could be, there not being a vestige of the white streak remaining.

The steamer, now under full sail and steam, being far to windward, bore right down on your weather beam, and when near enough, she fired off a gun as a signal to heave-to, which you would not understand, but hoisted the English ensign instead. As soon as that was seen, there came the booming of another gun, but of that also you took no notice ; then they fired off another, but this time the gun was shotted, and as the ball danced over the edge of the water, making ducks and drakes, you could plainly see they were in earnest on board the steamer. Instead of heaving your vessel to, you went about on the other tack, and stood right towards her, and as soon as you came near to her you threw your mainyard aback, and eased off the head-sheet. This quite stopped the vessel, and the war steamer was soon alongside of you.

When within hail, there came from the bridge of the steamer, through a speaking-trumpet, the demand—

“ What brig is that ? ” in pure English.

“ The ‘ Hannah,’ ” was the answer.

“ Where are you from ? ” was the next question.

“ Cardiff,” was the reply.

“ Where are you bound to ? ”

“ Constantinople.”

“ Did you pass a brigantine with a white streak round her, otherwise painted black, and rather deep, bound to the northward ? ”

"Yes," was the reply, "she was in-shore this morning, running before the wind, and bearing N.N.E. of us about twenty miles."

"Thank you," was the answer. "I am much obliged, and wish you a pleasant voyage."

"Thank you, the same to you," was your reply, and right glad were you to see him put his mouth to the tube and give an order to go ahead. You were delighted to see the paddles move ahead; and away went the Spanish man-of-war, as hard as ever she could steam, on a N.N.E. course. You filled on your vessel and hauled her close on a wind until the steamer had increased her distance, then put her on the other tack and stood quite in the opposite direction from that in which the steamer was going.


In the course of three hours not only was the steamer out of sight, but the smoke had also disappeared; and then you squared away the yards, set studding-sails on both sides, and away you went towards the Gut of Gibraltar.

When all was clear, and the vessel fairly on her course, the captain came on deck and said,

"Well, C—, you deserve credit for the way you handled that fellow. I was glad to hear you wish him a pleasant voyage."

Still lying near the gangway were the several packages which had been thrown on the deck of the ship, for we had not yet had time to open them to see what they contained.

The captain's wife, with womanly curiosity, was especially anxious to find out their contents. We were not long in satisfying her curiosity. On opening them



the packages were found to contain presents for every one on board, especially for the cabin-boy, who had been largely remembered. For the captain's wife there were many valuable gifts, as well as for the captain himself. You, of course, had not been forgotten; and every one of the sailors received a packet containing articles both for use and ornament. For all these gifts the whole ship's company were highly delighted, and the captain's wife made the remark that it was a lucky thing for them that they had such a handsome sailing master.

During the passage home nothing happened out of the ordinary way. After the vessel passed through the Gut of Gibraltar her brig rig was done away with and her figure-head unshipped; and when the vessel was made to look like herself again, a holiday was kept on board in honour of the generous girl Roseardo.

A cargo of lead is not the best of cargoes to carry; but still, when the vessel is well built, and the owner is an honest, good sailor, who goes to sea with a view to earn an honest living, of course it is as easy to carry a cargo of lead across the Bay of Biscay as it would be to carry a cargo of feathers. It does not matter, if the vessel is faithfully built and well handled, what she is loaded with—it is how she is loaded that is the question. Great care had been taken, in loading, to distribute the weight equally all over the vessel, and in that manner she carried the lead as easily as she would have carried the feathers.

After the adventures of this short voyage you were in some degree a wiser man, or rather a wiser large boy; you were scarcely a man at that time, being still

under twenty-one years of age. Of course you could not help thinking of your Spanish beauty, and often used to wonder whether you would ever meet her again. Sometimes you felt a sort of regret that you had met her; you had been taught to love her and forget poor Biddy. You remembered that the young Spanish girl was far above you in station, still you knew that she loved you; but the worst of it was that you would not dare to show your face in Spain again—you were branded there. At times you felt a little sorry that you had ever seen Roseardo, good as she was. Then you said to yourself, "The sailors are said to have a sweetheart in every port, why, therefore, should I not keep up the name of the British tar?" and it more than once occurred to you that you were managing that part of a sailor's duty pretty well. Perhaps you commenced to rebuke yourself a little at first; then you would make excuses for yourself, and say, "How can I help it, if people will fall in love with me? It is no use trying to help it. They say it is a sailor's privilege to love the girls; and since the privilege is so much to your taste, why not enjoy it?" In this way you persuaded yourself that you were doing everything that was right and just. Everybody knows how easy it is to persuade oneself that you are doing right, when what you are doing is exceedingly agreeable.

In due course the vessel arrived in London river and made her way up to the London Dock-gates. It being after tide time, the vessel had to lay at the buoy all night, to wait for the next day's tide.

CHAPTER VII.

YOU PASS AN EXAMINATION AT THE TRINITY HOUSE,
AND RECEIVE A MASTER'S CERTIFICATE—VOYAGE
TO ST. HELENA—MISTAKEN FOR A SLAVER, AND
CHASED BY A MAN-OF-WAR.

IN the dead of winter, the deck covered with frozen snow, the air from the fresh water bitter cold, and you, so to say, neither on board nor on shore, the cabin full of other Goole captains, who had come on board to pay their respects to the captain and his wife, the table strewn with bottles, the kettle boiling on the cabin fire, long yarns about the voyage, much boasting, and much drinking and smoking—so passed the evening of the first day after arrival home. Several boats were lying alongside, manned by one or two shivering little boys, half starved with cold and hunger, and waiting hour after hour for their several captains. After a hard day's work, perhaps, they have been hurried away from their ship without even a jacket—there they must remain without a murmur, for if they uttered a word of complaint they would perhaps get a blow in the mouth from a heavy, cowardly fist, the owner of which had possibly been enjoying himself at a well-filled table, and when asked what he did that for, his reply would be, "Why it's only that," with another blow "you—of a boy," &c.

Thanks to the laws of England, there is but little of


such brutality allowed now ; such brutes are soon pounced upon and punished, as they richly deserve to be.

Hour after hour passes, but the nest of captains are still huddled together in the cabin, smoking, drinking, and boasting, and as the grog goes in, the honesty they possess goes out, and they commence to bluster at each other fearfully.

The wisest of them, seeing that it is becoming hot, sneak away, stagger to the ship's boat, and the poor little urchins who have been waiting in the cold, hoping every minute that their captains might come up, are ordered to be nimble and get into the boat and pull away. Perhaps one poor little fellow's fingers are so benumbed that he can hardly grasp the icy oar or even feel it, and in his anxiety to be quick, in order to please, he makes a mess of it by missing the water with the oar and falls backward into the bottom of the boat, nearly breaking his poor little head. There in his grief and agony he gets a punch and an oath, and must very quickly recover himself, or he will get another.

Meanwhile the drinking is still going on in the cabin. There are three others besides the skipper of the vessel, and all are talking and arguing about matters connected with ships. They contradict each other ; they are drunk, and call each other liars, and are on the point of fighting, when the captain's wife makes her appearance in her half-dress. She says in a sorrowful tone :

"I knew it would come to this, it is always the way. Oh ! that cursed drink. You, who are such good friends when sober, insulting and bullying each other like this.



Pray give over drinking;" and then, turning to one whom she had known from boyhood, she says, "George, why don't you go on board your ship? You see what is coming. It is the old story—every voyage, when you meet, drink, drink, drink, until you hate yourselves in the knowledge that you are doing wrong. You first despise yourselves, and then, as if two wrongs would make one right, you commence to despise each other, and, as always is the case, it ends in a serious row. Pray go to your ship, if only for my sake."

Lying in your berth you can see her in her hastily thrown on garments. While she is thus talking, the half-cowed, drunken men look at her with a stupid gaze, they feel through their foggy mind the truth of what the appealing woman says. It is not the first time such scenes have happened; they can hardly gather sense enough together to remember where they are at the time. They become frightened at first; the groggy mist that has gathered over their eyes causes them to imagine they see several women confronting them; it takes them several minutes to recover themselves. Then they look from one to the other, then at the captain of the ship, and wonder what he is going to say to the interference. The husband of the poor woman is perhaps more stupified than the others for a short time, and his rage is only kindling, but he soon breaks out in his drunken frenzy. Yes, he who when sober is a good, honest, hard-working sailor, now becomes worse than a savage brute, and the other drunkards only urge him on.

The time has now come when the liquor has taken a firm hold of the brain, and the savage man gives full

play to his passions. He begins with a fearful oath, of course, and following it up by uttering all the beastly names that can be conceived by an arrant coward, he assails his poor wife, at the same time looking at his drunken companions for their approval.

You lay in your berth, from whence, although it was dark, you could see all that was going on in the cabin where they were sitting, though they could not see you. There stood the poor woman receiving all the abuse that the mind of a guilty and drunken man could think of, and when she could no longer stand and listen to it, in a frantic manner she rushed past her husband into her own little stateroom, and buried her face in her hands, exclaiming, "Oh! my God, what shall I do?" Her supplications seemed only to enrage her husband more and more, and every horrible name that he could think of (and he thought of a great many) was hurled at his poor wife. You thought to yourself, "What shall I do? Can I do any good? No;" you said to yourself, "I know him too well; if he sees me, and knows that I have heard his bad language, his poor wife will have to suffer for it." You therefore thought it best to let him talk himself tired. You thought it could not last much longer, but it did last a long time, until the bad names were so heaped upon the poor woman that she groaned in her helplessness, and in very shame for him and herself, until she could stand it no longer.

On the opposite side of the little stateroom she was in there was, as before-mentioned, a sail and bread locker. In this there stood the ship's little medicine chest. The poor woman made a rush across the cabin in such a manner that it startled the four brutes as she passed

them, and they seemed so stupified at her proceedings that they gazed on her with a vacant look, and their dull and half-sleepy eyes followed her movements with a most unintellectual expression. She, however, not heeding them, made for the medicine chest, opened the lid, took out one of the small, long bottles, and deliberately emptied its contents into a tumbler, and swallowed the whole. You were looking at her all the time, and thought she was going to take a sleeping draught. It never occurred to you what she had really taken at the moment; you were in part stupified, until she threw both arms up and said,

“Oh! God protect my children, it will soon be over now. I have poisoned myself.”

In an instant you realised what she had done, and remembered the shape and size of the laudanum bottle, and remembered also the dark colour of the liquid it contained. You saw that she had swallowed the whole of it, but to make sure of what had been done, you rushed into the cabin and looked. Sure enough the bottle was marked, in plain letters, “Laudanum---Poison.” You cast your eyes round at the stupified, drunken men, and said,


“You cowardly brutes, do you see what you have done? You have caused this poor woman to take her own life!”

In a moment her husband came more or less to his senses and began to roar like a bull with drunken grief. He cried aloud and wrung his hands, calling out, “Oh, save her, C—; oh, save her, save her!” and his grief seemed as strong as his abuse. The other three captains were by this time a little sobered, and when asked

by you for the loan of their boat to go on shore to procure medical assistance, they said, "We must get on board our own ships now," and sneaked away towards the gangway, in order to get out of the scrape. You saw there was no help to be had from them, so made your way to the forecastle hatch, and putting your head down, called out, "Below there!"

"Sir," was the answer, and before you had time to reply another voice said, "What's the matter, sir?"

In a hurried accent you said, "The captain's wife has poisoned herself; come up here, all hands, man the boat, and pull on shore for a doctor; don't stay to dress, bring your clothes in your hands." Instantly all hands were on deck, and in less time than it takes to relate it, they were in the boat and ready to start. Just as you were getting into the boat, one of the captains came to you and put his hands on your shoulder, saying, "You needn't say I was in the cabin when it happened." You felt the bad odour from his breath, the blood flew into your face, and, enraged, you dealt him a heavy blow on the side of the head which sent him staggering backwards to the gangway, and the next moment heard a heavy splash in the water. He had fallen overboard. Luckily for him, as well as for you, your boat was hanging on alongside with the men in her, and they, seeing him fall, made a grab at him, caught him by the coat-tails, and held his head above water. Naked as you were, you sprang into the boat, took hold of him by the collar of his coat, gave him several dips over head and ears, then passed him along to his own boat, and gave the order for yours to sheer

The four oars were immediately put out, and with

a quick stroke the boat was pulled ashore, still with your clothing in your hands, and the boat's crew in much the same state. You jumped ashore, ran up the steps, and along a dark alley into the streets of Wapping.

Three o'clock on a winter morning, just in from sea, and a stranger to that part of London, you did not know which way to go, so took the turning where the most lights were burning, though there was not a soul to be seen. With two of the crew following behind, on you ran as hard as ever you could. At last you saw a red lamp, and "Thank goodness," you said to yourself, "here is a doctor's."

You were soon at the door, and pulling like mad at the bell, which made a frightful noise; the rattling at the door at the same time woke up a policeman, who made his appearance from somewhere.

Now for the first time you had a chance of putting on your pants. You had not brought your monkey-jacket, shoes, or stockings, but you kept your feet moving, and therefore did not feel the cold much; nor had you time to feel anything but anxiety for the life of the captain's wife. After ringing and hammering at the door you could hear by the voice that it was a half-asleep servant you had roused up. First of all she wished to know who was there, what you wanted, then what was the matter, and several other questions; to which you replied that a woman had poisoned herself, and that the doctor was wanted with his stomach-pump at once. She very quietly inquired who the woman was, what was her name, where she was, what she had taken and how much, how long since she had

taken the poison, and what she took it for ; then, after saying what a stupid the woman must be to take it at that time of the morning, she unbolted the door, opened it as far as the length of the chain would allow, and putting her nose and thin face through the opening, said, "I want to see what sort of people you are," and added, "let me see you one at a time." First she had a good look at you, and said, "You'll do," then at each of the sailors, and made up her mind that they would do. She then caught sight of the policeman, and said to him, "Is that you, Carroty Bill?" to which he replied, "All right," and she then opened the door.

You saw it was no use getting out of temper, although you felt your blood boiling over, so you appeared to be calm, and said, "Is the doctor at home?" She took a good look at you, and said,

"I will go and see." She then passed through several doors, and shortly after you heard a knocking at one of the doors. Then you heard her say, "A case of poisoning; a paying case, sir, it's a captain's wife on board of ship."

"Who's come?" he asked.

"All right, sir, a swell in gold lace."

"Call him here," said the doctor.

You did not wait to be called, but rushed after her, and said, "For God's sake, sir, come along, the captain's wife has swallowed a small bottle of laudanum."

"Who's to pay me?" said the doctor.

"The captain will, I am sure; he is the owner of the ship also," you said. The doctor then quietly threw the bedclothes off his person, and after a good stretch,

put his legs out of bed. You could see he was not altogether unprepared, for he was clothed from head to foot in a flannel suit. He, however, pulled on some warm clothing, wrapped his throat well up, took up his instrument box, and said, "Now, I am ready."

You said to him, "I beg your pardon, sir, have you your stomach-pump with you?"

He said, "No, what do you want that for?"

You replied that the woman had taken laudanum.

"Oh, indeed," he said, "then I had better take it." So he put down one case and took up another, and then said,

"Come along," and quietly led the way out at the door. When outside he looked at the sky, then at the policeman, and said to the latter, "Where's your sergeant?"

"Round at the office," replied Carrotty Bill, as the girl called him.

"Let us go round to him," said the doctor, and this caused another delay. The office not being far off we soon got there. At this point matters seemed to move a little more quickly, for the sergeant of police was soon on his way to the boat, and no more time was lost in getting on board. When you arrived the captain was sitting on one end of the lockers crying drunk, and his wife at the other end, with her chin resting on her breast, her hands hanging by her side, in a heavy doze, neither asleep nor awake.

The first thing the doctor did was to undo her dress and set her on a low seat. He then made an attempt to get the stomach-pump down her throat; but she insisted on keeping her teeth clenched together. For some time

the doctor tried to open her mouth, but without success. At length he put something to her nose, which made her forget to hold her mouth tight, and the doctor seized the opportunity of opening it. He put the handle of a heavy hammer between her teeth, and by this means kept her mouth open. He then put the pump down her throat, and first pumped a lot of water into her, and shortly after pumped it up again. With the water came some of the laudanum. Several times he injected large quantities of water into her stomach, and then took it up again by means of the pump, until there was no sign of laudanum. He then ordered her to be taken on deck and made to walk about. If she would not walk she was to be dragged about, but on no account to be allowed to fall asleep. The policeman and the doctor then had a glass of hot brandy and water, which they well deserved, and left the ship.

Here was a nice little amusement for you to lead the captain's wife about the decks for the remainder of the morning. She was heavy, and, of course, very sleepy; but the doctor warned you that if she was allowed to fall asleep she would most likely never wake again. The idea of what the result of her falling asleep would be frightened you so, that you took care to keep her awake, and made yourself quite warm by pulling and dragging her about the decks for the following three hours.

You had sent all the crew below, and the captain had turned in and fallen fast asleep. You called him to breakfast about eight o'clock. When he awoke he did not seem to be much concerned about what had passed, and you did not care to say anything about it. He

merely looked round and asked where his wife was. You pointed to her and left the cabin. That morning you took your breakfast in the galley, as the cabin had the odour of everything that was disagreeable.

A good wash soon freshened you up; moreover, the vessel was going into dock. You would soon be able to get on shore, and as the captain and his wife, who had both come to their senses, were quite ashamed to look you in the face, they were very glad to give you two or three days' liberty on shore, and you were equally glad to get away.

There is a great deal to repay a sailor for all the hardships he has been compelled to endure at sea. When he gets on shore again a feeling of enjoyment comes over him that a landsman never can feel. A landsman's everyday life on his own element leads him to think nothing of it. When a landsman gets up in the morning he begins to wonder what he shall do with himself, and whether he has anything to do or not. Most of them wish the morning was past, and when the morning is past they wish it was evening, and when the evening comes, then they wish it was time to go to bed. Many go to bed fearing they will not be able to sleep, and some can't sleep, and even if they can sleep, they wish it was time to get up, and so on; they are wishing their whole existence away, and never enjoy any part of the day. But a sailor just home from sea drinks in long draughts of enjoyment from daylight to dark, and then inhales that sweet drink of midnight rest that rarely falls to the lot of a landsman. Therefore, although there are many drawbacks to a sailor's life at sea, still it has its pleasures and advantages.

You lost no time in getting among your friends; the short time you could remain on shore passed far too quickly, and the days seemed ever so much too short. When the time arrived for going on board again, you went cheerfully, or at least as cheerfully as you could under the following circumstances.

It happened that a sister of your's was staying in London at that time, and you being a great favourite and fast rising in your profession, a party was given on the occasion of your last night on shore. There were many young ladies present, and altogether it was very enjoyable. You were to be on board your ship in the morning, as she was to sail early next day; and as the party did not break up until nearly time for you to go on board, you did not think of going to bed, you thought you would be all right, and would be able to have a long sleep after you got on board.

After being at an evening, or rather a morning party, eating and drinking all sorts of stuff, turning-to to work on board of ship on a cold winter morning is not pleasant, especially after drinking stuff you had not been used to, and stuff you would have been much better without. So there you were with such a headache that you could hardly hold your head up. You wished, as you had often wished before and since, that the drink had been somewhere else before you had touched it, as you found it nearly impossible to attend to your duties, but too proud to own that drink had interfered with your being able to do your duty. So you crawled about the decks as miserable as ever you could feel, wishing it was meal time, so that you could lie down for half-an-hour; but when the meal time did

come you found it impossible to steal a moment's rest. During the morning the vessel was hauled out of dock and taken to one of the tiers on the other side of the river, and the captain, seeing that you were a little dull, lent a hand and made the vessel fast to one of the other ships moored in the tiers. When he had made her fast, he said he was going on shore, and told you to keep a look out. You were delighted to see him go over the side, and as soon as he was out of sight went forward to one of the men and told him you felt so unwell that you must lie down, and requested him to keep a good look out for you. Having taken that precaution, you thought you would steal a sleep, and went to your berth.

In a short time after laying your head on your pillow you were fast asleep. You could not tell how long you had been asleep before you heard the cry down the companion that the ship was all adrift.

At this time the vessel was lying with her stern towards London Bridge, and the flood tide was running up. On hearing the cry you jumped out of your bed, and were on deck in a moment. There were no anchors ready to let go, your boat was on shore, and half the crew with her. There you were, all adrift, going helplessly with the tide towards London Bridge, and all you could do was to rush frantically up and down the deck, first looking over the stern, then over the bow, and could do nothing more.

As luck would have it, a ship's boat darted out from one of the tiers with two men in her, who were putting their captain on shore. The captain immediately saw the danger the vessel was in, and called out, "Give us the end of the warp, we will run it away for you."

There was a warp coiled at your feet, so you took the end and threw it into the boat. It was caught, and by a smart pull across the tide they were in time to take a turn with it. As soon as they called out, "All right!" you took a turn round a bit-head; the strain came on quicker than you expected, it ran through your hands until they were so hot that you were almost compelled to let go. You called to the man to come and lend you a hand to take another turn. He ran to your assistance, and with his help, you got another turn round the bit-head. Fathom after fathom was veered away, for fear of breaking the warp; you cast your eye on the deck where the coil had been lying, and saw it was nearly all run out; little by little you took more strain, until the very end was under your feet. You took another half turn, and with the help of the man, held on to the end of the rope with all your strength. It gave surge after surge, which sent the water flying out of it; it became as taut and strait as a bar of iron; it stretched to nearly a third of its size, but did not break; it brought the vessel up just as the masts were coming in contact with one of the arches of London Bridge. As soon as she was brought up, the vessel began to spring ahead, and the warp became slack; but you took another turn, and the vessel was safe. Had the rope had a sore place in it, it must have broken, and the vessel would have been dismasted in London river, and caused you lasting disgrace, for allowing drink to interfere with your duties. Although, so to say, you were not to blame, as you did not make the ship fast, still you could not have denied that you were in your bed when the vessel broke adrift.

The ship had not been very long made fast again, when the captain came on board. He did not say anything until he was fairly landed on the deck; then he commenced to abuse you in real good earnest, saying, over and over again, what the consequences might have been if the vessel had not been brought up as cleverly as she had. It was a habit with the captain, that when he commenced with a round of abuse, he would go on with it, and say the same thing over and over and over again. He was in the middle of the fourth or fifth round of abuse when a boat came alongside.

Up to this you had not said a single word, because you felt guilty, and thought you deserved all you were getting; but when you looked over the side and saw that it was your sister and brother-in-law, you turned to him with a sort of pitiful look, which he saw at once.

He then said, "Who's that alongside?" You replied, "It is my sister and her husband come to see me." As soon as you told him that, he changed his tune, and while handing your sister over the ship's side and on to the deck, began to praise you and denounce himself as a thick-headed, lubberly fellow, because he had not properly made the ship fast, and wound up by saying that it would have served him right if the vessel had lost her masts. He continued telling your sister that if it had not been for the cleverness of her brother, who was one of the smartest fellows in the world, it might have lost him six or seven hundred pounds.

With all his bullying, this captain had a good heart, especially when there was no drink about; but when saturated with drink—which was seldom the case—he

was like a brute, as in the case of his wife poisoning herself, therefore he was one of the many who never ought to touch grog. He made himself very agreeable to your brother-in-law and his wife, and they spent a very pleasant evening on board.

Much to your disappointment the vessel was now put in the coasting trade, and you were offered the chief officer's berth, which you accepted, being told that it was likely the vessel might be chartered again to go a foreign voyage.

The next trip you made was to Goole. The ship was in ballast, and being winter time, you did not much like the mud-larking up the Humber. You, however, stuck to the vessel, in the hope that she would be chartered for a long voyage, when you would still hold the dignified post of sailing-master. You had become far too great a man to be the mate of a coaster, although you could not be in a better position for learning to handle a vessel properly. After being in Goole for some days, where you were very kindly treated by the captain and his wife's family, the vessel was chartered for several coasting voyages. But this you did not care for, and asked Captain T— if he would be good enough to look for another mate, as you were determined to go in the foreign trade. About a week afterwards another mate was found, and after saying good-bye to the captain, his wife, and a very interesting daughter whose acquaintance you had made, you left the ship and put up at the hotel at Goole, where you remained a few days.

From Goole you made your way to London by steamer from Hull. On returning to London you again

attended the Naval Academy, to finish your studies in navigation.

It was at this time that masters in the merchant service were required to pass an examination, although it was not then compulsory, but voluntary, and as you thought that the holding of a master's certificate would be advantageous, you made application at the Trinity House in London to be examined. The rules were that you must have served a given time as seaman and also as mate, and be able to produce certificates for sobriety and good conduct. Having complied with the rules, and paid a fee of two guineas, you were allowed to be examined, and if you passed, a certificate was granted, which enabled you to take command of a ship and navigate her to any part of the world.

In the year 184— such a certificate was granted you, and armed with that you looked out for a ship, and were not long in getting employed.

The vessel you had now engaged in was called the "J—." She was a brig of about 250 tons register, and was what would be known among sailors as a clipper brig, not a "poor man's" ship. She was of handsome appearance, and very heavy rigged, with tall rakish masts and rather square yards. She carried a jolly sailor at her figure-head, and had painted ports. Altogether she was not much unlike a man-of-war, and might easily be mistaken for a slaver; at any rate she was not like an ordinary merchant vessel. When you joined her she was lying in the London Docks, with only a shipkeeper on board.

She belonged to the very eminent firm of L., C., and W.; all three had been old shipmasters, and well under-

stood the management of their ships. Their vessels were sent to sea in good order and were sailed to leave a profit. They were excellent judges of what a ship could do ; that is to say, they knew how she would sail, what she would carry, what her expenses would be, and, above all, what freight she would leave. They were a class of men who would not take a poor freight, and would never allow any of their ships to pass out of the dock-gates on an outward bound voyage without a cargo that would realise a profit, and insured their vessels in their own office. Having been sailors themselves, they well knew, when they were engaging a man, whether he was a sailor or not ; they knew by the shape of the face, the hardness of the hands, the general build, and the answers to one or two questions, whether the applicant was a competent sailor.

This firm was not in the habit of sailing such small vessels as the brig "J—." The ships they owned were generally of a large size, often employed by Government for the conveyance of troops and stores, and many a fat job used to be secured by them because they were men who understood their business. Whatever they undertook to do they did well.

It so happened that about this time a small detachment of troops were to be sent to St. Helena, and the Government advertised for tenders to take them there. This advertisement, as a matter of course, met the eye of the firm of L., C., & W., and they sent in a tender for the conveyance of the same. The vessel was surveyed, passed, and accordingly fitted out for troops. She was laid on the berth in the Hermitage Basin,

London Docks, to receive cargo for the Island of St. Helena.

It will be observed from the above that there was no regulation as to the size of the vessel required for troops, as was made later on. Moreover a vessel of 250 tons register was not considered a small ship in those days, and so long as she could give the number of cubic feet and the proper height between decks she was eligible for troops.

It was at this stage of your life you began to be aware that you were of some importance, that you had responsibilities, and that your receipt for goods received for shipment and delivery at the port of destination was duly honoured, and felt very proud indeed to see written on a board which was hanging on the main rigging—"No bills of lading will be signed without the mate's receipt."

The carpenters were set to work to fit the vessel up for the troops, the cargo began to arrive, and you were up to your eyes in work, but as happy as the days were long.

One of the owners of the vessel used to visit the ship regularly every day, in order to see that all went right. They left nothing to chance, and therefore everything went on smoothly.

All this time you were in full charge, as no captain had yet been appointed. Of course you were anxious to learn what sort of a skipper you were likely to have; but it was not until the vessel was nearly ready for sea that a captain joined her, and when he did so you thought him a quiet sort of man. He was a good sailor, but beyond that there was nothing extraordinary about

him, either one way or the other. He did his work and you did yours, and such being the case everything went well.

In due course the cargo was put on board, the troops embarked, and everything made ready to sail, for which purpose she was hauled into the outer basin so as to leave the docks with the morning tide.

On a cold winter morning, the decks covered with snow, every rope which had been used for hauling the ship about frozen as stiff as an iron bar, no fires alight, no hot coffee, only half the crew on board, and they not quite sober, high water nigh at hand—for tide will wait for no man—the pilot asking for the mate, and the mate saying “Here am I”—the ship was moored outside the dock-gates.

The pilot wants to know where the men are; the men are not to be found, and when found, not of much use. So there is no help for it, what has to be done you must do yourself. The owner is standing on the quay looking on, and you say to yourself, “If I were he I should be at home and in bed.”

At any time, or under any circumstances, it is not pleasant to be out in the cold at an early hour of the morning, but it is especially nasty work when outward bound. Moreover, instead of standing by and ordering this, that, and the other to be done, you had to do it yourself; there was no help for it but to buckle to, take hold of the frozen end of the warp, pass it along, and not stand snivelling, because the crew either would not or could not lend a hand. The thing had to be done, so it was no use standing looking at it, and once well at work you soon began to get warm.

One by one the crew turned up, and little by little the ship was moved towards the dock-gate, when the warp was passed to the steam-tug; and away went the good and smart brig "J—" down London river. Having troops on board, it was necessary to stop at Woolwich to receive Government stores. When we arrived there the ebb tide was fast running down, and the vessel had to be turned round in order to make her fast to the buoy, so as to avoid letting go the anchor.

The buoy the vessel was to be made fast to was listed well over by the strength of the tide, and the splashes of water flying over it had frozen and left a glassy-like surface. In order to make the vessel fast, some one had to spring on to the buoy and reeve a rope through the ring fixed in it. This task required a smart fellow for its performance, the vessel being held by the steam-tug and the buoy rolling and yawing about. You looked around for some one to jump down on the buoy, and called out,

"Now, some smart fellow, jump down there on that buoy, and pass the rope through the ring." No one seemed to move, so you called out,

"What's the matter with you, are you frightened of it, or what?"

One of them growled out, "That's no place to send a man." You took a look at the buoy, and said to yourself, "By George, that is rather an ugly place to send a man," and while thus thinking the pilot called out,

"Now, Mr. Mate, are you going to give it up for a bad job?" Those words nettled you, and you called out,

"Give it up, no. Who are you talking to?" at the same time you sprang over the bows, took hold of the

standing part of the cat-fall, and was down on the icy buoy in a moment. The pilot saw you do this, and perhaps feeling sorry that he had riled you, he sprang forward and said,

“Look out that the mate does not get overboard.” While the words were coming out of his mouth both feet went from under you, and the next instant you were over head and ears in the river.

“One hand for yourself and the other for the Queen” is an old saying, one that is never forgotten by good sailors, and especially when, in a rage, you spring on to a slippery buoy. The words, however, were fresh in your mind, and you had taken care to retain your hold of the standing part of the cat-fall while you rove the rope through the ring with the other, and as soon as you found yourself going you held on to both.

After the first sousing you gave your head a shake, to throw the water out from among the curls that were hanging round your neck ; you found it warmer in the water than out of it, so you stopped in it until you had moored the vessel. There was, however, an idea in your mind that you were very nearly gone, and it suggested to you the necessity of being more careful, or you would make a mess of it some day.

The vessel being moored and the stores taken on board, with the last of the ebb tide, sail was set, and with a fresh, fair wind the ship started on her voyage.

It is a saying among sailors, that once well started on your voyage, half the outward bound passage is over, and this is true, because one thing and the other often happens to detain a vessel, and there is often much bother and trouble to get out of port ; but once fairly

started, everything in a well-conducted ship is put right and made comfortable, and you feel quite at home.

A quick run down the English Channel, a fair wind until you get into the north-east trades, then a fortnight's run before the wind, and you are in the doldrums, not far from the line. It was when your vessel arrived there that the captain informed you he was going to try the eastern passage to the Island of St. Helena.

The eastern passage from England to St. Helena means that your vessel crosses the line one or two degrees west of the meridian of Greenwich. From the former you make your way along the West African coast, where you meet with calms, squalls, rains, fever, and everything else that is uncomfortable in a sailing vessel, which at times makes only from twenty to thirty miles per day of twenty-four hours, half-scorched by the sun during many hours of the day. The brig, however, being a fast sailer, did better than most vessels would have done, and was soon off the mouth of the Congo river, in the vicinity of the men-of-war that were looking after the slavers.

Early one morning, when a light breeze was blowing on the beam, and the vessel going about five knots an hour, a sail, which was fast overhauling the brig, was seen from the mast-head on the weather-quarter, and as she neared your vessel, you could see that she carried an extraordinary amount of canvas. For some reason or other your captain clapped every stitch of canvas he could muster on to his vessel, and then commenced a chase.

The other vessel seeing that more canvas had been set on yours, sent up sliding gunter-masts fore and aft, and light sail after sail was set on them until she appeared twice as large as she really was. But the brig "J—" was very fast, and it took, as a matter of course, a faster vessel to catch her. The chase continued all that day, and as night came on the man-of-war was still hull down on the weather-quarter, and of course was soon lost sight of.

During the night your brig was kept on her course, her head being pointed direct for the Island of St. Helena, and the breeze continued so as to cause the vessel to make six knots per hour.

Next morning the man-of-war could be seen almost in the same position on the port quarter, but towards eight bells the wind slackened and gradually died away to a three-knot breeze, and not long after this three boats were seen pulling towards your vessel.

As the boats approached the English ensign was hoisted, but not a sail was taken in. One of the military officers on board the "J—" remonstrated with the captain, saying that out of compliment he ought to heave-to, as the man-of-war had evidently taken our vessel for a slaver. The captain, however, like many other English captains when they are in a bilious mood, was pig-headed. He stood on his dignity and would not heave-to.

The boats continued to gain on us, while the ships kept the same distance from each other. As the boats closed on the brig they fired a gun as a signal to heave-to. Then the captain condescended to lay the mainyard aback. As the vessel's way was stopped, the lightest and fastest boat was soon alongside.

There was no mistaking the disappointment on the faces of the officers and men of the man-of-war. They had seen the heads of the troops over the ship's rail, and as they wore black Scotch caps, appeared like a crowd of slaves on the brig's deck. As soon as the first boat ascertained that the vessel was not a slaver, the jolly Jack-tars laughed good-naturedly at the "sell," and were soon on deck fraternising with the troops, and having some breakfast. The officers of course were asked into the cabin to breakfast, but one of the younger officers was on the look-out with yourself on deck, and you got into conversation with him, in the course of which he said, "I wish you would do me a favour when you arrive at St. Helena."

You replied, "I shall be most happy."

"Well," he said, "I must tell you that one of our young officers died the other day, and he was engaged to be married to a young lady in St. Helena. She is a very beautiful girl, and we call her Penelope, after the name of our ship; but some of the people on the island call her the 'Mountain Maid.'" Having told you that much, he said you would easily find her. "What I wish you to do is to go to "T— Hall," ask to see her, and break the sad news gently, then give her this letter, which her lover wrote on his dying bed."

You promised to do as he desired.

After the man-of-war's men had refreshed themselves and rested, they again took their boats and made for their ship.

A few days after this incident the vessel had a steady breeze from the south-east, and in a short time arrived at the pretty little island of St. Helena.

Landing the troops and the Government stores was only the work of a couple of days, but the vessel having on board about 150 tons of merchandise, it took some time to get rid of that. During the time the cargo was being discharged, you had an opportunity of going on shore and viewing the place, as well as enjoying yourself among the kind-hearted people of that ever to be remembered island.

You went on shore the very first Sunday, and went to see the soldier's daughter who had come out in the ship. Although she had only one eye she was very pretty, especially if you did not get on the blind side of her, and if you did do so, she was not to be despised. Having paid her a visit, in the course of which her friends entertained you, as a matter of course, you went up the hill to Longwood, to get a sight of Napoleon's grave, and also the house in which he lived. The grave, however, was first visited, and in order to get to it you had to pass down a steep hill from a small hotel, called Fuller's Hotel. The pathway down the hill was winding and overgrown with various kinds of trees. It was your good fortune to be shown down to the grave by one who knew the place well, a real Yamstock (*i.e.*) born in St. Helena. It would be very unfair to say that she was a half-caste, because she was not. She, however, had a very good dash of the tar-brush in her blood—not on her skin, mind, that was white, but the black blood would shine through it, and of course there was the tint of red in her face, but the black, or rather tar-brush blood shone through that also. Her hair did not grow on the two ends and leave the bight upwards.

Oh, dear, no; it was long, naturally wavy, and jet black. Any person who has seen these girls will know that their eyes are dark, large, and sparkling. This girl was so jolly that you could not help looking into her face, and while doing so your eyes caught hers and for a moment you felt a little stupid, and she seemed more so. You, however, went on, keeping her in roars of laughter all the way. There was something so pure and innocent about her, that you could not help liking her. You sat down on the roadside together and had a long chat. A very short time after that, you were going down the hill hand in hand together, and became very good friends indeed. At the bottom of the hill you met her father and mother. You were astonished to see how much darker than their daughter they were; but it was explained that the Island of St. Helena was noted for containing many different specimens of the human race, and, of course, various tints of skin, but the mixture did not seem to degenerate the softer sex, but the reverse.

On arriving at the grave of Napoleon, of course you had to write your name in a book, and you might write a verse under it, but not being of a poetical turn of mind, you did not do that. You saw that some had done so; and among the little notes were samples of the mind of some of the visitors. For instance there was a notice from a sailor, and he was content to write the following:

“I belong to a schooner.”

Under that some other fellow had written:

“Oh, indeed, then I don't; I belong to a barque!”

Next there followed:

"Oh, dear me, I have seen Napoleon's grave!"

Then followed:

"And there is not much in that; hope you are gratified."

Next—"By Jove I am, from May bound to July, August, and September, and hopes as how I shall get there safe and sound; then, Polly, you may look out for squalls."

Then comes a wag, who writes:

"The above old coon looks more like December and January. I'll have his Polly!."

Under this, in a good handwriting—

"I have seen the warrior's grave;
How well they did behave
To put him there.
So let us stare."

"So long as Mrs. B—— has tea and bread and butter,
Hang me if I will ever cut her."

"Oh, at this grave one stands and cries,
Because he has missed the girl
With the large black eyes."

"I belong to a full-rigged ship, hove down with a hole in her bottom. Can find it, and don't want to."

Then under the above was written:

"I have been dining off one of Solomon's lame ducks, one of Tommy Ward's. He is gone; God bless him, let him go."

"I belong to a brig just arrived from the Straits of Bala—Gam-Gam—where the river was so narrow that the ship's mainyard could not be swung for the

monkey's tails getting in the sheave-holes of the blocks."

"And after turning the sheaves round and round,
On this craggy isle I am found
Looking at Napoleon's grave."

There were a large number of jottings, all of them displaying some sort of kindly feeling for the great warrior.

After visiting the grave, you went and had a look at the house at Longwood, which was visited by almost every person who came to the island. There was nothing of interest about the place, beyond the fact that the great man had lived and died there. The distance from Longwood to "T—Hall" was not great, where the mountain maid lived, and you thought this a good time for delivering the letter and message to the young lady.

On your way to the house you began to think of the awful message you had to deliver, and wondered what the young lady you were about to meet would be like, and how she would receive your news. For her sake you had put on a solemn look; you commenced to think about dead people, and how different they looked when dead, as compared to what they did when alive. You recollected seeing dead bodies floating up and down the river during the time your vessel was lying at Calcutta. All the doleful things you could bring to mind passed before your mental vision, and you succeeded in working up a very sorrowful feeling.

You felt quite deserted, and thought yourself in a proper state for delivering the message—so on you

went, looking as dull as ever you could, all the time thinking of dead people.

On arriving at the gate of the hall, and seeing the house, you ranked it among the first dwellings on the island. It was a long, low building, only one storey high, standing on the top of a small hill, which was surrounded by higher hills. Round it were clusters of trees, but they were not allowed to grow too close to the house, a garden space being left all round, which was filled with the most choice plants. Altogether the place had the appearance of being occupied by persons of refined taste.

Having taken a good look at the house outside, you said to yourself, "I wonder what sort of a place it is inside?" You felt a little strange as you walked past the lodge and up through the grounds, but at length arrived at the hall door, and rang the visitors' bell. The summons was answered by a servant, who asked whom you wished to see. You told her that you had a letter from the coast. She seemed pleased, of course, thinking it was good news, and asked if you would walk in. You did so, and after you were in, she closed the hall door, showed you into the drawing-room, requested you to take a seat on the sofa, and as soon as you were seated she said there was no one in the house but herself, but that the young lady you wished to see would be in very shortly. While she was telling you this she looked in your face with a pair of the largest and brightest black eyes that you ever saw in your life. She seemed to fasten her eyes so intensely upon you, that you felt quite confused, and when she saw that you were so, she said, "pray, don't be frightened, I am not going

to hurt you. You did not care to take your eyes away, being sure she would give way first, so you let her have the full force of your gaze, which caused her to look down on the floor. You then approached her, and as she made no attempt to get away, sailor-like, you put your hand under her chin, and thought there was no harm in doing so. She did not seem to mind it in the least, but stood with one hand on the couch, with her back towards it, and continued to look down on the floor.


Her name was Le Andeni. She was about the age of seventeen, and tall, round, but far from stout; her shoulders were round and somewhat broad, but her waist was very slender. In complexion she was what might be called a very bright mulatto. Her hair was jet black, and not only was it so, but it sparkled and shone as if it had been polished, and would give some trouble to spoil its lustre. It was long and wavy, just pleasingly so, as if a breeze was blowing upon it strong enough to make a wave, but not to create a breaker.

It has been noticed that her eyes were black, but not that the other part of them was pure white. Still it was so, the black and white forming a delightful contrast, and they were so melting that you could not help watching them as they moved slowly about, without a flash in them or anything like a rebuke. You could see there was a touch of the negro about her nose, but the mixture with the negro nose must have been an awful Roman, because hers was nearly straight, but still a little—just a little—spread over her face. Had it not been for one thing she would have been a perfect beauty, as a mulatto. Her defect was not so disagree-

able either when you became a little used to it, because it was such an outrageous defect, namely, she had over her face many sun-freckles, not very small either, of a dark brown colour, indeed, they would have passed for black had it not been for her jet eyebrows and long eyelashes, the latter, when closed, making a graceful mark, half a match for her eyebrows. The sun-freckles seemed to disfigure her face at first sight, but the latter was so very pretty that, after looking at her a while, you would say, "Never mind the freckles; had it not been for them she would have been too pretty."

Her disposition was extremely feminine, very kind and gentle. A strange feeling came over you in her presence, and you told her that she need not leave the drawing-room until her mistress came home. Of course you knew it was very wrong, but as you were a stranger, and there were many valuables in the room, you thought she might like to remain and watch them. She seemed to think so too, as she did not want much persuading.

After remaining in the room about an hour and a half, the young lady for whom you had the letter came home. She was on horseback, and had evidently been riding hard. Her long brown hair had fallen loose, and as she rode past you could see that she had the ends of it under the seat of her dress between her riding-habit and the saddle. She lifted her knee over the crutch and slipped down from the saddle gently, turning her face towards it as she touched the ground with her feet. You had time to look at her as she gathered up her riding-habit from under her feet. She was tall and ladylike, and the freshness of the rose was on her well-formed face, only a little more beautiful



than her pure white and clear skin. Her maid, Le Andeni, went up to her while she was thus gathering up her dress and spoke with her. You saw her look sharp round towards the window where you were; it was evident that she saw you, for she at once dropped her riding whip and rushed into the hall. You expected that she was coming straight into the room, but in this you were mistaken. You could hear her go into another apartment and shut the door.

Shortly after Le Andeni passed the window in her hat and scarf. "Goodness me," you thought to yourself, "here I am alone again in the house with one of the young ladies this time. What shall I do? How shall I tell her the fearful news?" And while you were thus thinking, you heard footsteps, and in another moment the drawing-room door opened gently and in stepped the picture of an English beauty. The riding-habit had been cast off, and in lieu of it a blue and white muslin dress had been placed over that exquisite form, with only a little rich lace round the neck and wrists to break the monotony of the blue and white.

As she entered you stood up and faced her, and felt your face growing hot. You thought of Le Andeni, and felt a little ashamed of yourself. She, seeing your face get hot, seemed to take the reflection from it, and the white of her charming face became a little pink, as did that of her neck. You became so confused that you could not utter a word. She was quite collected, and came up to you with a sweet smile, saying,

"I understand you are from the coast. You have news for me? How very kind of you to wait so long, I hope Le Andeni attended to you."

At the mention of that name you became more confused. She noticed your confusion, and said,

"I fear you have bad news. Oh, pray tell me ; do not hesitate. Tell me, did you see him ?"

She put her tiny hand on yours, and with beseeching looks, said, over and over again, "Did you see him ?"

For a while you could not answer, but at length you replied, "I did not."

"Then, pray tell me, is he well ?"

All this time you were so bewildered that you could scarcely open your mouth.

"Oh," she said, "you have the look of an English sailor ; you must be brave ; tell me the worst. He is dead, is he not ? Oh, tell me." She took one of your hands in both of hers, and, looking up in your face imploringly, said,

"If it is so, say the dreadful word. Is he dead ? Say yes or no. I can bear the suspense no longer ; for mercy's sake say one or the other." She had turned deadly pale. You saw her agony and were terrified at her earnest look. Her eyes seemed to be piercing you. At length you said, "Yes, he is dead." She lifted her hands above her head, and was in the act of falling forward on the floor with her face downwards, but you caught her under both arms and turned her face gently towards you. Her head lay on your shoulder, her long, thick hair hung over your arm, her warm, sweet breath was felt against your cheek as she lay in a swoon, and shortly afterwards Le Andeni entered the room. In about an hour the young lady came to her senses, when you delivered the letter, and left the room.

St. Helena in those days was a jolly little place, it was full of life. Under the lee of that dear little island there could always be seen a small fleet of slavers being broken up and destroyed. At one part might be seen a newly arrived slaver full of slaves. These slaves were landed in Rupert's Valley, there to be taken care of. Near to the latter lay an empty slaver unbending sails, sending down yards and masts, in fact undergoing the operation of dismantling previous to being condemned, never to be allowed to go to sea again in order to carry on her brutal trade.

There could also be seen the same sort of craft cut in two or three places through the main body of the hull, by order of the Government, so that they could never be used again for any purpose, while others had their decks lifted, and their planking torn off right down to the water's edge; in fact you often saw nothing but the very shell left at anchor, and that doomed soon to go on shore to be broken up into fragments. In the above mentioned Rupert's Valley were large herds of poor slaves basking in the sun, washed, fed, and well clad, and, above all, free to go where they chose, to do what they pleased, with Old England's flag of freedom flying over their heads, defying all nations, and in spite of all opposition.

St. Helena was a port of call for ships of all nations and of all classes, from a line-of-battle ship to a small coast cruiser, from the large and clumsy, though safe "East Indiaman" to the neat little palm-oil trader. Every hour in the day might be seen vessel after vessel heaving in sight on the far-off horizon, when each would rise, as it were, inch by inch, until first the royal and

royal studding-sails, then the topgallant and topgallant studding-sails would show themselves, followed by the topsails and lower sails; finally the hull would heave in sight, and the ship come so close that you could tell by the flag of what nation the ship was. Then they would get nearer and nearer to the island, where the royal studding-sails would be taken in, and sail after sail furled until abreast of the point, when the helm would be put a-starboard, and each ship would follow out the course of thousands of others, run close under the lee of the little island, let go the anchor, and passengers, as well as some belonging to the ship, would go on shore, either take a carriage or a horse, go up to Longwood, see Napoleon's grave, and otherwise enjoy themselves; and after a day, or perhaps two, when the vessel had been supplied with water and water-cresses, all would once more get on board, the ship would weigh anchor and proceed on her long voyage, the more pleasing by this little run on shore.

How extremely jolly it used to be, after having been perhaps seventy days at sea on a voyage home from India, to "pull up" for a day or so at this hospitable little place. The touching at St. Helena used to form a pleasing subject of conversation for weeks beforehand, and of course there were many little incidents that made up a conversation for many days after leaving the island. Many vessels of different nations would arrive in the course of a day, all having a larger or smaller number of passengers on board, homeward-bound from different parts of the world, and all in high glee at the thought of being so near home—only another four thousand miles—and only.

six weeks more at sea. The St. Helena Hotel, Solomon's house, Godwin's House, as well as others, used to be full of life in those days, and many a small and cheerful gathering would muster at the tables of the above-mentioned hotels day after day and year after year—meeting for that once to enjoy each other's society, never, in all likelihood, to meet again.

CHAPTER VIII.

VOYAGE FROM ST. HELENA TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE—A VISIT TO THE MALDIVE ISLANDS—STRANGE IDEAS AMONG THE NATIVES.

THE day you left this dear little island was for you a sad one. You left it with a very heavy heart. There had been an impression made on it not easily to be forgotten ; in fact, it made you wish that some one on the island had sold vinegar, and that you had stopped on shore to bottle it off. Such, however, was not your lot ; the vessel was soon discharged, and all preparations were made to beat the vessel up against the south-east trades towards the Cape of Good Hope.

The passage from St. Helena to the Cape of Good Hope in a sailing vessel, although the distance is under two thousand miles, is a tedious one. You have to go a very long way out of your course to get there, as it is a dead beat to windward. The voyage, however, had to be made. The vessel was a smart, weatherly one, and after leaving the island she made a long stretch to the westward, keeping clean, full, and bye.

There is nothing so hard for a sailor to bear as the first two or three days at sea after a little bit of a spree on shore, and especially if (as was the case with you) you had fallen in love. There is a dulness about you that at first you cannot shake off, and don't wish to. You



A CRUISE IN THE MALDIVE ISLANDS.



think of the "girl you left behind you" as you pace the deck at midnight, you build up hopes, and make vows in your own mind that you solemnly mean to keep; you declare that the moment you arrive at the Cape you will leave your ship and work your passage back to St. Helena, and there throw yourself at her feet and stay with her for ever, no matter what happens. The thought of your love passes away many a dull hour, and amid your grief you are happy in the hope of seeing her again. So on goes the ship; you have your duty to do, which is pretty hard. When your watch on deck was over you would turn in and drop into one of those sleeps that fall to the lot of the honest hard-worker. Of course you would dream of the mulatto; her sun-freckles would, in your midnight dreams, turn into stars, and you would dream of her and her lady-mistress, the mountain maid of St. Helena.

One of the most redeeming portions of a sailor's life is when he is arriving at a new land, at least at a land that is new to him. These kind of sights repay him for some of his hardships. Landsmen know not the kind of pleasure there is in store for one who has been sailing about the open sea for any length of time; there is something in the very sight of land, even though it be twenty miles off, that to a sailor is like a holiday to a landsman, especially when it is the land he is bound to; therefore a sight of the land adjacent to the Cape of Good Hope was to you a pleasing sight, and you felt as if it were a sort of holiday, and as you neared it the day seemed more and more of a pleasure day.

Entering Table Bay for the first time is something like a very grand holiday. First of all you see the

craggy shores with the sea breaking against the rocks furiously, and you wonder how people managed to land on such a rough coast, and also where they live, as you could see nothing but black, or rather blue, looking mountains, brown rocky shores, blue water, and a bluer sky, but as you approach the land you see a few white specks on it, and wonder what they are, and as you get still nearer there are more and more of them. They seem to be springing up from somewhere, but as you close in with the land you see that they are houses scattered about all over the land; you observe that they are built in among clusters of trees, that there is cultivated fields all round them, and you long more and more to see what kind of places they are, and what sort of people live in them. So, looking at the different points of land, changing in appearance as your ship sails past, is a pleasing recreation for a sailor.

The ship having no cargo on board, and therefore not drawing much water, was able to go into the inner anchorage and lie close to the landing-place at Cape Town.

What a sight is presented to your view here! How different to the every-day life on shore is a sailor's! What strange sights there are for him to see, as compared with those who spend the whole of their life in a village, only doing as they are told all their days, and know nothing, and care as little, about what is going on in other parts of the world. How much wiser and better would some of them be if they were to see a little more than their own village, their own fields, their own hedgerows, and their own firesides.

Lying close to the land in Table Bay, your vessel is

more sheltered than the large vessels that have to lie out in the offing. You are quite close to Cape Town, and Cape Town itself lies close under Table Mountain; altogether the place seems as strange as most of the people about it. There are many Malays, who in their attire are half Oriental, half European. The Hottentots are only half-civilised, as well as being half man and half monkey, and very often more than half drunk. Then there are the Kaffirs, semi-barbarous, and half naked; while the Fingoes are as much civilised as ever they will be. Besides these there are the Dutch and the English, the former of the same square build that they are in Holland, the latter business-like, and as money-getting as they were when in Great Britain.

The brig "J—" was for sale, and of course it was uncertain where she would go to next, in fact everything was uncertain about her; so all that was to be done in the shape of work was to clean her up, make her masts and rigging look trim and ship-shape, and the hull *look pretty*; and as there was no cargo going on shore and just as little coming on board, you had greater opportunities of getting ashore than you would have had under other circumstances. You were just the fellow that did enjoy yourself when you were on shore, and so long as your duty was done, you never lost an opportunity of having a cruise "all among the Hottentots." Moreover Cape Town is a very jolly place, and if you will only keep out of the horrid back slums to be found there, as well as in all other seaports, you will find very much to enjoy in every way. Every class of society was to be found there, and the people

were exceedingly kind and hospitable. You would be a cold-hearted fellow indeed if you were not touched by some of the pretty girls of Cape Town and the surrounding villages.

There are not many places in the world that are more enjoyable than in and about Cape Town. The climate is good, provisions and wine are cheap, and fruit, especially the grape, is cheap and delicious, to say nothing about the pretty girls, many hundreds of whom have been chosen by passers-by, and have made the best and dearest of wives. There are many more left behind, who in their turn will only be too happy to go and do likewise.

During the time the negotiations were going on for the sale of the vessel you frequently went on shore, and made many acquaintances there. You were in great hopes that when the vessel was sold you would get the command. On the strength of this you almost persuaded yourself that you *were* the captain, and in some respect acted accordingly.

In due course the vessel was sold to a Cape Town merchant, and captain H—, the old captain, left the vessel, but, much to your disappointment and disgust, another captain was appointed, and he, as you thought, had the impudence to come on board and order you about, after making up your mind that you were to be the captain. You, of course, thought yourself ever so much a better man than he could be. Youngsters generally do think themselves better than any other fellow, especially youngsters who had risen as rapidly as yourself. You formed the idea that the vessel could not be navigated without you ; so that when the new captain

came on board and told you what was to be done, you thought to yourself, "Who are you? What do you know about this ship?" &c., &c.; and of course, like a fool that you were (only you did not know it at the time), you gave him notice to look out for another chief officer, which he did, and very soon found one who was perhaps a better hand than you were, when you were paid off.

Ashore in Cape Town on your own hook, with about a dozen pounds in your pocket, you went to a lodging-house. You must take a ride on horseback, you must go to Constancia, you must go to Simons Bay, you must ride round the Lion's Rump to the Round-house, and go about just as if twelve pounds would last for ever.

There was one good feature in all this, and that was that you did not drink. What enjoyment you took was real enjoyment; you got up at early morn and went out to enjoy the air on the hill-sides all round Cape Town. As a matter of course your funds began to get low, and you had to look out for another ship.

There is one thing with a sailor—that is, if he be a sober, steady fellow he never need be long out of a berth. Only let him keep a good name for doing his duty well, while at all times he keeps clear of drink, he can always ensure being engaged.

"Where there's a will there's a way;" and so you were soon down among the shipping inquiring if any one knew of a vessel in want of an officer. You learned that the coasting steamer "P—" was in want of a second mate, that the captain was to be seen on the Parade early in the morning, and that if you inquired for Captain H—, anyone there would point him out to you.

and taking stock of the first steamer you ever shipped in.

She was one of those hardwood vessels that had been built to run from the Clyde up and down the Irish Channel, or what would be better known as an Irish coasting steamer. She was the first permanent steamer which had ever run on the Cape of Good Hope coast, and both captain and officers, as well as the vessel herself, were great favourites. She was looked for coming into, and gazed at going out of, Table Bay as if she belonged to all hands on shore, and the same was the case at Mossel Bay and Port Elizabeth. She carried the mails, and all travellers took their passage in her. The captain was a great favourite among the women and children, and the men used to let him have his own way because he was the pet captain of the pet craft of the coast. He felt that he was a great commander, and thought it necessary that he should be heard all over the ship. Under all circumstances his heart was as large as his head and shoulders, but he thought it beneath a great captain like himself to be caught being kind; but still he could not help it. His kindness would ooze out in spite of his trying with all his might to hide it.

Reverting to your joining the vessel. About half-an-hour after your arrival on board you were introduced to the chief officer, Mr. G—, who received you very kindly, and a few moments afterwards breakfast was announced, and for the first time in your life you took a seat at a good breakfast-table on board ship.

You soon found out the difference between the coasting steamer and the long-voyage sailing brig. When

the steamer was in port the officers messed in the saloon, but when at sea, only the captain and chief officer messed there. You, as second officer, used to sit at the head of the second-class table, but the food was quite as good in the second-class cabin as in the first, the only difference being that one was served up in a grander style than the other.

In order to understand the coasting trade of those days, it may be well to give a description of the vessel, her officers, the work there was to do, and how it was done.

First of all, it may be well to say a little more about the ship. It has been mentioned above that she was what would be known as a hardwood Irish Channel boat. Her gross register would be about 600 tons, with about ninety-horse power. In a calm sea she was a good eight-knot boat, and would burn as many coals as could be put into the furnaces, without going an inch faster, and in order to make her go at that speed, it required twenty tons of coals per four-and-twenty hours, if they were of good quality, but if inferior, it required one ton per hour.

With respect to her accommodation, she was grandly fitted up for those days, and ever so much a safer vessel than most of those of the present day, but with half-a-gale of wind and a lumpy sea ahead she would climb over it at the rate of two-and-a-half knots per hour, and if it blew a gale ahead, she would put into some of the few anchorages along the coast.

The captain, as before hinted, was a good-natured bully. The moment he put his foot on board in port he would begin to roar out his orders at some one, or

for some one to go and do something. No matter how things were going on, he felt it his duty to make himself heard, both at sea and in port. He was always fretting himself about the vessel being behind her time in sailing, and always used to be ready for sea before the time advertised for doing so. He would order the steam to be ready an hour before the time, and then would bully everybody because the vessel was not under weigh, so as to use it, but with all his bullying he used to be continually looking after the real comfort of everyone, even those he was bullying. The passage money in those days was very high, even for a second-class passage, and for that reason there used to be many deck passengers at times, and when it was blowing and raining, and the sea perhaps flying over the vessel, the captain would go round the deck and bully the female passengers for getting their children and themselves wet, and end by ordering the officer of the watch to take them down below and make them comfortable, and give the poor things something to eat and drink to warm them.

The chief officer was a very smart fellow, did his work well, and was so accustomed to the captain's noisy manner that he never would hear him, and although the captain might be giving loud orders close to the chief officer, the latter would carry on the work just as if the captain was not on board, but at times, when he was compelled to hear the captain, would call out "Ay, ay, sir," in a very loud and cheerful voice, while in a very low and wicked voice he would say, "Go to Jericho," or perhaps something else more peppery.

As to yourself, you soon fell into their ways. You were very hard worked—day and night at times—and so was everybody on board, but what did that matter, because, when you had a chance of resting, you were allowed to take it to your heart's content; there was a good, comfortable cabin for you to go to—above all, you were well fed, and who cared about hard work when the treatment was so good?

The third officer was also a smart young fellow, always ready and willing to go at the work, either night or day. The crew were generally kept rather hard at work, and went about it pretty willingly, unless when there was an overdose of "Cape smoke" among them. Altogether she was a happy ship. You remember the short time you spent on board of her with pleasure—plenty to eat, plenty of work, good pay, and a comfortable place to go to rest when the work was over. Working in the rain, either by night or day, going into a boat in any weather, when called upon to do so, was nothing to you, or to anyone else on board; you were all allowed rest when possible, and were all ready for work when it was necessary to be done—unnecessary work you were never asked to do.

It, however, seemed to be your lot that you were not to remain long in this happy ship.

It has been mentioned that the vessel you left England in was purchased by a Captain H— and a Cape Town merchant; the former was a passenger on board the steamer while you were second officer, and seeing how you carried on the work, he asked if you would like to go back to your old ship again at an increase of pay, and to act as sailing-master of her, as

he was going on a long cruise. At first you told him that you were very happy where you were; but the inducement seemed promising, and at last you consented to go back to your old ship at an increase of pay, and to act as sailing-master of the vessel.

A cargo of horses, bullocks, fowls, goats, and monkeys is rather a curious one, but such was the nature of the cargo the brig "J—" took in for Mauritius, from Table Bay. The part owner was also captain; he carried his bride with him, and the vessel was much more comfortable than when she belonged to London. The provisions and pay were better, and she also was a very happy ship; you were more like captain than sailing-master, for at sea you had full charge, but in port you did mate's duty.

There was nothing very particular about carrying such a cargo to Mauritius; the vessel being light, made very good weather of it, even in a gale, and we were careful to keep her under easy sail for the convenience of the cattle and horses. We made a fair passage to Mauritius, and instead of going on the long voyage contemplated, we ran a cargo of sugar back to the Cape, and then took another cargo on to Mauritius, after which preparations were made for a long trip on what is known as a seeking voyage, or perhaps it would be as well to call it half a trading and half a pleasure voyage.

Leaving Mauritius the second time, instead of making for the Cape again, we shaped our course for the mouth of the Bay of Bengal. This voyage, as above hinted, was intended to be half a pleasure trip, therefore, instead of steering for the bay direct, the

owner made up his mind that he would like to see the Maldivé Islands as we passed them, and about three weeks after leaving Mauritius we sighted the southernmost part of what is known as the Madou Atoll. The Maldives are a cluster of islands not very far from Ceylon; the southernmost of them are on the line, and they run in a northerly direction for about eight or nine degrees. Altogether there are about one thousand islands. They are of various sizes; some of them are several miles in circumference, while others are so small that it is not worth while inhabiting them. These islands are all thickly covered with trees and undergrowth right down to the water's edge; in fact, the bush is so thick that, unless where it has been cleared, it is almost impossible to penetrate it, and when once in it you are so likely to get entangled with the creepers that it is not easy to get out again. Some portion of the beach is covered with leaves to a depth of about three feet, while other parts are lined with pure white sand, so white that to look on it when the sun is shining brightly would distress the eyes. It would perhaps be better to describe these islands when making for them from seaward, in early morning.

Early morning on the Equator means about six o'clock all the year round. The morning your vessel made the Maldives was fine and clear. There was a moderate breeze blowing, just enough to carry the royals to on a wind. The air was fresh and bracing, the blue water of the sea was as clear as the atmosphere above; and when looking to the south and all round the horizon, there was nothing to be seen but the pale blue of distance. The verge of the horizon itself

appeared as well defined as if it had been edged round, and as if the above-named blue of distance was ever so far away from it in the sky; but the sky and the horizon did not seem to mix themselves together as they do in some latitudes. The dark blue waters appeared like a dark blue ball of water in an open space, going round so fast, and moving along so rapidly, that it had not time to fall; it brought to your mind what a green pea might be like if it were in the centre of a tremendous large glass globe, spinning round so fast, and going from side to side along a bend or oval, at the same time that it stopped in the centre of the great space instead of falling. You felt as if the brig was sailing on that pea-like world, spinning round with it, and could not fall off. Then as the sun began to brighten up the east, the west would appear a little dull, and the edge of the horizon would mix itself up with the sky; but only for a little while, for when the sun's upper limb began to show itself, it would make the world appear a darker green, and show how very small it is. And then as the red-hot sun gets further away from the horizon, or rather when the horizon gets further away from the sun, the world appears flatter. The small and regular waves of the ocean seem to be dancing about until the world rolls them and your brig right under the sun. Then away you go to the east side of it, and in five hours more the world rolls the sun out of sight and leaves you in the dark, while it lights up the houses of those you have left behind you on the other side of the world. "No," you say, "on second thoughts it is not the sun leaving your part of the world, it is your part of the world leaving the

sun, in order to get the sun on the other side of it, and enable everybody all round the world to get their fair share of it," in fact it is the light that makes the world spin round, you think.

Reverting to making the land or sighting the Mal-dive Islands: just as the sun was rising on this fresh and fine morning the horizon was broken by several dark objects, not like the edge of the horizon itself, because their outlines were uneven. At first they appeared like the upper parts of very black clouds, but as the ship neared them they appeared more and more uneven, and ere long the tops of the trees could be seen, and shortly afterwards white patches of beach, throwing out a strong contrast between it and the dark green foliage, so that you could distinguish one island from the other. On consulting the chart it was found that there were no kind of hidden dangers, and that with a commanding breeze these islands might be approached to within half a cable's length, or even less.

The breeze still continued steady and moderate, and in that smooth water the ship could be handled like a top.

On nearing the seaward part of one of these pretty islands, it still being early morning, there could be seen a large number of natives on a patch of white sandy beach; they were bathing in the beautiful clear water. With a telescope you could see them jumping and splashing the water about. You could also see by their long hair that they were women, and that they had many children with them. They seemed very happy in the water having their morning game, and you could not help envying them their cleanly and healthful sport.

The owner and yourself were talking about the

islands, and saying how delighted you were to have such an opportunity of seeing them, as so little was known about them, and he made up his mind that we should both land and see what sort of people they were that inhabited those pretty islands. With the same breeze and all plain sail set, the brig stood boldly on her course towards a passage between two of the islands, always taking care that there was room to put the ship about and stand off shore again.

Never in your life, either before or since, have you seen a prettier sight than you did that morning. You sailed the brig in through a very narrow passage which separated two islands. On either side of the vessel, while passing through this passage, trees of pure white coral could be seen growing at the bottom of the sea, while right in the middle of the channel there was a dark blue streak, which indicated that there was no sounding there. At first sight of those coral reefs, covered, as it were, with a forest of trees, you were alarmed, but on sounding you found you could see the bottom and the coral full twenty fathoms below the water's edge, and when in only seven fathoms of water you could see all the branches quite plainly.

The ship was not long in passing through the narrow channel, and then what a sight burst on the view! Your vessel was quite land-locked in a place like a good-sized lake. The dark blue water was as smooth as a mirror, and there was plenty of room for a large fleet to sail about, but no sounding, and therefore no anchorage; the only thing you could do was to run the vessel under the lee of one of the windward islands, and then run a rope on shore.

No sooner was the vessel inside the lagoon than a whole fleet of sailing boats and many canoes came off, but none of them took the liberty of coming alongside until they were invited to do so, when they would run their boat alongside, and one or two of the crew would come on board.

You were much struck with the large stature of these men, as well as with their fine noble countenances, especially the old men, of which there were a very large number. They seemed to have the privilege of ordering the young men about, for not in one single case did you observe a young man taking the lead of an older one. They were a tall, strongly built race of men, the elders having beards as white (from old age) as the sand on the beach. The oldest among them must have been about ninety years of age, but still straight, and as active in a boat as any of our young men. Their complexion was copper-coloured. Both old and young were truly handsome men. Their boats were very safe, having great stability, while they could sail well, being able to carry a good spread of canvas, or rather matting sails.

The boats were built of soft wood, the planks being about three-quarters of an inch thick. There was not a single nail in them, nor was there a single piece of metal of any kind about them, they were all sewn together with coir thread. From choice, the boats were kept with about a foot of water in them, which kept the feet of the crew nice and cool. Both the men and their craft were scrupulously clean. The former were dressed in large white turbans, with a roll of the same kind of cloth round their middles, and that was all the:

dress they wore. It may be mentioned, in passing, that they shaved their heads, a sign that they were Mohammedans.

Towards noon the wind freshened up, and by that time there were many boats round about and alongside the vessel. The latter was kept under weigh all the time, turning to windward until the head of the lagoon was reached, and heaving her to until she drifted down to leeward again.

About noon one of the elder natives signified that many of the boats had thrown out a challenge to the brig to run down to the leeward end of the lagoon and turn to windward up to the head of it again. The owner gave you permission to accept the challenge, and station-boats were placed at the upper and lower ends of the lake. The vessel and the boats were formed into a line, on a wind, and at a given signal all the craft bore up for the leeward station. About six out of eighteen of the boats rounded the station-boat some distance ahead of the brig, and the remainder rounded it with her.

The royals of the brig were stowed, and when she was rounded-to there was just as much wind as she could stagger under with her topgallant sails set.

The boats of course took less time than the brig to round-to, but when once rounded-to, and all sail set fair, the brig would walk up to windward cheerily and gain on the smaller craft; but the latter gained fast on the former in stays, moreover the boats could stand closer in-shore, and knew well how to cheat the wind; they would go about to catch a puff of eddy wind, and with it shoot right up in the wind's eye. The large

vessel was a smart craft, could be worked like a top, and you knew well how to handle her; but the boats dodged you, five of them rounded the windward station first, fairly beating the brig, and never in your life did you see a better sailing match. The boats were handled to perfection, and although it was blowing hard they carried the whole of their sail. There did not seem to be the slightest indication of fear of their boat capsizing. When a strong puff came and caught a boat, four or five men would stand on the weather gunwale with a coir rope from the mast-head, which answered the double purpose of supporting the mast and keeping the boat stiff.

After the sailing race was over the owner resolved to go on shore and see what sort of a place it was, so the boat was manned, and you were requested to go with the owner.

You noticed that while the boat was getting ready there was a consultation being held among the elder natives, and long before the ship's boat was ready, several of the natives' boats were dispatched on shore. You had watched them very closely, and did not quite like the look of things, although you did not choose to say anything to the owner, in case it might make him afraid to land, and, of course, you very much wished to see what sort of place it was.

The boat was therefore made ready, the ship hove-to, and not long afterwards the ship's boat, in company with the native craft, ran on to the beach of the largest of the islands. No sooner had the owner and yourself stepped on shore than you were surrounded by the natives. They were, you remarked, all elderly men,

there was not a young man among them, and not a woman or child to be seen anywhere about.

You noticed that the owner turned a little pale; he gave you an alarmed glance, but you tried to assure him there was no danger, that they meant no harm.

Accordingly you both jumped out of the boat at the same moment, and had no sooner done so than both of you were seized by the arms and a sentry placed in front and behind you.

Of course as Englishmen you did not feel inclined tamely to submit to this sort of treatment, and at once attempted to shake off your captors; but they seemed to beg of you not to do so in such a kindly manner, that you at length gave in, especially as there was something in their demeanour that convinced you that no mischief was intended. So your happy-go-lucky sailor feeling returned, and in a rollicking humour you went with them, laughing at the owner being taken away, and the natives doing as they liked with him also.

Leading from the landing place was a well-beaten pathway right into the heart of the bush. Only here and there could the sunshine penetrate the thick foliage—where the sun did penetrate it was very hot, but in those parts where it did not it was pleasant and cool.

The pathways were wide enough for three or four persons to walk abreast, and every here and there were narrow well-trodden paths leading in different directions through the bush. You could every now and then see the banana tree loaded with fruit, and you also passed many cocoanut trees in full bearing. There

were several other tropical fruit trees, all of which seemed to be well looked after.

After being led along for about ten minutes, you came to an opening and beheld a cluster of houses, the doors and windows of every one of which were closed. There was not a man, woman, or child to be seen near them.

Matters began to look queer again, and your indignation began to assert itself once more in vain efforts to free yourself from the restraint of the natives; by their gestures you were induced, however, to keep quiet, and resolved to remain so until you saw what was going to happen.

At last the party came to a very large tree in a wide, open space, and the natives made signs for you to take a seat under the tree, which both the owner and yourself did. The natives then formed themselves into a ring round you, but kept at a respectful distance.


Shortly after you were seated there came from the direction of the houses two old men, one of whom carried a large bowl of milk, and the other a basket of cakes. On seeing this you felt considerably relieved, and remarked to the owner that you and he were about to be fattened before being killed.

Several large fresh leaves were laid on the ground at your feet, the milk and cakes were put before you, and you were invited to eat, which you both did.

It happened that the ship's steward could talk the Eastern languages, and the natives had taken care to bring him on shore also. After you had been seated some little time, he was brought up to explain why you were thus treated.

Through the medium of this interpreter, you were asked not to feel displeased at being taken hold of and not allowed to go where you chose; all had been done at the command of their king—that no white man or infidel should be allowed to mix among them; and without wishing to give any offence, they yet did not wish to have anything whatever to do with people from your country. They were always pleased to see a ship near, or even in the lagoon, it was such a grand sight to them; but they never wished to see anyone come on shore from a ship, and when they did land they were compelled to act as they had done in this case. It was explained that only one vessel had ever entered their attol before, and that was a surveying ship, but the crew were not allowed to land, as the commander knew their customs.

They continued to say, “We have locked up our women and children, because we wish them to avoid the sight of you; they are taught when young to avoid you through the remainder of their lives. We think of you as a nation of restless men-killers, who are possessed of much brain, and that that brain is used to invent the best means of killing your fellow-creatures all over the world; and we read of your going to countries where you cannot land, so you send ships that will throw fire on shore from the sea and burn up villages, and even cities, belonging to those who will not be friendly with you; and if they are friendly, the first thing you do is to send them ‘hell-fire water,’ that will set them fighting against each other, that will make them slaves, that will bankrupt them, that will send to ruin their sons, and especially their



daughters. Besides the 'hell-fire water,' you spread disease that was never known before among the people. In addition to this, you try by every means in your power to teach their little ones your doctrines, which means to kill others when it suits your interest, and to take from them their birthright and make it your own.

"We read of you as having your prisons full of thieves and murderers, your law courts crammed full every day of the year; while mothers and fathers desert their children, and leave the poor little things to starve or grow up as organised bands of thieves; while the females of your race are prowling about the streets offering themselves for sale, and are tolerated by your chiefs, who are well aware that most of the misery you create, both at home and abroad, is the result of the 'hell-fire water' you use so freely yourselves, and induce others to use. We are taught to believe that whenever your blood is mixed with the blood of other races, they engender all the vices of both races, without ever having a trace of the virtues of either. For these and other reasons we think it desirable to keep clear of you. We are very happy among ourselves; the 'hell-fire water' is not used among us, although millions of gallons of it could be made from the fermented juice of the cocoanut. Murder is not known among us, and our people cling to their own creed, with which they are well satisfied, and when any of our people die, it is generally of old age."

As the above, and a great deal more, was being interpreted, you were asked more than once to hear what they had to say, and not to take any offence, because no offence was intended.

You could not help feeling a little offended at the cool way in which they reckoned up the characteristics of your countrymen and women, and when they saw you getting angry, the elder of the party asked you in a very kindly manner not to lose your temper, adding, "We know your countrymen are very kind to anyone from far countries landing on your shores; you overburden them with hospitality, and shower compliments upon them, always taking care, however, to show them how you can fight, the deadly implements of war you possess, and the ready means you have of making more."

So far as you were concerned, you listened to the long story against your own countrymen, sometimes amused and sometimes out of temper; but not so with the owner of the brig; he held his tongue, bit his lips, and supped his milk and ate the cake very much as if he were eating humble pie, and did not like the flavour of it.

There was nothing else to be done but to return to the boat and go on board the ship, much to the disgust of the owner, who seemed much disappointed at not being able to see the women and children, in order to learn whether they were as fine a race as the men appeared to be; and more than once you heard him say, as if talking to himself, that he would see what they were like in spite of them.

On returning on board orders were given to prepare for leaving the lagoon, perhaps never to see it again.

CHAPTER IX.

VOYAGE TO AKYAB—A CHINAMAN AND HIS ADOPTED CHILD—THE BRIG RUNS ON A SANDBANK, AND IS NEARLY LOST.

TOWARDS evening the wind died away into a light breeze, just enough to make sailing about the lagoon delicious. During the evening large numbers of fowl were brought alongside, as well as a good supply of fruit, which were exchanged for other things, such as rice, sugar, and salt. They did not seem to care for money, at least they preferred articles in exchange. The fowls they valued at two rupees, or four shillings per dozen, while the fruit, &c., was exceedingly cheap. Having laid in a good supply of both edibles, the vessel's head was put towards one of the openings, and just before sunset the brig passed out into the open sea again.

This visit had left a very strong impression on your mind, it set you thinking a great deal; and while you were thus thinking the owner came to you and said,

“Mr. C—, do you know where that bathing-place is that we passed this morning?”

You replied that it was just round the point to leeward.

“Then,” said he, “I wish you to steer within a mile of it, then take your departure from it, and stand off shore only to such a distance that you can be sure of

As the women stood with nothing on them but a pure white cloth round their hips, they displayed the most beautiful forms. The children were entirely naked, and being quite near, you had a good view of their exquisite features, which were beautiful in the extreme. After they had made ready to take the water, most of them sat down on the sand and began playing with it, singing all the time. They seemed to be waiting for something before they plunged into the water. At length the whole of the adults stood up, and at a signal from one of them, they took a running leap right into deep water. After shaking the water out of their hair, running their hands over their eyes, and squeezing their noses, they turned round and swam towards the beach for the little ones, when they in their turn took a short run and a jump into their arms.

The owner was in the foreground, you were behind him, and behind you were the boat's crew. At a given signal the crew, followed by yourself, crawled quietly to where the boat was, and without the slightest noise launched her into the water. Although you were so close to the bathers that you could distinctly hear their happy voices, still you could not see them, nor could they see your boat. Everything being ready, the owner was the last to step into the boat, and as he did so, he gave the order to pull up close in-shore, so that the bathers could not know you had been so close to them.

Still keeping the point of land between the boat and the bathers, the men pulled some distance away, when the order was given to take the mufflers off the oars, the boat's head was put to seaward, then when all was ready the order was given to give way without

fear, and with a long and strong pull the order was responded to ; the boat's head was put in the direction of the ship, making it appear to the bathers as if we had come from the other side of the island, and passing while they were in the water, they little dreamed how close we had been to them. They all stopped in the water while the boat passed close to them, as if amazed, and once more you were gratified with a full view of their very pretty faces, those faces that were not to be looked upon by infidels.

It might seem that the game was not worth the trouble, but indeed you thought it was, more especially as they did not know you had seen them from the bush ; they were as innocent and happy as when they came down to the beach, your curiosity was satisfied, and you were a little wiser than before.

With a leading wind out to the ship, which was at first out of sight, sail was set on the boat, and with sail and oars she soon distanced the land. When about four miles off shore, and as the ship was standing towards the boat, all hands took refreshment, and heartily enjoyed it. Having hoisted up the boat, trimmed the sails, and put everything in order again, the vessel was soon on her way towards the Bay of Bengal and thence to Akyab, at the mouth of the River Arican.

After leaving these happy islands, and often remembering what had been interpreted to you, how much, at times, you wished you were one of them ! How content you thought you could be to live with them in their honest and simple manner ! Notwithstanding all you had seen in different parts of the world, and the manners and customs of each country you had visited, there were

none you so much envied as the inhabitants of the Maldivé Islands, and when the exquisite beauty you had just had a glimpse of came to your mind, your heart ached to get back there again.

It is, I suppose, the nature of sailors to love all of the fair sex they may meet, because, perhaps, they have very little to do with any of them, so that each one you come across you love in turn; and it is pleasant at the time, for, like the different lands you make on a long voyage, they rise up above the horizon, and grow beautifully grand in your sight, and as you leave them they grow beautifully less, they sink down and are hidden from your gaze, and you heave in sight of something else just as grand, charming, and captivating.

A voyage from the Maldivé Islands to Arican means calms, squalls, showers of rain, hot sunshine, hot evenings, cool mornings, heavy dew, light and variable winds, and monotony; the sooner you pass over such a passage the better, especially at the change of the monsoon.

About five weeks' backing and filling, veering and hauling—and especially box-hauling—the yards about, brought you to the latitude and longitude of the mouth of the above-named river, and as night came on before the land was made, shortly after dark the vessel was hove-to till daylight, having made her distance. When the brig was hove-to there was a moderate breeze blowing, and she was going fast through the water, but shortly after she was stopped the wind died away, and it became quite a calm. The water was as smooth as an inland lake, and the vessel was therefore lying quite still. The sails were hanging as quietly as if only

painted. The men about the ship were all as quiet as if they were dead ; in fact, there was not a sound to be heard anywhere, either on board or over the sea.

Being sailing-master of the vessel, you were very anxious as to the position of the ship, and therefore remained on deck to wait for daylight, as you suspected she was close into the land. Everything being so very quiet, and the vessel not moving in the least, you stationed yourself by the port rail on the quarterdeck. You had been standing there for some time, and had been nodding, sometimes quite asleep, sometimes half asleep, but every now and again waking up with a sort of jump, and looking up aloft to see if there was any wind in the sails. Finding it was still calm, you would doze off again. In this way you passed several hours of the night, dreaming about the sights you had seen on the early morning of the visit to the Maldivé Islands. You were thinking how cool and enjoyable it was to see the natives splashing about in the water, how pretty and modest they were, and what a wonder it was that you were not caught. You thought you were there at that moment, and that you could hear people making their way through the bush, and about to lay hold of you, as all of you deserved, to drag you through the bush and pitch you down headlong into the water. While thus dreaming, suddenly there came a noise like several claps of thunder. You felt the heavy weights coming down on your head and ears, the latter being soon filled. The water was all over you, and the cold between the underclothing and your skin ; you gasped for breath. Then you began to strike out swimming. You thought you were on the bottom of the sea,

you felt the ground with your feet, you tried to walk about and found you could do so. Then you knocked your shins up against something hard and sharp, and heard some of the crew calling out for help and to be saved.

You could breathe a little, but were still terribly bewildered. You tried to get about quickly, and kept knocking up against something or other. The cries and yells of the crew forward were dreadful to hear. All this time the water continued falling on you, but you managed to open your mouth, and breathed freely. You were on the ship's deck. What could be the matter? Some of the crew were running about the deck calling out for help, but you could not get your senses back. What between the Maldives, the boat, the bathing, and the ship, your brain was in a whirl. At length you stumbled over something—it was the warm body of a man lying groaning on the deck, and in a great fright you commenced to kick and strike at everything that was near you. While in this frenzied state from bodily fear, you heard some one laughing loudly. This brought you to your senses, and the first object you saw was the tall form of the owner, dressed in pure white, standing by the companion, and having the appearance of a spectre, in roars of laughter, and pointing towards you through the darkness.

You could scarcely believe your own eyes. There you were, sure enough, on the brig's deck ; there stood the owner, laughing at you ; it was no dream, but sober reality. There were the two men you had been fighting and kicking at, and there stood the wash-deck tub you had been knocking your shin-bones against—all was

real, it was no dream. There lay the brig as still on the water as though she were a painted ship in a picture-frame. The stars above the ship's masthead were shining brightly, and not a cloud could be seen, but the water was dripping quite fast from the sails. Then what could it all be? The terrific noise you heard was surely real. Still, there stood the owner convulsed with laughter. At last he said,

“What's the matter with you, have you all gone mad? Why, its only an old cow-whale who has come up and spouted close alongside, sending the water right up into the sails.”

It then flashed across your mind that that was just the sort of noise you had heard, and the whole truth found its way into your sleepy head in a moment. You felt quite ashamed of yourself, and savage at being caught napping.

It must, however, have been a very large whale, to judge from the noise it made while blowing and spouting, as well as the tremendous body of water it sent over the vessel's masthead. You also felt a little bruised and sore, however, and you did not like being made the laughing-stock of the owner. This incident woke you all up, when you each commenced to laugh at each other; and it was a standing joke for many days afterwards, as it was said to be “very like a whale.”

Daylight came, and with it a sight of the moderately high land at the mouth of Arican River. By noon the vessel was brought to an anchor off the town of Akyab.

The port of Akyab exhibits nothing of interest, and your vessel had merely put in there to find out whether

a cargo of rice could be bought at a price that would sell well enough to pay ship's expenses in a port in the Straits Settlements, or in the China Sea, which the owner was desirous of seeing next.

Small and uninteresting as the place was, the owner found amusement in it for a few days, and as there was no cargo to discharge, and none to take in, you had an opportunity to go on shore and look at the place, such as it was. In the town were two or three English merchants, and three or four representatives of other countries. Besides these there were several ship-chandlers, and one or two half shops, half hotels, kept by Chinamen. The first evening you were ashore at one of the hotels you were well chaffed about the whale, and nearly lost your temper over the chaff. There was one gentleman especially who ran you pretty hard, and you determined to serve him out in some way, which you did in a manner you afterwards repented. It was your duty to give in a report of vessels spoken with during the voyage out, as well as a report of the sailings out of Cape Town for the Bay of Bengal. You knew that this gentleman who had been roasting you so unmercifully had his wife and family on board a ship on her way out; you knew the vessel and also the captain's name; so, when you were called up to give in the report, you wrote in it the wreck of the vessel you knew his family to be in, with the loss of every soul on board of her. This report was put in the small slip which was printed on the arrival of each vessel, and when the poor fellow read it his grief was so great that you sorely repented having perpetrated such a falsehood. What made the matter worse was that by accident you missed

him and he missed you, so that you could not explain that it was merely a joke. He locked himself up and refused to see anyone, and there he remained the whole of the second day, weeping for the loss of all that was dear to him; but the third morning, to his astonishment, he beheld the vessel anchored quite opposite to his house, and to his great delight saw his wife and family waving their handkerchiefs to him from the vessel.

He could scarcely comprehend it all, and commenced dancing and jumping about the verandah of his house as if he were mad, calling out to his boy to bring him his clothing and to help him to put them on. He was soon dressed and running down to the ship, nearly beside himself with joy.

At the time the poor man was pining for the loss of his wife and family it was a serious matter, but now that they had turned up, after a very happy voyage, all well, and as lively as young kittens, the whole thing assumed the aspect of a real good joke, and even yourself felt very proud of it then, but you were very sorry for it before the vessel arrived. About two days afterwards you met the very man, who, to your great surprise, came up to you, took you by the hand, and said, "How are you? How do you do? Fine joke that; you did it very neatly. A little hard on me at the time. No matter, a small community like this must have their little amusements, and they must be at some one's expense. It's all right," he continued, "you had a little more than your revenge, so that I still owe you one, and you had better keep your weather eye lifting. Remember I O U one." There was something about

the twinkling of his eye when he very slowly said the letters over—I O U one—and you walked away, saying to yourself, “He means to pay me off, but I shall keep my weather eye lifting.”

It has been mentioned that there was a house that was half store and half hotel. This place was the resort of all the captains, and merchants gathered there to meet them. It used to be there that all the jokes were cracked and all the “sells” perpetrated. Of course you were frequently there, and being young you were very conceited, and used to think yourself no end of a man, and after being told to keep your weather eye lifting you had quite made up your mind that you were not going to be “sold”—oh, dear, no, not you indeed.

Chinamen who keep such stores as these are often very rich, and, as a rule, they are unmarried. They have left their country a long time, though always intending to go back to it and die there; but this particular Chinaman had no desire to go back to his country. He had made up his mind to die in Akyab, where he had accumulated enormous wealth. He had already purchased a piece of ground wherein to have his bones laid; he was a particularly good-natured man, had a smile for every person, and was never known to get out of temper. He was excessively polite, very gentlemanly, and his whole heart and soul were wrapped up in an adopted child, who, at the time you were there, was about the age of nineteen. This child also loved the man who had adopted her with all the affection with which an only child loves a good and indulgent father. Her history is soon told, and although it

is a somewhat painful one, still she must have been born under a lucky planet.

As the story runs with respect to her, it would appear that this Chinaman was on a visit along the coast, and while strolling along the seashore, a great distance from any home or habitation, he saw what he supposed to be a vessel at anchor, with her sails flying away. At first he did not take much notice of her, but on looking towards the spot a second time, he saw one of her mast-heads disappear. It then flashed across his mind that the vessel was on shore and breaking up. He took a turn or two round his head with his tail, stripped off his shoes, and carrying them in his hand, took to his heels and ran towards the spot where he had seen the ship's mast. After a good half-hour's run he came to the place, and, sure enough, it was a wreck. The wind was blowing hard directly on to the land, and there was a heavy sea running; the ship, which must have been heavily loaded, had struck on the outer bar and stuck there, where the sea was making a clean breach over her. As before stated, her masts were all gone over the side, and when the Chinaman arrived, the large ship was commencing to break up. He could see from where he was standing that the crew were engaged getting out boats; he could observe three or four clusters of human beings, and could also see the boats being put over the ship's side. Then he saw a boat, loaded with people, leave the lee-side of the ship, but shortly after she left a heavy wave broke just inside the wreck, the boat disappeared, and nothing more was seen of her or any of the people that were in her.

For a long time the Chinaman stood looking on

quite helplessly, watching every sea dealing destruction to the vessel, and the number of persons growing less after every sea, when at length a tremendous wave broke against the outer side of the vessel, and for a moment everything was lost sight of—not a vestige of the wreck was to be seen anywhere.

Still, standing on the beach alone, this Chinaman watched the spot where the wreck had been, and when the surf smoothed a little, there were the two ends of the vessel far apart, with only two or three human beings clinging to each.

It appears that while thus looking at the two ends of the wreck, with his left hand shading his eyes, he saw an object in the surf close to the water's edge, with something of a dark colour above it which seemed buoyant. Shortly after this he thought he saw a hand held up, and then what seemed like a ring round the darker part of the object. Then he saw the hand again, and felt sure it was that of a human being, and that the ring round it was a life-buoy. He made a rush into the surf, and was once or twice knocked back, but finally he managed to get some distance out, and close to the man (as it proved to be) who had twice held up his hand. To the great surprise of the Chinaman, the man had in his other hand a fair-haired little child, and as he closed in with them a breaker came and knocked all three together. The child was thrown into the Chinaman's arms, and all he remembered hearing were the words, "Save take care" The latter, being still strong, soon scrambled to the beach with the child, which he laid down in the sun above high water mark, and returned to the rescue of the man.

After going far out into the surf, the life-buoy could be seen, but there were no signs of anyone near it. The Chinaman then returned to the shore, took up his little charge, made the best of his way to the nearest dwelling, and gave the alarm, which soon spread. The beach was soon lined with people ready to help, but the Chinaman kept to his charge, and always remembered the last words of the drowning man, whoever he was—"Save take care" He had saved her, and from that time made up his mind to take care of her, which, up to the time of which you are writing, he had faithfully done.

Now nineteen years of age, this rescued child had grown into a really fair beauty. She was tall and slender, with a skin as purely white as a lily, excepting where there was a little tint of pink in her cheeks. Her eyes were large and blue, and her hair of a golden hue. She was well educated, could talk all the Eastern languages, and it was well known that she would inherit the whole of the Chinaman's property, which was enormous.

Everyone who had the ordering of ship's stores, as a matter of course, was invited to the Chinaman's private table, and was certain to be introduced to his adopted child, who was really the life and soul of the house, and, in fact, the life and soul of the town, both among the natives and Europeans. You were introduced to her in due course, and for two days you had spent much time in her society.

Perhaps it was because you were nearer her age than any of the other Europeans she was in the habit of meeting; be that as it may, you became great friends

during the short time you had known each other, so much so that the other visitors began to flatter you and tell you that things had the appearance of being very much in your favour, and that you were very likely to be the lucky one, and they urged you on to make hay while the sun was shining. Of course you believed them, being just about the age to readily believe that sort of thing, and you missed no opportunity that presented itself of getting near the young lady, but somehow or other you could never manage to see her alone, so as to talk freely with her, some one would always step in, as it were, between you, as if on purpose.

At length you summoned up courage, and said to her, aside, when you thought no one heard you, "I should very much like to speak with you alone." You noticed the colour mount into her face. She threw up her large blue eyes, and said, "Would you; so you shall—perhaps." There was rather a stress put on the word "perhaps," and you did not quite know what to make of it. You felt a little uneasy, and wished she had not uttered the word. On turning round you were surprised to find that some one was standing close behind you, which made you still more uneasy, more especially when you saw it was the gentleman whom you had so unmercifully "sold" with respect to the ship in which his family were reported to have been lost. He, however, commenced a conversation, and gave you a chance of saying "Good morning" to the young lady. You left in rather a sad mood, and could not tell why you took a stroll through the streets alone.

About three o'clock in the afternoon you were on

your way down to the boat to go on board your ship, when, standing by the landing-place, you saw one of the Chinaman's private servants. He seemed looking for some one, and as soon as he caught sight of you his face brightened as if he were pleased. Putting his hand in his pocket he took out a letter; it was in a scented envelope, and marked private.

You immediately opened it, and read as follows:—

“Dear Mr. C—,—As you expressed a wish to see me alone this morning, I shall be glad to give you the opportunity, but it must be in the evening time, after dark, and it had better be this evening. Therefore, be at the back of the house exactly at ten p.m., when all will be quiet. Stand with your back towards the back door and look down the courtyard. You will see a light flash in one of the windows three times, and when the light disappears the window will be thrown open, and all will be in darkness. Walk noiselessly across the yard, get into the window, and feel your way along the right hand wall until you are taken by the hand; then we shall be safe. Pray destroy this.

“Yours,

“LEINA.”

“Good gracious!” you said to yourself, “who would have thought it? She really must be in love with me to run such a risk, and who would have thought that she was so easy to get hold of?” All sorts of ideas passed through your mind, but the most prominent among them was the idea of having such a beautiful young lady for a wife, and the whole of the Chinaman's money. You began to speculate what you would do with it. Seven hundred and fifty thousand

pounds, besides landed property, all to be yours, and that beautiful young lady for a wife!

"Well," you thought, "shall I be a shipowner or a merchant? Or shall I live as an independent gentleman?" Such were your thoughts while sitting in the sternsheets of the boat as she was being pulled off to the ship. "Seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds!" you kept saying to yourself over and over again. Then you pictured to yourself a country house in England; you would keep hunters, you would not go to sea any more. "No," you said, "what's the use of going to sea when you are worth seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds?" The thought of it made you restless; you could not settle to do anything; you took no kind of interest in the vessel or your duties, in fact you thought it rather a mean position to be the sailing master of a brig.

Of course you would leave your ship at once. You went to your cabin and wound up the chronometers, and as you gave the last turn and shut up the box, you said to yourself, "That will be the last time I shall have anything to do with them; somebody else may wind them up next time, my fortune is made." You then took the log-book from the drawer with the object of writing up the log, but such was your excitement that you could not hold the pen, which you threw down again, and said, "Oh, bother the log! let somebody else write it." So you went on deck. The work of the day had been finished, the decks had been cleared, and the owner, as usual, was on shore. You walked up and down the deck, and kept thinking what a lucky fellow you were, and you pitied those about you, they appeared such small fry as compared with you. Even

the owner you considered a poor fellow ; and with such thoughts in your head you passed away the time. Of course you could not eat anything, you had something else to think about.

It was about twenty minutes to ten o'clock when you put your foot on shore that evening. You were dressed in your best, and had freshened yourself up with some scented soap and fresh water, and when you looked at yourself in the glass, you said, "No wonder she has fallen in love with me. I am just the fellow for her," and so on. Exactly at ten o'clock you were standing with your back to the back door of the Chinaman's house, looking down the courtyard.

It was a beautiful calm night, everything quiet, as if in a wilderness. It was quite dark, but up in the sky the stars were shining brightly. You could not see the end of the courtyard, but you could see the tops of the outhouses against the clear blue sky. In the yard itself all was as dark as a grave.

Exactly at the hour named a light flashed in the window of the house in the corner of the yard ; in a few moments it flashed a second, and then a third time. You could then hear a slight creaking noise, the window was being thrown wide open, and you said to yourself, "Bless her ! she is true to her word." And now the coast is clear.

Slowly, and feeling very much like a thief, you made your way across the yard in the direction of the window. After some groping about you found one of the shutters, and then the window, and, sure enough, it was wide open. You now felt you were safe ; the thought of being like a thief had gone off, and you began to feel

brave. In your own mind you were trying to persuade yourself that you were doing no wrong, and in every movement you made towards gaining your object you were trying to make yourself believe that you were doing that which was right; but still you could not help a sort of feeling that you were doing wrong, and that you had no business there. But on you went, and getting in at the window was only the work of a few seconds.

Obeying the written instructions, you felt for the right hand wall, and as soon as you gained it, step by step you made your way along it for some distance, wondering all the time how much further you had to go. Still, on you went, and was beginning to feel alarmed at the distance, when your hand came in contact with the hand of some one whose touch sent a thrill of joy right through you, so soft, so gentle was the touch. The kindly pressure of this hand seemed to say, "You are welcome," and made you for the moment feel quite at home. Still the question would arise in your mind, "Am I doing right?" In spite of your success you could not drive off that feeling, it would come in spite of you; but on you went, being still led by the hand of the gentle fair one.

After going some distance, still in pitch darkness, you were gently taken hold of by both arms and turned round, and the gentle pressure that was put on you indicated that you were to go backwards, which you did, until you found yourself touch against something, and when you felt the touch of it, a little more pressure was put against you, which caused you to sit down, and when you did so you found you were sitting on some-

thing soft. You also felt that there was some one by your side. It was your gentle leader, of course. You put your hand behind you to feel what was there, and found it was a bed.

Taking her tiny hand in yours, you put one arm round her waist and tried to pull her towards you, but she resisted the attempt. You tried again, but she still resisted. By this time you were becoming very much excited; you were about to speak, when a soft hand was placed over your mouth; you kissed it, and in spite of all resistance you were determined to have a real kiss. Just as you thought you were about to succeed, you heard the striking of several lucifer matches on the walls all round you. The room was soon in a blaze of light, a roar of laughter rang through the building, you looked towards the fair one by your side, and—oh, horror!—found it was the servant-boy that you had been caressing.

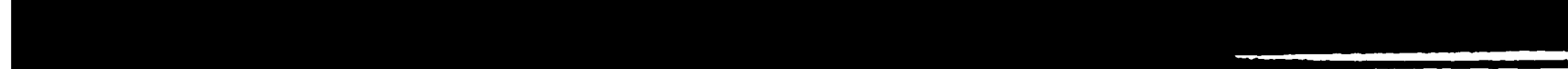
The room was ringing with laughter. The man you had duped so cruelly had duped you in return. You felt sick, guilty, and thoroughly ashamed of yourself. You felt like a coward, exactly what you were at the time, and endeavoured to fell to the ground the servant who had led you into the scrape. Your hand was stopped in the act, and you tried to laugh it off, but the laugh would not come. You felt more and more ashamed of yourself as you realised your true position. There was nothing for it but to rush out of the room, get on board your ship as quickly as you could, there to lock yourself into your cabin, to brood over what had befallen you, to swallow the bitter lesson, and be the wiser for it.

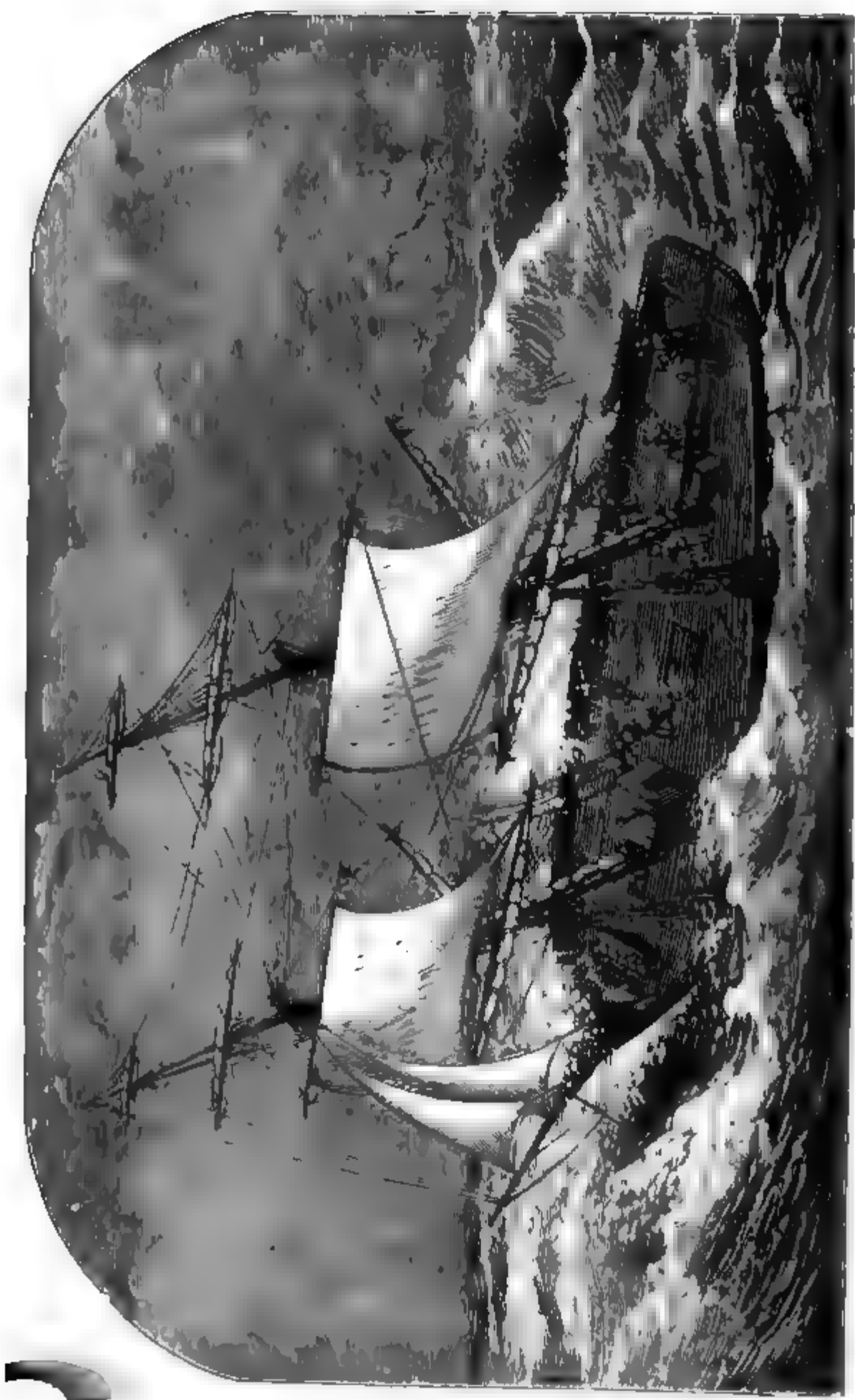
This severe lesson made you a wiser and better man ; it took a deal of conceit out of you. You never showed your face on shore again, and right glad you were when the vessel left the port.

After leaving Akyab, the next order was to go on to Singapore, and as the north-east monsoons were over, there was no difficulty in going down the Bay of Bengal and into the Malacca Straits.

The passage from Akyab to Singapore is a very tedious one at any time, but especially so at the change of the monsoons. For days you have calms, then light and variable winds, then heavy squalls and rain, with much thunder and lightning, and unless you keep a good look-out, and make up your mind to take in and set sail every hour of the day, you may be a very long time in making the passage.

About three weeks after leaving Akyab, and when the vessel was within a few days' sail from Singapore, having been watching and taking advantage of every slant of wind during both day and night, you were almost knocked up. About midnight you stood close in to the coast, and having put the ship about, with her head off shore, you rolled yourself up in a rug on the grating, and gave orders that you were to be called in two hours. Those who had orders to call you allowed you to sleep for nearly four hours, and you were at last awoke by the bumping of the ship. She had run ashore on the South Sands in the Malacca Straits.





THE BRIG [—] ON THE SOUTH SANDS IN THE MALACCA STRAITS.

CHAPTER. X.

THE SHIP SUCCEEDS IN GETTING AFLOAT—ARRIVES AT SINGAPORE IN THE CHARACTER OF A "LAME DUCK"—IS SURVEYED AND THOROUGHLY REPAIRED—HOW SURVEYS ARE MADE.

BUMPING on the South Sands in the Malacca Straits, not quite sure at the time what bank it was nor how far it extended, there the ship was, sometimes still, sometimes bumping furiously, and sometimes a little quiet—prospects not very encouraging, but rather alarming:

Any person who is at all acquainted with the Straits of Malacca knows the uncertain weather encountered there at certain seasons of the year. Two hours before noon it may be all sunshine, with a moderate breeze, and nothing but a clear blue sky above, when about one hour after noon a heavy bank may be seen exhibiting its thick head over the coast of Sumatra, showing how much distance there was behind it, and how very close the cloud-bank was to the land, and as it mounted from the horizon, little by little hiding from the view millions of miles behind it, on it would come, until it turned the grey-looking mountains into a dark blue, a blue so dark that it would appear only one shade from black. Then, instead of the huge mass getting higher, it would allow itself to be sucked down on to the land, completely saturating the dense vegetation; at the same

time the clouds would lighten themselves by pouring down water, they would fly from the land over the sea, bringing with them a squall of wind strong enough to defy a vessel's close-reefed topsails.

From the beautiful sunshine and moderate breeze of three hours past it is blowing a gale, with mist so thick that you can scarcely see the length of the ship from you; and there she lay, half on her beam-ends, with the tide or current rushing past furiously and the rain pelting down so fast that you could scarcely get room to breathe between the strips of water.

For a while it seems as if everyone on board has lost heart. They are thunder, lightning, and rain-struck, and they instinctively get up to the weather side of the ship, and each take hold of a rope to keep themselves from going down to leeward. As they grasp the rope tightly the stream of water that is running down the rope passes over the knuckle of the thumb and runs up the sleeve along the warm skin until it gets to the armpit, and then makes a downward course into the boots (if you have any on), making a narrow streak of cold on a warm skin all the way. But you don't mind that; you are all thinking of the awful position you are in, and the bad weather that has come upon you so suddenly. To all appearance it seems as if it were going to last for ever. There you all are, hanging on as if grim death were staring you in the face and you *must* face it back again. There is nothing to say, because it is no use talking. There you are; you cannot do anything, it is quite enough for everyone to hold his own, *i.e.* himself.

Still the wind keeps blowing hard and the rain pelt-

ing down furiously, hitting you on the side of the cheek so sharp that you feel as if being stung by a wasp fifty times a second. You wonder why the water hits so hard, but you soon discover that there are hailstones in the rain, and no wonder they sting, because the wind is still blowing, and sends them along in a slanting direction at a very high rate of speed. All is gloomy, the vessel still on her side, the sea hitting her hard on the weather beam, and sending the spray over the fore and maintops, just as if there was not enough water about without it. Then the flashes of lightning would come and warm the weather side of your cheek for a while, or rather for an instant of time; then immediately after a clatter of thunder would rattle round your head, going in at the weather ear and out at the lee one, as if millions of people were to windward of you, but quite close, stamping millions of tons of smooth flat iron, miles long, into corrugated shapes with only a few rattling blows.

All hands were still holding on and feeling quite helpless, because they dare not let go. You can only take a look at your shipmates through the pelting rain and wind, and you feel pleased that they are all there, so far as you can indistinctly see the outline of their figures.

In the meantime the vessel is bumping away on her bilge, the masts are buckling and bending like coach-whips, every moment threatening to go over the side; the slack ropes are flying away to leeward in a bight, and the lee standing rigging bending outwards fearfully, as if it had never been set up, while the weather rigging was being so strained that the blebs of tar came out of

the rope and turned brown in the water, every weather shroud seeming as if it were twisted iron rods.

For about three hours the ship lay in this position, every man on board expecting each moment that she would break up.

At length a gleam of sunshine shone through the clouds to windward, rushing or sending its rays on the waters like a sun-dog, and sending a bright ray of hope through the hearts of the crew. Then the clear voice of the young boatswain was heard from the weather fore-rigging, "It's clearing up to windward, sir," and his voice, as if by magic, seemed to lull the wind, as from that moment it began to die away. The thunder and lightning were far away to leeward, and the good ship commenced to right herself; one by one the crew relinquished their hold of the rigging and began to shake themselves, as if they had just come out of the water.

Just as quickly as the gale and the overcharged clouds came so did they go, and in a short time there was a clear blue sky and a gentle breeze, with very little sea on, so that a boat could be lowered.

The boat was soon lowered and manned, and sent to sound round the ship, in order to find out where the deepest water was. It was soon discovered that the vessel had been driven by the gale nearly over the bank, and that there was deep water about a cable's length ahead. Sail was at once set fore and aft, and with the force of the wind and sea she soon bumped herself over the bank, making very little water. It was fortunate for all concerned that the vessel was in ballast; had she been loaded she must have become a total wreck, and

perhaps during that three hours' gale all hands would have been washed away.

For all sorts of weather in one day there is no place in the world that will match the Straits of Malacca. You may have a gale, thunder and lightning, rain and hail storms, followed or preceded by beautiful sunshine and a clear blue sky, with a moderate breeze; or you may, in addition, have a slack calm for a change, with squalls at intervals, all within the twenty-four hours. At times you cannot see the length of the ship, while at others you can see the land from sixty to seventy miles distant.

As a "lame duck"—such was the character of your vessel—the ship made the best of her way to Singapore after the hammering she had had on the South Sands.

Although the name, "a lame duck," is very familiar to shore people, it is still more familiar to those on the sea coast, and especially to those whose business is with shipping matters on the shores of a harbour of refuge.

Every man, woman, or child, if the latter be three years of age, has at some time of their life seen a lame duck walking inland, and it is a more or less pitiful sight; but a lame duck on the sea means a ship which has been more or less damaged while crossing the perilous ocean. Your smart little craft was to all intents and purposes a "lame duck" indeed; therefore it was only by dint of energy and perseverance that she was made to crawl along towards Singapore, taking advantage of every catpaw and every squall of fair wind, and letting go the anchor whenever an adverse

breeze assailed her. Although it took many days to make the distance, still the brig did arrive at last, leaky and out of order generally.

The sight of a "lame duck" from a shore point of view, especially to those who reside in a free repairing port like Singapore, is a pleasing sight; it brings commission to the agent, merchant, or consignee, it brings a job to one or other of the ship yards, and the ship-chandler's eye glistens like the beams of the morning sun; the shipping butcher makes inquiries as to who the vessel is consigned to, and soon finds out by that whether he is to get the ship's orders or not; and as to the boatman, he has had his sampan—i.e., boat—along-side hours before the vessel has sighted the port.

Later on in the morning the surveyors show themselves, all ready to go on board; they have seen through their telescopes that it was a "lame duck," and feel sure that they will be sent for, and so get ready, but appear to treat the matter as if they did not want the job, while all the time they are most anxious to secure it.

Now, almost everybody knows that Singapore is an island belonging to British India, lying at the southern extremity of the Malay Peninsula, separated from the mainland by a strait from half a mile to two and a half miles broad. On the island, as well as on the adjacent ones, there are dense forests, and the timber from these forests is eminently adapted for ship building or ship repairing. It was at one time used as a penal settlement by the Government of India. The inhabitants are made up of Chinese, Malays, and all the different races of Hindustan, with a few Europeans at their

head; besides the above-mentioned timber, nutmegs, spices, sugar, cocoanuts, pine apples, and tobacco are grown on the island. The roads are spacious, the anchorage good, and the port is free to all nations. The last-mentioned fact renders it the centre of trade to south-east Asia. Its trade has been for years rapidly increasing, and the facilities for despatching vessels have wonderfully improved.

Nearly all the nations of the world have a share of the trade of Singapore, but the great bulk of it is carried on with Great Britain, although India, Siam, and China have a good share, and many steamers stop there to coal.

Reverting, however, to the brig in distress. The captain, who was also managing owner, was soon in the boat and on shore, and you, as the sailing-master at sea, had to do the duty of chief officer in port; therefore it was your duty to remain on board and take charge of the ship.

The surveying of a "lame duck" means a great deal, although there is really not much in it. Still it is the first step to spending a deal of money, which money must be paid by somebody. Such a little game as surveying a "lame duck" is not played everywhere, but at many places it is played very quietly, and the ball kept rolling without much noise.

In a case like the one of which we are writing, as soon as the captain had landed, his agent was on the shore to meet and to condole with him, saying how sorry he was to hear of the disaster, and to impress upon him the necessity for sending off a surveyor at once, in order to see what is best to be done for all parties con-

cerned. The agent then asks the captain to let him know the nature of the damage. While he is telling his agent what has happened to the ship, the shipwright of the port is standing near enough to hear the conversation, and having heard all that has been said, he makes up his mind what he will do to the ship, because he knows exactly what the surveyors will say, and off he goes to his repairing yard and gives orders accordingly.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon on the day of the arrival of the ship at Singapore, a boat was seen pulling towards the brig, and it was not long ere she was alongside. In the sternsheets of the boat sat three Europeans, full to the brim with curry and rice, not unmixed with beer and claret. The early morning coffee had been taken long before. Perhaps after breakfast they might have added a nip of pale brandy, with just a little water, not much. Be that as it may, the three surveyors got up the ship's side.

Being the officer in charge you received them at the gangway, touched your cap, and they return the salute. Then they each take a look aloft, not at anything in particular, but merely in a professional way. Then they walk aft and call the steward. The steward hastens towards them, touches his cap, and says, "Yes, sir."

The elder one says, "Put the log-book on the cabin table, and some glasses."

"Yes, sir," says the steward, and away he goes to do as he was bid.

Meanwhile the three surveyors are looking round at the other vessels lying in the roadstead, and after

amusing themselves in this way for about a quarter of an hour they go down below, where all kinds of drinkables have been placed on the table for their use, and also the ship's log-book. The brandy and water is attended to at once, and a few crackers are played with; the general topics of the day are discussed, as well as all that had been going on at a party the evening before. Several shouts of laughter may be heard, and the survey of the ship is at an end; each of the surveyors takes another "second mate's nip," they rise from the table and go on deck, when they call out for the chief officer. You go to them, and they tell you that you must prepare to get the ship under weigh in order to take her inside Sandy Point to heave her down for further survey.

For you, a youngster full of life and having been pent up within the narrow limits of a ship for months together, time after time, what jolly news to hear that the ship was to be taken inside the Point, close to the shore, to be hove down. "How jolly!" you thought to yourself. "I shall have to live on shore at the expense of the ship, with full pay going on all the time."

Next morning a pilot came on board, the anchor was weighed, and the vessel was run inside Sandy Point."

Sandy Point is the name of a low spit of land not very much above the water's edge. Inside there was a deep-water channel, where vessels of moderate draught might go, and the water inside was so smooth that a vessel could be hove down and kept down with safety. On this Sandy Point was the leading shipwright's yard, as well as the dwellings of many Chinamen, who were

working shipwrights. Besides the working shipwrights there were many Malays, both male and female, especially the latter, and added to them were a sprinkling of Hindoos. And as to children and dogs, Sandy Point swarmed with them. The children were all unclad, and of many tints, from jet black to nearly white, with features of every conceivable mixture, just as if the white, the black, the copper coloured, and the brown had been looking at each other for generations, so that Malay eyes had become mixed up with Chinaman's eyes, with Hindoo eyes, as well as with European eyes, and, among the young especially, it would have been a very hard task to say to which race the numerous noses belonged, they seemed all so mixed up. But, notwithstanding this mixture of so many nations, some of the young girls were truly beautiful.

Sandy Point itself is not a very extensive place, but it was very thickly inhabited, and, as there was not room enough to build houses on the dry land, piles were driven far out into the water and houses built on them. Near the place where the ship lay while undergoing repairs many Chinese junks were moored, loading for China, as well as taking in new masts. These vessels would run down before the last of the monsoons, ship new masts, take in a cargo, and run back with the first monsoon when it changed, so as to have a fair wind both ways.

Besides these Chinese junks, the lake-like water inside Sandy Point was strewed with tremendous rafts of mast-pieces of every dimension, as well as other kinds of timber, so that, with one thing and the other, Sandy Point was altogether a very busy place, a sort of

little Babylon, where many languages were spoken and much labour going on.

Opposite to where your ship was moored, in-shore of the Point, there stood a large shed. The ground floor of the shed was the mast-making place and the Chinaman shipwrights' workshops.

Above the shed was a sail and rigging loft, while on the same floor were several bed- and sitting-rooms. In one of these apartments you took up your quarters, and many happy days you spent there while superintending the repair of the vessel.

Everything moveable was, of course, taken out of the ship, and, at the request of the surveyors, she was hove down keel out of the water, and then began the second survey.

The same three well-cared for surveyors came and looked at the ship's bottom, and as they could see nothing the matter with the copper, nor, in fact, with any part of the vessel's bottom, except that a piece of her false keel was knocked off, they took several nips of brandy and water, and then ordered the copper to be stripped off for further survey.

How delighted you were to see that they were going to make a job of the ship. You heard them say that it was an underwriter's job, and, therefore, they might as well put the ship in good order.

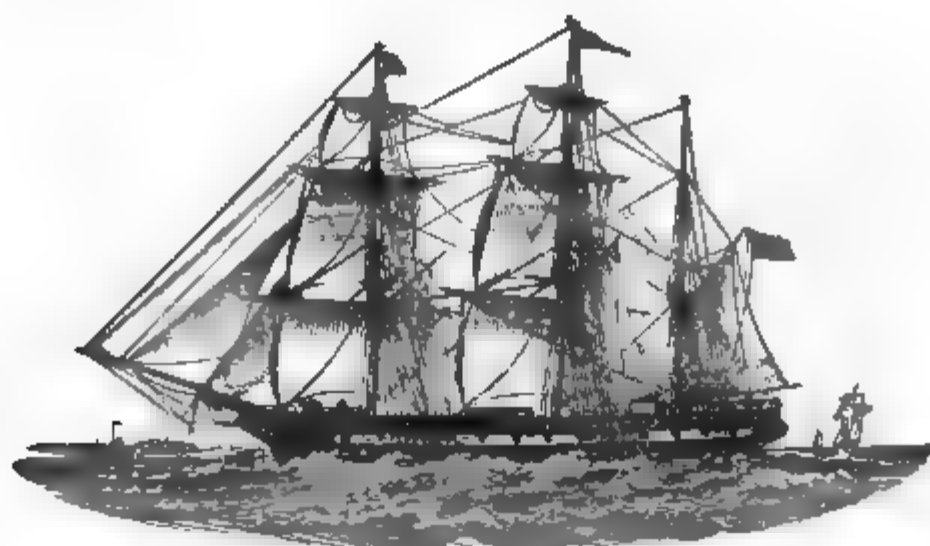
The copper was soon stripped off the vessel, and she was dubbed all over her bottom, and after that was done the master shipwright, with a Chinaman foreman, inspected every plank as well as every bolt, and wherever the slightest appearance of decay appeared it was laid bare, so that it could be seen by the surveyors.

The planks so decayed were marked to come out, and long before they were officially condemned fresh pieces were being got ready to go in their places.

Then came the third survey—curry and rice, kidneys and bacon, with roast chicken just thrown in to make up what the surveyors used to call “a check to windward.” Besides the “check to windward,” there used to be the “riders,” such as champagne, claret, and brandy and water, especially the latter, and all very choice. These dishes as well as the “riders” used to be supplied by the firm of shipwrights, and it often used to strike you that there was a great deal of attention shown to the surveyors. You had also a friendly feeling towards them, because when they visited the ship you also came in for a “check to windward,” as well as a “rider” or two.

After the curry and rice had been well washed down, or rather ridden down by means of the “riders,” the surveyors would take a look on the stage, and as the planks to come out had been marked, and some of the fastenings already drifted out, or rather driven out, just for the name of the thing, the shipwright would ask the surveyor whether he had better take out that streak of planking in order to have a look at the timbers, and having received a nod for reply, he sets fifty carpenters to work, and while the surveyors are lighting their cigars a whole streak of planking is taken out of the bilge of the vessel. There it lay on the stage, as sound as the first day it was put in; but the Chinamen carpenters are well-trained men, the streak of planking is soon out of the way of the feet of the surveyors, lest they should stumble over it.

Meanwhile the shipwright is going along the vessel's side, pricking each timber with a strong penknife, and making a chalk mark wherever there is a soft place in a timber. A Chinaman follows him, and wherever the chalk mark is seen, he roughs the timber with a tool made for the purpose. Perhaps a little sap may be found on the edges of some of them, which will crumble very nicely; that is taken off, put on a clean plate, and handed round to each surveyor. They nod assent, and the timbers are forthwith condemned.



THE BARQUE "P—," OF GREENOCK.

As soon as the vessel's timbers are so condemned, the modest shipwright might be seen going up to the surveyors and heard to say, "There are a few of the timbers not quite so bad as others; perhaps we had better not take them out, but strengthen them by putting fresh ones alongside of them." Another nod was sufficient, and the survey would then be at an end.

Now, all that you had to do with it was to look round among the Chinamen and appear very wise, and if you

saw the smallest bit of copper lying about, call a small boy to pick it up and put it away in the storeroom very carefully. Besides that sort of thing, you had to write up the ship's log, noting down the number of men employed on the ship, the state of the weather, &c., &c.

You thought that getting a ship on the South Sands in the Malacca Straits was not such a bad thing after all; moreover you could plainly see that they were going to make a good ship of her, that they would be a long time about it, and that meanwhile you were having very fine times of it.

It was not long before you became a very great favourite among the Chinamen shipwrights, and you found them a simple-minded, good-natured people, exceedingly happy, always with a smile playing over their faces. At early morning they were up in good time; they would have a good wash, some tea and bread, and would go quietly down to the ship to work.

About eleven o'clock they would put down their tools at the sound of a bell, and away they would go to breakfast. They lived in sheds, or rather under them. Their food (for the most part) consisted of pork and rice, with many kinds of vegetables.

While at meals they squatted down on their heels, and in front of them used to be placed a round bowl, holding about a quart perhaps. Besides this bowl they used to have a small plate filled with vegetables. In this round bowl there would be a mixture of rice and small, square pieces of pork, fat and lean, boiled quite white. The fat of the pork used to be poured over the

contents of the bowl and mixed up with two long sticks of clean bamboo. The Chinamen would set to and pull out every particle of sand or anything that had no right to be there; and the way they managed to take up the smallest speck of dirt with the two sticks, with one hand, was wonderful.

After everything had been taken out, then in good earnest they would set to work, the basin in one hand and the chopsticks in the other, sending the rice flying into their mouths, and every now and then a square piece of pork, then a pinch of vegetables, and so on until the basin was empty and the vegetables out of sight, then every particle that had been dropped would be picked up with the sticks and put out of sight also; and having done that they would get on their legs, stretch themselves, and then smoke their pipes and drink tea. They would then sit down on their heels until very nearly asleep, just sufficiently awake to blow out the smoke lazily, and by the time they were just about really asleep the bell would ring and wake them up; they would spring to their feet and have another stretch, and then be off to their work again.

From about half-past twelve o'clock till six they would work very steadily, especially if the weather was not too hot. It is wonderful what a quantity of work a Chinaman shipwright will do with his puny little tools, and how well he will do it. They seem to be fond of work, but in some cases will lie down alongside of it and go to sleep. Take them altogether, however, if they like their employers it is a pleasure to work with them, or rather to have them working under you; they are exceedingly obedient, and often very faithful.

When the bell rings at six o'clock they pack up their tools, fling them right over their shoulders, and stow them away for the night; they then have a wash, and after that their dinner, and the remainder of the evening is spent in smoking and drinking tea. Many of them play on some kind of noisy instrument, perhaps a Jew's harp, or a two-string fiddle, somewhat like a guitar, the whole of which make very funny noises. Still it pleases them, though at first it annoys other people; but a stranger would soon get used to it. Having smoked, played, and drank tea till they become sleepy, they then go and lie down on a mat with a good covering, and a pillow made out of bamboo; they sleep as if they owed no man anything.

Such are the habits of the Chinamen shipwrights on Sandy Point. But there are many other people on that little strip of sand. There are the men who, with their families, go far away in a small boat; they go into the forest and fell huge trees, they get them down to the water's edge, from thence on to enormous rafts, build huts on them, put up many masts, and make mat sails for them. On these rafts they make long trips over the sea in safety and comfort, at least according to their standard of comfort.

CHAPTER XI.

**SANDY POINT AND ITS MIXED RACES—YOU ARE RESCUED
FROM DROWNING BY A MALAY GIRL—LIFE IN
SINGAPORE—THE SHIP STILL UNDER REPAIR—
ADVENTURE WITH A “CHEE-CHEE.”**

Looking towards the sea from Sandy Point many of these timber rafts might often be seen, some of them a long distance off shore, while others are creeping along the coast ; and scarcely a day passes but several arrive inside the Point, where they are disposed of for exportation, or for local use. Sometimes for months together large families will live on these huge floating parks of timber, and among these families are to be seen some of the prettiest girls to be found in any eastern country. As soon as they have disposed of their raft they land, go to their homes, which are built on piles, and seem quite happy and contented with their lot.

Besides the above there are a great many boatmen who handle all kinds of boats, such as passenger boats, large boats, canal boats, as well as fruit and fishing boats. All these people were crowded into this Point, excepting those who were crowded off it, and living over three or four feet of water.

It was among these various families that you noticed so many different colours, viz., the nearly jet black, the very dark brown, the brown, the light brown ; then the half-caste, the bright mulatto, and the nearly white.

Besides being of so many different colours, their features varied a great deal more, especially their noses and eyes—in short, there seemed to be a mixture of several nations.

The pure Malay girl, the pure Chinese, the pure Hindoo, then the mixture of the Malay and the Chinese, the Chinese and the Hindoo, and last, but not least among them, was the mixture of European blood, which rendered some of the young girls truly beautiful, and as they wore nothing but rolls of white cloth round and below their waist, you could see a great deal of them. Their humble and simple way of living, their contentment, together with their sweet merry voices, their bright eyes and teeth (excepting when they took to chewing betel-nut), together with their slender limbs and feminine shape, made them extremely fascinating.

Such were the people you found yourself living amongst, and, being yourself young, of dark complexion, with long, curly, black hair, rosy John Bull cheeks, teeth as white as snow, and altogether a desirable young fellow, and an officer too, was it to be wondered at that when you looked at those pretty girls they should give you a look back in return.

You, however, continued to carry on the duties of the vessel, and, as these duties were very light, you did them cheerfully. You had plenty of spare time to look about you.

The people you were among were indeed a funny lot. At first you did not like them, nor did they seem to care much about you. Day after day passed on, and you were partly kept at a distance by them, and, to a

certain extent, you felt that you ought to keep your distance from them. Still, in your heart there was a longing desire to become acquainted with them, but you did not like to approach them lest you gave offence, because they, as a rule, seemed so very poor. You were in a rather responsible position ; moreover, you wore gold lace and they wore scarcely anything, therefore it naturally occurred to you that if you went to them immediately they would wonder what you wanted ; nor was that all—the greatest drawback was that you could not speak to them, nor could they speak to you. So, for a while at least, you had to be content with your own thoughts, and amuse yourself as best you could.


It has been mentioned above that on one side of Sandy Point was open sea : the clear blue waters of the entrance to the China Sea used to be continually washing up the brown sand from the bottom of the sea higher and higher, and when it was out of the reach of the strongest wave, then the sun and rain would take charge of it, and between them would bleach it pure white, so white that it caused your eyes to ache if you looked at it for any length of time. But there was no reason why you should look at it long, because there was the deep blue sea on the one hand and the huts and houses (such as they were) on the other. Besides, the sea was dotted with islands, some of them being really only like dots, while others of them were very large indeed, and they were so beautifully green with vegetation that it was quite a relief to look at them from off the sand. They were not light green, which would be too light to relieve the eyes, they were a dark

green, and what made them appear still more charming was that every island had its own sandy beach, and the waves had done to the beach at the islands exactly the same as it had done to the beach at Sandy Point. The ocean waves had washed up the brown sand and rolled it over and over until it was quite clean, and until it had rolled it up out of its reach, and, as it were, handed it over to the sun and rain to bleach it and make it white, so white that it would soon become rotten, crumble up into dust, and form earth for growing vegetable matter, and so, in time, make the islands larger. The contrast between the blue water and the dark green foliage on the island, only separated by the narrow strip of white sand, lent enchantment to the view in all directions.

Although Singapore is nearly on the Equator, the waters of the ocean are not hot, they are always cool and refreshing, and so clear that you can see for many fathoms below the surface, and as the beach slopes gradually out it renders it a good place for bathing.

About seven o'clock one morning, when the sun was already several degrees above the high land on the opposite side of the Straits, you strolled along the beach. The sea was quite smooth, and a gentle breeze was blowing, although it did not appear to get quite so low down as to cause even a ripple upon the surface of the water; the sky was quite clear, and the atmosphere so thin that you could see through it for miles round.

Looking far out to sea, it appeared as if it had been sprinkled with black and white pepper. Specks of different shades were strewed all over the water, some of them blowing gradually away, while others stuck



where they were. This peppery-like stuff was ships under sail; some lay at anchor, and were mixed up with all kinds of boats, rafts, &c.

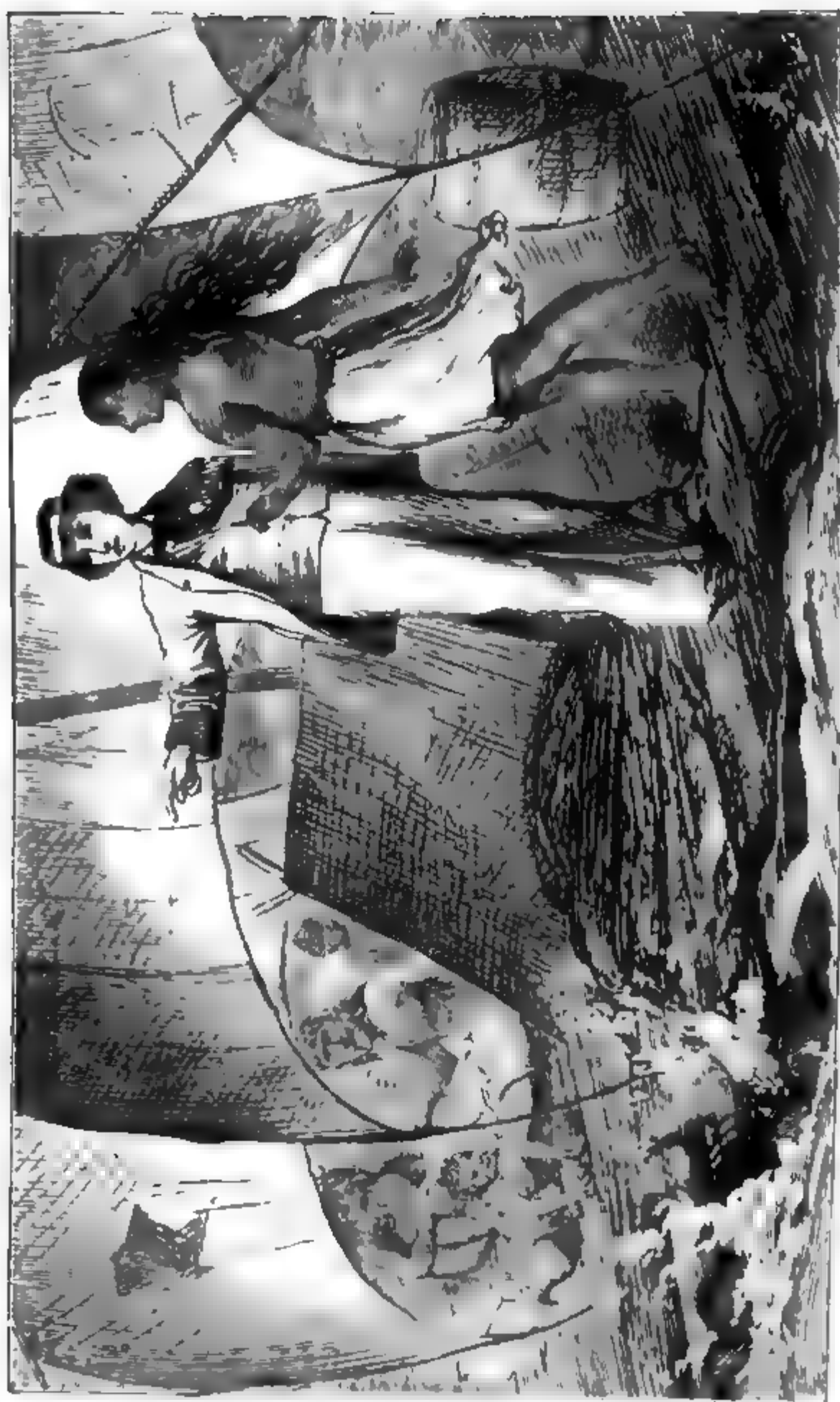
The water seemed so tempting that you thought you would have a bathe, and being alone, you stripped and went into the water. You could not swim much, however, and having no confidence in yourself, kept playing about the shoal part of the beach. You had not been long in the water before a large raft made its appearance; it had just opened itself out from behind a bluff point of land, and was sailing along with the gentle breeze. On the raft was a hut, and several masts, on each of which was hoisted a large mat-sail, swelling out to the gentle breeze.

You stood about up to your armpits in the water, watching this raft as it sailed along, and as it came closer you could see the whole family standing looking at you. Among them stood a young Malay girl; she appeared to be about eighteen years of age, and of a very dark brown colour. You thought you had seen her before, and while looking at her you saw her make signals to you. "I can swim that," you thought, "for I will go close to the raft and have a look at her;" and off you started. You had got a good distance from the shore, and began to say to yourself, "I wonder if I can touch the bottom." You tried to do so, but could not, the water began to bubble round your mouth, then some got down your throat, your ears became full, and you could not breathe, then your eyes were submerged, and there was nothing but water—mouth, ears, nose, and eyes, all stopped. "Oh, horror! horror! I am sinking, I am gone, it is all over with me," and then a blank.

For some time the heart had stopped beating, and there was no discernible pulse, but they blew their breath into your body through a long reed, and made the water gargle in your inside. Then they laid you on your stomach and rubbed your body, face downward, when water ran out of your mouth. After this they laid you on your back and began rubbing your hands and feet. The young girl who had saved you put her ear down to your left side, and satisfied herself that your heart was beating. The tears ran down her cheeks for joy at your escape, at the same time dancing about and now and then springing overboard, taking a dive, and kissing the surface of the water in gladness, and in her own pretty native tongue thanking it for giving you up to her—thanking her God in her own way and after her own fashion.

From the time she had put her hand on you until you saw your own boatmen there, you came gradually to yourself, and was soon able to go into your own boat, which you did, and was soon dressed in your own clothing. But somehow you did not like to leave the dear old raft, there was something about the people that you liked, and especially about the one who had saved you—in fact you were in love.

To those who have not seen a pure Malay it might be interesting to learn what sort of a girl this brave little creature was. To look at her standing with only a roll of white muslin wound round below her waist, you would think she was tall, as her limbs were so round, so well proportioned; but if you stood near to her and compared her height with your own, you would find that she was not tall, but appeared so from



ON THE EAST WITH INER

being so slender. Still, you could not see a bone in her body, you could only know where they were because you knew where they ought to be, and because there was a round-like rise where the sharp points of bone can be seen under the skin of other people.

Just above the roll of white muslin was the smallest part of the waist, and it was small indeed. She seemed so lithesome that she could' twist herself about in almost any shape. She could bend herself back, or sideways, from her waist, without moving the lower part of her body, and whichever way she turned she did so in a most graceful manner. So that it was impossible to have any other feeling towards her than that of admiration. Although she was for the most part uncovered, she possessed the maidenly reserve that belongs to the most refined. She had as round and dimpled a chin as ever belonged to a pretty girl—in fact, she was altogether a picture in every way.

And not only was she good-looking, but she was good at anything. She was as much like a *little duck* in the water as she was out of it. She could set and take in the sails and trim them to the breeze, and if the raft at any time wanted a tow along the beach she was always ready to swim on shore with the tow-rope in her mouth; and if the anchor got foul she would take hold of the cable, let herself down to it hand over hand, and clear it as easily as if it were on the shore. She was always ready for work of any kind, and always had a smile playing over her pretty face.

When you first saw these rafts sailing or being towed about you used to think to yourself, what a miserable life it must be living on such a rough, uneven floating

mass, so uneven and washey that you could hardly stand on any part of it. What a change had come over your way of thinking. "It's not such a bad life after all," you thought, and somehow or other you did not like to leave the dear old raft.

Having boats and men at your command, you found no difficulty in getting the mass of timber round Sandy Point, and took particular care not to let it be moored far away from your ship, in fact you had it moored quite alongside the stage on which the Chinese carpenters were working, so that while you were attending to your duties you could see the dear one that had saved your life, and judging from her manner, there could be no doubt that she was quite as delighted as yourself.

Two or three days after the arrival of the raft inside Sandy Point it occurred to you that you had a good opportunity to learn to swim, and it also occurred to you that Inee Oppen (which was the name of the dark beauty you so much loved) might teach you to do so. There was a delightful throbbing of your heart while this thought flashed through your mind. At the same time another thought struck you, and that was, "How long will the raft remain here ere it is sold?" You, however, soon ascertained that a month generally elapsed before they gave up the raft to the purchaser.

While you were still thinking over this new idea, a messenger came with a note addressed to you. On opening it you found it was an invitation to dine at the private house of the shipwright who had the repairs of the vessel in hand. The invitation was for the same evening, and you accepted it, the hour of dining being seven o'clock sharp.

Of course Singapore has its river; any place in that part of the world would be a poor place indeed without a river. It is true that the river is not much of a stream, still, such as it was, or is, the Europeans of the town lived or carried on their business on each side of the river's mouth, and when you wished to pay a visit to Singapore from Sandy Point you had to travel some distance in a boat; and after entering the mouth of the river you had to sail a considerable way up before getting opposite to the centre of the town.

A dinner at such a place is about the same as a dinner all over India among the same class of people; it means sherry and bitters, joints and beer, side dishes and champagne, always including curry and rice, followed up with brandy and water, and separating at midnight.

After dinner was over you were rather surprised to find that it was a special one, and that the first toast after "Our Queen and our country" was the health and congratulation of "him who was so cleverly saved from a watery grave." The next toast was "Long life and happiness to the noble maiden who went to the rescue."

Now, as may be believed, all this astonished quite as much as it delighted you, and the reader can fancy your delight when, after drinking the health of the young maiden, some one among the company called out, "Trot her in," and, to your astonishment, the next moment not only she, but the whole of the family, were standing by the side of the dinner-table, the girl looking more beautiful than ever.

It almost appeared as if wonders were never going to

cease, for no sooner had they entered than the gentleman at the head of the table stood up, and, in the Malay language, called the maiden to him. On this occasion she wore, besides the pure white "copera," another thick folding of the same kind of material, which was thrown loosely over one shoulder, passed under the other arm, and then round the waist. When she approached the head of the table, the chairman said,

"Inee Oppen, you have done a most noble act, one that does credit to yourself, your family, and your race, and as Englishmen we have met here to show our appreciation of your services. You may rely upon it, that wherever anyone, and more especially a native, renders good service to an Englishman the matter will never be overlooked, particularly when a brave act has been performed by a maiden so young as yourself. First, you must allow me to put this round your neck;" at the same time he took from a box a beautiful coral necklace, with a gold locket, on which was engraved, in English, "Presented to Inee Oppen, for so nobly saving the life of an Englishman." To her sister, who assisted, he gave two bracelets of the same material, and a bag containing two hundred dollars was given to the rest of the family.

After having handed over the presents, the chairman said, "I hope that this small act will convince you that Englishmen are as ready to recognise a good and brave act towards their countrymen as they are to punish a bad, cowardly act."

The mother of the family then insisted upon Inee Oppen thanking "the masters" for their kindness.

All she could say was that she did not think what she had done was worth anything, but was glad that she happened to be looking in the direction of the drowning man, so as to be able to save him. After touching her forehead with the palm of her hand, as did all the others of the family, they withdrew, and thus ended a most unexpected pleasure.

The repairs of the vessel were progressing, and it was very evident that they were going to make a regular underwriters' job of it, as they were taking one streak after the other out of the ship, and putting new timbers into her right and left.

There being nothing for the crew to do, of course they became dissatisfied, and commenced grumbling at anything they could get to growl at. At length they demanded their discharge, and glad you were to get rid of them.

Yourself, the second officer, the carpenter, and one lad were all that belonged to the vessel now, and all you had to do was to write up the log every day, state how they were pulling the ship to pieces and how they were putting her together again, as well as walk round the ship two or three times in the course of the day.

Of all the jolly times in a seafaring life, such times as when the ship is being repaired at the expense of the underwriters (especially if you are one of the officers, and more especially if you are the chief, and the owner is the captain, and enjoying himself on shore) are the best. How very jolly to have the ship hove down, keel out of water, so that you must live on shore; everything is done for your comfort, and a boat is

placed at your service—in fact you live the life of a gentleman.

Then the dear old raft is quite near the spot where these limited duties have to be performed. The Malay family that saved your life have been made happy by the attention shown to them by the white people; they have been made rich; they really never expected that they should have had so much cash belonging to them at one time; but now they have it, and it has made them truly happy. Many an hour you spend with the maiden that saved your life, and she is fast teaching you how to speak Malay, and with her to teach you are a very apt pupil. And not only does she teach you how to talk Malay, but she with her sisters undertook to teach you how to swim; so that before you had had many days' practice at the latter you had confidence in yourself and could do anything in the water. It afterwards struck you, what careless fellows sailors are that they don't know how to swim; more than two-thirds of them would be drowned if they were to fall into a canal.

Frequently, as the days rolled on, did you ask yourself the question, "How is this going to end?" Every day brought the sale of the raft nearer, and you well knew that the whole family would start for the forest again, and what then? "Oh," you would say to yourself, "we must part; I can't be with her, I can't be one of them. I have a long life of adventure before me. I must give her up and forget her." Then you would repeat to yourself, "*but, but, but,*" and you could not get any further. There was something else at the end of the *but, but, but*, which you had to swallow, however bitter.

“But, but, but,” you used to say to yourself, “what are you butting about; there are plenty of girls just as nice as her all over the world, and you are a fine handsome young fellow, and rising in the world. What need you care for her.” Thus you would say to yourself, “Shake her off your mind. Yes,” you argue to yourself, “I should like to, *but, but, but* I love her,” and just as you were saying that, she came running up to you to ask if you were going to be on the raft that evening, because she hoped you would, and you thought how pretty her Malay talk was. You understood what she meant, and said you could not, that you were going over to Singapore that evening. She looked very disappointed, and you could see a tear gathering in her eye. You felt sorry for her, took hold of her hand, and walked silently along the beach with her, still holding her by the hand. It was the first time that ever you made so free with her; you were both in deep thought, and did not look at each other; but on you went, hand in hand, far away along the sea-shore.

It has been before mentioned that Sandy Point was very thickly inhabited, but after you had walked some distance inland, and had left the houses far behind, you found yourself alone with her between the water's edge and the vast jungle. Of a sudden you both seemed to think of the same thing, for both looked back at the same moment, and noticed how distant were the houses. Then you looked into each other's faces, your eyes met, she held down her head, you tried to look her in the face again, but she would not let you, she kept it bent towards the sandy beach; you put your hand under her chin to make her hold up her head,

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and as soon as your hand touched her face she held up her head and looked you straight in the face, and said, "Does master wish to go to Singapore?" and then, with a wicked look and a merry laugh, she said, "I have cheated you; you cannot get back in time." But, but, but little did she know how very much you were enjoying her society.

Day after day rolled on, and at length the raft was sold, the dear little huts were taken down, the proppings were taken off the mast-pieces which the raft was composed of, and they were one by one taken on board a Chinese junk, and six days afterwards the raft disappeared from off the face of the waters inside Sandy Point.

How nice it was to think of her! It was something pleasant to think about all day, and all night too. You went about looking down towards the ground as if in deep thought; you did not care about anyone speaking to you, you only wished they would not, and you did not care about speaking to anyone excepting her, and you did not care so much to speak to her as you did to look at her, to gaze on her, to live in the sunshine of her smiles, to drink in the music of her voice. It was continual bliss—dear, dear Inee!—to live on this same Sandy Point with her, to be in sight of her, or even to know where she was, to walk over the same sandy beach with her, or even to walk far behind her and look at her footprints on the smooth sandy shore, to know and feel sure that they were hers.

Early one morning, half an hour after five o'clock, when all hands on Sandy Point were astir—men, women, and children, no matter what age, all turned out

at the same hour—and at about a quarter to six Sandy Point would begin to swarm with human beings, while the land crabs and other amphibious animals would run into their holes on the beach and hide themselves for the day, only coming out again for a little while during meal times, when they would take a short stroll, but not far from their holes.

At the above mentioned hour of the morning the sun would commence to redden the far east, and shoot its rays far and wide; not thick, bright yellow rays, but almost invisible shoots, only to be discerned because you knew where they came from, not because you saw what they were. There (as if it were afraid to face these rays) the mist had crept down on to the face of the mirror-like sea, or it had crept up under the land and stowed itself away quite under the edge of the thick jungle, in order that it might have the very last strips of shade, because as soon as the morning sun shone on the mist it had to disperse.

At six o'clock numerous boats would be moving about in all directions. The sound of a heavy "mall" falling on a wrought iron bolt, drifting a through bolt out of your ship, together with the rattle of the caulking mallets tapping hard on the caulking irons, the gruff sea-going songs from the Chinese sailors hoisting up heavy logs of timber, or raising the enormous mast of their junk over-end, the newly arrived rafts just turning the Point to take up their berths, while the deeply-laden lime and brick boats were being pulled along until they were lost sight of up some creak or round some point—then as the sun sent its powerful glare over the face of the water, Singapore

would seem gay and bright, and you could see far, far away towards the entrance of the China Sea as well as the Malacca Straits.

Under an old rotten-stemmed tree, with only as many leaves on it as could get moisture from the very scant portion of wood which formed the hollow trunk, there stood two good samples of the human race, one a young man, a smart, dark Englishman, with the healthy glow of redness on his cheeks that belongs to fifty degrees north latitude (or thereabout) only; the other a fine, handsome young girl, just as fine, according to the standard of her race, but more exquisitely adorned with Nature's own touch, and really and truly more unsophisticated; her complexion was dark brown. This young girl was just bidding good-bye to the young man. She might have been seen placing her forehead in the palm of his hand, and then on his shoulder for one moment before they parted; the girl then took two or three half hops or half jumps and sprang head foremost into the water. After remaining a long time under water she could be seen swimming away on her side, her long black hair towing behind her, looking beautiful as a mermaid. There stood the young man rooted to the spot—he had parted with his Inee.

The brig's repairs were progressing, and now that you were alone, so to say, you were able to take a sensible look round. For some time past you had been in anything but a proper state of mind, and now felt that you had to some extent neglected your duty. You also began to think that you were a fool to bother yourself about a Malay girl, and said to yourself, "I don't care for her;" but ere the thought had passed from your

mind you commenced to count the days when you might expect her back again.

Still, your duty was before you, which you had to attend to, because you were in a position of trust. You remembered that you had no right to abuse the confidence placed in you.

Day by day a large number of planks were taken out of the vessel, and many timbers were put in her bilge. All the old treenails had been driven out, and new ones had been put in their places. In fact she was stronger on one side than when she was first built; and in order that nothing should be left undone which ought to have been done, she was re-metalled with metal double the weight of that which had been taken off.


Two months inside Sandy Point—what a deal you have seen—what a life among such queer people! What a deal of enjoyment you had experienced! and you had certainly made the best of it.

Another survey—a one-sided survey. Roast fowl, boiled and grilled ham, prawns, curry, and rice—well, there's nothing much in that; he would be a stingy fellow who would give less than that; and what if there were a dozen of champagne among four of them, a few cigars, some few bottles of beer, and a bottle of brandy. The climate is hot, and it is an underwriter's job, therefore what is the use of crying over a disaster, especially where everybody is making the best of it.

Without going near the vessel the survey was made, and one side of the bottom of the brig was pronounced to have been repaired in a workmanlike manner, and once more she was eased up and allowed to "stand on her legs again." The following day she was swung

round, and in the course of a few days was hove down with the other side out of the water. On examination it was discovered that the side then out of water was the one which ought to have been looked to first, inasmuch as that was the side she had been bumping on when on the South Sands in the Malacca Straits. There was, of course, a great row about it, because if that side had been seen to first, the vessel would have been condemned as not worth repairing. All the blame was laid on the shoulders of the shipbuilder, or rather on the ship repairer, who said that he alway insisted on having the starboard side of the vessel hove out of the water first. That, said the master shipwright, was his custom; and if people did not care to have ships hove down after his fashion, they ought to have stipulated which side they wished out of the water first.

The good side of the ship having been repaired, it was necessary that the battered side should be looked to, and it was found that that side was scarcely worth repairing. The man who was advancing the money looked over the accounts, and began to sicken at them. He had advanced the money on bottomry bond, and he earnestly wished that he had never seen the vessel. The other merchants only laughed at him, when he became riled, and said, "I have commenced and I will go on;" so he guaranteed the money for the repair of the other side of the vessel; and to make sure that everything should be in order, there were several other surveys held on the vessel, and little by little they managed to get the whole of the bilge out of her, and another two months had passed away before that



side was repaired (surveyed, of course), and the vessel raised up again.

You had now been over four months inside Sandy Point, living in quarters on shore and receiving full pay all the time; and when you became really dull, or thought you wanted a change, you had it in your power to coerce a survey. These were gala days, plenty of the best of everything at your command, and there was never any difficulty about getting the surveyors to attend, they were always ready.

Now you have arrived at that stage when the ship's bottom has been thoroughly repaired; and she is, so far as the bottom is concerned, a better vessel than she was on the first day she was launched. And now followed other surveys on her top sides; they are faulty, and must be condemned; then her decks are not what they ought to be for such a fine hull, and they are condemned.

The above being determined on, you are fixed inside Sandy Point for another four months, and say to yourself, "Hip, hip, hooray!"

Who dare say that a sailor's life is a dull, monotonous one, when there are such considerate people in the world as underwriters, who will have an old ship patched up, no matter what the cost may be; and they are such jolly fellows that they stand any amount of champagne while the repairs are going on. Moreover, when a ship is being repaired at their expense there is no stint; twenty-four ounce metal on ship's bottom, instead of sixteen ounce, is nothing to them, they pay up like lambs, and feel proud that they have had the opportunity.

The repairs are going on swimmingly, and so are you. Every day you find yourself looking out for a raft which you well know has started and is expected to heave in sight every day.

From the window of your quarters you can see far along the coast; you know that they cannot get up to a certain point without a fair wind, but when they do get up to that point, they can pull the raft along the shore by means of tow-ropes. Although the wind is contrary, you still watch and watch. You know the signal that Inee will make; you see one or two rafts, but Inee's is not one of them.

Now they are stripping the top sides of the ship, the decks are condemned, and the masts have to come out. What a glorious job! There will soon be nothing left of her but the bottom, which has been rebuilt. Then, of course, what's the use of putting the old windlass into her? better have a new one. Then it is suggested that the cabin is shabby, and that a handsome cabin should be put in place of the old one. "Might as well make a good job of it while you are about it," says the shipwright. This is agreed to, and some Chinamen are set to work to "get out the stuff" for a new cabin. When the masts are landed, it is discovered that they are sprung. Of course they were sprung while the vessel was on her beam ends on the South Sands. Another survey is called, another feast is held, and the masts are condemned over a bottle or two of champagne. The surveyors don't take the trouble to go and look at the masts; they are reported to be sprung, and that is enough for them; they give their verdict, "Sprung while on the South Sands."

That's enough for them, and orders are given that new masts must be made.

The shipwright finds that these masts, which are of yellow pine, are very much in the way, as well as the old copper and such like material which has been taken out of the ship, and he recommends the sale of them by auction. The sale is advertised to take place, the old masts are bought by the shipwright, he sends them to a saw-mill, where they are soon cut up into lengths and deck planks, and come back to Sandy Point as well-seasoned best yellow pine planks. And they are as good as planking can be, and good long planks too, without a flaw in them. Who would have thought that they were so good! The shipwright would not have believed it. Still, he said, the ship would have the benefit of it, because better seasoned stuff could not be found.

"Poor underwriters!" you used to think to yourself, "how nice it is having a ship repaired at their expense. What a lot of money they must have, and how kind they are to have such jolly fellows as surveyors! Then there is Lloyd's agent. What a nice fellow he is! Sometimes he gets a few pounds for certifying documents, and he has been to look at the ship once or twice, and when he has been informed that something else has been condemned he winks his eye and smiles. He doesn't mind, but thinks it jolly fun, for why should not Lloyd's agent be fond of a good champagne tiffin as well as any other man?" You could not help thinking how nice it was to get a ship on shore, nothing could be more jolly. But you were young then, and did not know any better. However,

you were as happy as the day is long, and continued to look out for your own true love.

At early morning, long before daybreak, when the mists of the night were still hanging close down on the face of the waters, it being "clock calm," not a breath of wind to keep it moving—there it hung right over the surface, as well as stowing itself away in every nook and corner as thick as ever it could—the notches in the land seemed as if they were stuffed full of gun cotton, ready to disappear as soon as the first hot rays of the sun explode it in the air—it was cold and damp, and there was a strong, fishy odour on one side, while on the other there was a smell of vegetation.

Sandy Point was still fast asleep as you passed along its shore, and long before the first glare of the morning sun could be seen over the distant isles you were far along the coast—just the same walk that Inee and you had taken once before.

Because all human beings were fast asleep, all the little living creatures, such as land crabs, and all kinds of little amphibious animals, were up and running about as if they were free and happy, the early morning birds of various kinds were, with their long legs, walking far out into the shallow water, picking up their early food and laying in a stock for the rest of the day, so as to be out of the way while their human enemies were abroad. On you walked, leaving Sandy Point far behind you, and as the broad daylight came, and the sun rose, and the gun-cottony stuff had exploded or cleared away, you were penetrating the distance as far as your eyes could reach in search of a raft that you felt sure would be coming along.

As the sun cleared away the mist, and then cleared itself from behind the high land in the east, so it threw its warmth round your neck and made the eastern side of your face hot. You saw that the mist had been sent along in front of a gentle morning breeze, and that breeze soon brought to your view five little mat sails, having the appearance of five small craft. You, however, knew that it was a raft by seeing a small red-stained patch in one of the sails—you knew by this that it was the raft you were looking out for.

As you were walking one way and the raft was coming in the opposite direction, in a short time you were alongside of it, and saw the slender figure of Inee plunge into the water, holding her dress above the water's edge with one hand and swimming by means of the other and her feet.

Inee landed on the beach, and soon had her "copera" on, when you walked along by each other's side.

By means of the little English which Inee could speak, and the smattering of Malay that you could manage, there was no difficulty in understanding each other.

It was at this time that you first thought of turning Malay. You had made up your mind that Malay should be your future language, that Inee should be your future wife, and that you would that very morning commence to accustom yourself to life on a raft.

You had not walked far before Inee suggested that you should go on board the raft, and as that was just what you wished, you were both soon in the water

swimming side by side, Inee laughing at you all the way, and saying that you swam as awkward as a catterpillar, and when, in play, you would try to strike her, she would immediately dive, and then come up close to you and put out her tongue.

A life on a raft—what a funny life! Still, how free and happy these poor people are that live on them. This raft consisted of from fifty to sixty heavy logs of pine timber, the under ones well lashed together, and the upper ones laid over the top of the lashing to prop them still tighter.

On the top of the upper logs were one or two small round huts, just large enough to crawl under and sleep. There was plenty of fish, curry, rice, and vegetables, and abundance of fruit. After you have had sufficient of those you make a seat for yourself, and, if so inclined, you may take a smoke, the hookah is always ready.

One hand to steer the raft was all that was required, and the smallest could do that as well as the biggest, while the others were smoking, chatting, or sleeping. By the middle of that day the raft had reached Sandy Point, and was safely moored alongside of your vessel.

The repairs of the ship were now progressing very fast, and you had now to commence re-stepping the new masts and rigging the vessel for sea. It was all very well to be in love with a brave, good, and pretty Malay girl, so long as time hung heavy on your hands, and you had scarcely anything to do; but now your duty called you, the regular work of the ship had to be begun. Shears had to be rigged fore and aft, and you were responsible for everything connected with the re-rigging of the ship, and gradually your work became

a pleasure to you. So your delusion passed away, the love of your duty and your ship came back to you, and you ran less after Inee. Still Inee could not be forgotten, nor did she forget you, because you could see her continually sitting on the raft watching your movements, and you felt quite proud that she was a looker-on while you were giving the word of command.

The bowsprit, the lower masts, and the lower standing rigging were soon in ship-shape order, and ere long the vessel began to assume the appearance of a smart craft, and the time was drawing near for her departure from Singapore.

One evening, after working hours, it was arranged that Inee and you should go for a cruise to a place we used to call Pine Apple Island. That was not the correct name of the place, but, as there were many pine apples on it, this was the name it was known by. It was a distance of about five miles from Sandy Point, and near what was called the Old Harbour of Singapore. To get to it you were compelled to go in a boat, and, there being a moderate breeze, it was a delightful sail in the boat that had been continually attending on the ship.

The two boatmen were Malays, but they could both talk English, especially the chief boatman, who spoke English perfectly.

You knew that this was likely to be a trying evening. This was the evening when you were bound to declare what your intentions were; whether you were going to remain with Inee, or whether you were going to desert her. This was, and had been for some time

past, hanging very heavily on your mind ; and you felt guilty in your own mind, because you knew that you desired to leave her, and was trying to persuade yourself you did not wish to sever from her, and for that reason you could not look her so straight in the face as you had been accustomed to do. It therefore gave you some concern as to how you should broach the subject with respect to your leaving her. The same thought seemed to dwell in the minds of both ; there was every now and then a silence, and especially did you give way to your thoughts ; in fact, you were a coward ; you knew well that you desired to desert the girl, but you were not brave enough to tell her so.

Many times that evening you were caught in deep thought by Inee, and she would say, in her own soft native tongue, "What is the matter ?" Her sparkling black eyes would fill with tears, and when she found them coming she would dash them away in such a rage that they would glisten as if the whole of the morning sun was shining on them, or rather into them only. Then she would laugh and show her pretty teeth, which, together with her eyes, would make her look charmingly wicked.

"Stop a little," she said at length, "I will cure you of those sad looks. I know exactly what is passing through your mind. I have seen it for many days past," she continued. "We cannot understand each other clearly, so we will call your boatman, and I will request him to tell you exactly what you have been thinking of for some time past, and especially what you have been thinking of this evening ; you will find that Inee has read you well."

You became alarmed, looked beseechingly at her, and said, "Inee, don't acquaint the boatman with the matter."

She replied, "You know we cannot understand each other well enough. To make sure that there is no mistake, I shall call him to interpret what I have to say," and without waiting a moment she called him, at the same time bidding him be quick.

The first words she said to him were, "Now, you listen well, and mind that what I am going to say to you goes into your ear and out of your mouth, and that not one single word is left unsaid, so that it can remain on your memory. You are your master's servant, and he is using your head to make sounds from me to him; and remember that not a single sound that I utter belongs to any other than he. Do you understand?"

"Yes," he replied, "I well understand."

"Then tell your master what I have said."

You had understood a great deal of what she had said to him, but not all. The boatman, however, soon told you, and you bade him tell her to commence; you wondered what was coming.

"Tell him," she said, to begin with, "that he is a coward!!!" The boatman hesitated, but she said, "Tell your master what I say."

You saw the boatman hesitate, and said to him, "Tell me the exact words she said." He looked from one to the other in a state of perplexity, and then said, "Must I say?"

"Say, of course," you called out; so in plain English the man said, "She says you are a coward."

You felt the blood rush up into your face, your eyes were at first fixed upon the interpreter, and he could see you clenching your fist, and became alarmed, lest you were going to strike him.

Inee also saw how enraged you were, and stepped between you and the boatman, saying in her own pretty language, "For shame, you Englishman, keep your temper."

By this time the heat had gone; you had become cooler, and said to yourself, and then to her, "Go on; you cannot mend that, nor can you say anything worse; after that," you continued, "I can stand anything." So you turned to the boatman and said, "Go on, I am not angry with you."

The next words Inee said were, "Why don't you tell me that you regret you ever promised to remain with me? Why not be brave, and say, 'Inee, I think I had better keep to my ship and my duty,' instead of making me feel that that is what is troubling you? Don't you think that I have been able to read your thoughts? and I have, from day to day, been hoping that you would be brave enough to tell me, and save me this conversation, so painful to us both. Now," she continued, "listen to me, and I will let you know that I can be considerate towards you, and have compassion on you.

"You have been kind to me and to all of us, and we have long since made up our minds to make you, if possible, keep to your ship and your duty. It gave us all pleasure to see how soon you could turn to your duty when you were wanted; but I did think that you ought to have told me that you had made up your mind to go; that would have been more manly than to have

treated me coolly, when you might have known that such conduct would, and, indeed, nearly has, broken my heart. We never intended to let you remain amongst us, for your own sake ; we all felt that we should be wronging you. But you should not have tried to deceive me and yourself as well."

There was in all this conversation something so honest, straightforward, and truthful, and she seemed so sorrowful, that you could not help loving her the more. But the word "coward " seemed to run through your mind ; you could not get over that, and she noticed that you were hurt, and that you hung down your head.

At length she said, "What makes you look like that? I have told you everything, and have freed you ; you ought to feel quite light-hearted." But you could not find heart to speak to her, that word kept running through your mind, and you could not forget it, nor forgive her for using it.

That night you parted bad friends, and you were determined not to see or speak to her any more. You shortly after left the island, and sailed the boat back to Sandy Point.

You kept silent all the way, although Inee made several attempts to rouse you up ; but she did not succeed. You landed her on Sandy Point, and though she implored you not to do so, you turned the boat's head towards Singapore, and landed there. Having ordered the boatman to be in waiting, you made your way to the hotel.

Of course you had plenty of money, and had no difficulty in finding plenty of ways of spending it. In

gave him another challenge, but this time to play for an even ten dollars. The game was begun, and the play went on in much the same way as at first, you kept ahead of him; the balls, as during the first game, always broke surprisingly well for you, and a second time you came off victorious. On the strength of this run of luck you took another glass of brandy and water, and commenced to dance and jump about the room and chaff the "chee-chee" most immoderately.

At length the "chee-chee" said, "I don't think that you ought to win my money off me and then laugh at me as well; you have the best of it, and ought to be satisfied. I presume you are going, now that you have won. Now," he continued, "just to show you that there is no ill feeling, I will stand you a liquor—what will you have?"

This took you rather aback, but you thought him a good-natured fellow, and said, "Well, I'll have another glass of brandy and water."

"Well," said he, "I hope to have my revenge another night."

"Of course," you said, "you can have your revenge now. You are not in a hurry, are you?"

"No," he replied, "but it is rather late for me; still, I don't mind," and so the third game was started.

As in the case of the first two games, your score was ahead of his, and when you found it was so, just as if you had forgotten all about the betting, you said, in a careless manner, "Let us see, what have we on the game this time?"

"Oh," he replied, "we have nothing on, and you are far ahead of me."

"Well," you said, "I don't mind giving you odds ; I'll tell you what I will do, I'll bet you thirty dollars to twenty."

He pretended to look at the score well, then how the balls lay, and at length he said,

"Very well, I might as well be in for a sheep as a lamb." The bet was taken, and on went the game. You were still far ahead, when you said to him, "Will you double the bet?"

"Yes," he said, "I will."

At this stage you were thirty-five and he was twenty. You had now sixty dollars on the game, and was so far ahead that you made sure of winning. The thought of winning so much money, together with the several glasses of brandy and water, excited you very much, but the balls, strange to say, still continued to break wonderfully well for you, and you still kept ahead, being forty-five against thirty made by your opponent. The red ball was over the corner pocket, and you made sure of the game. You were just about making the stroke, when the "chee-chee," as you called him, said, "Will you double the bet?"

You drew back the cue, and looking at him in a pitying manner, said, "You don't mean that?—why, I might score out this stroke."

"Will you double the bet?" he again asked.

You replied, "I don't want to rob you, but still, if you don't think I can do this I will convince you I can, and I'll double the bet."

"All right," he said, "it is now one hundred and twenty dollars to eighty."

You took the cue, feeling a little more excited, on

account of the large sum you had on the game. You took as careful and steady an aim as you could, and missed the pocket.

Putting the butt-end of his cue on the floor, the "chee-chee" first looked at the state of the score, then at the ball on the table, and you could see his eye run round the cushions in a most practical manner, chalking his cue all the time, and then very coolly he set himself to play, and scored out.

The reader must be left to imagine the state of mind the loser was in as he watched the "che-chee" making his threes and sixes, and how coolly he took it, just taking time to carefully chalk his cue, and talking to his friends in Malay as if nothing of consequence were going on; and even when he gave the finishing stroke he scarcely waited to see whether the balls were pocketed or not, but turned, after he had made the stroke, and continued the conversation, seeming to take it quite as a matter of course when the marker called out game.

One hundred and twenty dollars—over twenty-five pounds—more than three months' pay!

"Another glass of brandy," you called to the waiter, just, of course, to console you. At that moment you thought of the word "coward" Inee had used, and now felt like a coward. You, however, put your hand into your pocket, pulled out all the money you had, namely, about eighty dollars, which you handed to the "chee-chee," and gave him your I. O. U. for the balance. When you had done so, you saw another tall chee-chee standing by, who, as soon as you had paid the money, said,

"Serve you right, you conceited fool."

In an instant you seized a cue, and with the butt-end of it aimed a blow at his head; but he warded off the blow, and with the back of his fist struck you between the eyes. The blow sent you staggering and then on to your back on the floor, and before you could recover yourself he had passed out of the door into the courtyard, and was lost in the darkness. The blood flowed furiously from your nose, and your two eyes were bunged up, so that you could scarcely see; the brandy commenced to get to your head, and feeling quite done for in every way, you left the room, scarcely able to crawl down to the boat.

Two hours' sleep under cover of the boat brought you to your senses. When you awoke you found that the boat was at the very end of Sandy Point. From this point to your quarters you had some distance to walk, in the course of which you had to pass the abodes of both Malays and Chinese. You had no sooner landed than a dog set to barking and running at you. The night was dark, and you could not see the dog, but by the sound you knew he was very close to you, and that his bark indicated a desire to bite. You had no weapon in your hand, and therefore felt quite helpless, so you called out to the boatman to bring you a sword which you always carried in the boat. He did so, and buckling it round your waist, you felt more secure, and succeeded in keeping the dogs at a respectful distance.

You had not gone far when a dog which seemed rather more persevering than the others came so very close that at times he would jump up and take hold of your pants, trying all he could to seize you by the leg.

You, however, walked on, managing to keep this beast from doing you any harm, while the others kept barking all round you, but well out of your reach.

You were not at the time in the best of moods ; all that had transpired during that day and night was still sorely fresh in your memory. The dogs had subsided for only a few minutes, when a fresh one woke up, and commenced to bark in its loudest key, which set all the others going again, making noise enough to wake up all the people on the Point. As soon as this fresh enemy began you could hear the dog that had been trying to get hold of your leg rushing up from the rear with all his might, half growling and half barking. At the same time all the other dogs began closing round you, and making a fearful row.

Drawing your sword from the scabbard, you grasped it firmly, and just as the dog made a spring to seize you by the legs, you gave a regular "swiper" from left to right and behind you. The dog must have been struck in the act of leaping, as the sword caught him just above the shoulder, and having nearly severed his head from his body, he fell lifeless to the ground.

The moment you had slaughtered this dog all the others stopped barking, and Sandy Point became as silent as the sea that was apparently sleeping all round it. You were now able to walk quietly to your quarters, buried in your own bitter thoughts, and perfectly ashamed of yourself for your conduct at the hotel.

How glad you were, when you found yourself alone in your room, to lock the door and hide yourself from everybody. You were soon in bed and fast asleep.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon (you had slept till

that time) you heard a thumping at your door. It was your servant inquiring if you were well, or rather if you were sick. You said you were not well, that you wished to be left alone for another hour, and directed him to let no one disturb you until eleven o'clock, and that he was to keep watch by the door so that no one should approach.

The room was half darkened by means of a green Chinese blind, which completely covered the one large window that served to light up the apartment. You sat down by your bedside, and with a hot forehead and a frightful headache you began to ponder over your doings of the night before. There you sat, with one hand spread over your forehead, and the other behind your back ; in fact, every bone in your body was aching badly.

Various thoughts ran through your mind, and much of your past life came to your recollection. You remembered when you left Putney, you thought of that early morning, you remembered dropping from the gate and stealing down the yard past the cottages, and while you were thus thinking your head began to feel as if it were going round ; all sorts of things that you had seen in days gone by were passing before your mind. There stood old Cobb pointing in the direction of London as you stood on the stone, and you could hear him say, in a decisive tone, "Be honest, and don't drink," then he turned to brush away a tear from each eye, and just as he did so something like a hundred voices began laughing at him, and you could distinctly see them pointing at you.

O horror—horror—horror ! It was dreadful to see

that old man, he seemed so downcast. You attempted to rush towards him to ask for his forgiveness, and the movement woke you out of the dose you had fallen into. You rose from the bedside, pulled up your window-blind, and the bright light of day shone fully into the room. You went to the looking-glass, and there saw a blackguard-looking fellow with two black eyes and his clothing smeared with blood.

Oh, what sorrow, what pain, how ashamed of yourself you were ! You turned away from the glass disgusted, and drew down the blind again. You turned to your bedside, went down on your knees, buried your shameful-looking face in your hands, and applied to God for forgiveness, because you truly repented.

At first when you fell on your knees you felt as if in utter darkness. You began to pray earnestly to God. Still all was dark, as dark as under the earth. All that you had been doing last night came back upon you—the calling for the brandy and the billiard table, the man you called a “chee-chee,” and how you rejoiced that you were about to win his money, having conquered him; then making the large bet when you thought you were sure of winning, then calling for more of the beastly brandy, how you swallowed it, and, in short, how wicked you were.

Still all continued dark, no comfort came to your remorseful soul. There you knelt, asking God's forgiveness, while over and over again did the thought of your foolish behaviour run through your mind—and still all was dark, dark, dark. At length hot scalding tears came to your relief.

You remained on your knees asking forgiveness from

Him who alone could give it. Still all was dark, but the tears continued to run from your eyes and had the effect of clearing your head, you began to feel better. You continued holding your eyes in the palms of your hands, and the tears stopped, when suddenly through the darkness you thought you could see a ray of light. A change came over your whole system; that ray of light seemed sent for you, and for you only. You felt yourself smiling in spite of yourself; yes, you were smiling, you could not help it. The ray of light seemed to cheer you, and—oh, what happiness!—you felt that you were forgiven. You could see old Cobb, and behind him another figure. Who could that be? It was the tall figure of a woman. Who was it? It was that of your mother. You knew her, she smiled at you, the ray of light became stronger, and you felt that you were forgiven.

After this you were a wiser and a better man, and for some time a marked one; at any rate, the blow you had received, and which had blackened both your eyes, told its own tale. At first you were ashamed to be seen with them, and had almost made up your mind to remain in your room and report yourself unwell. The thought of such a deception made you hang down your head; you began to feel dull, and said to yourself, "Coward again! Will two wrongs make one right? No. Then why do another wrong by shirking your duty? Why not tell the truth, viz. that you received a blow which you richly deserved?"

At that moment there appeared a strong ray of light. Although your eyes were closed it made you jump, and you felt like a man again; you were determined to go

to your work and brave it out, however humiliating and disagreeable it might be. Acting on the spur of the moment, you threw open the door of the apartment, and ordered your servant to bring your bath. Having made good use of the bath, you dressed yourself, and with a bold step made for your ship and your duty.

Almost the first man you met was the owner. On seeing you he exclaimed,

“Good gracious! Mr. C—, what is the matter with you? How did you get those two black eyes?”

Your reply was, “I was drinking and gambling, and enraged at having lost a large sum of money, I tried to strike a man with the butt end of the cue, so with his fist he gave me a blow. It served me right, and will, I trust, prove a lesson to me.”

The owner stood looking and listening, as if he could scarcely believe his eyes and ears; but there was a kindly expression in his face. He seemed at a loss what to say at first, then his face brightened up, and he said,

“I am truly sorry to see you so. Can I do anything for you? Would you like to lay up for a day or two?”

“No, thank you,” was your reply, “I am quite able to keep to my duty.”

In a bold and dignified manner you sprang over the ship's rail and landed on the deck. All eyes were instantly turned towards you, each man wondering what could be the matter, but no one took the liberty of making any remark.

A few days afterwards you went to Singapore, and without a single remark, paid your debt to the chee-chee. You felt proud and gratified that you were able

to do so, and in your heart felt glad that you had received such a severe lesson; you were thoroughly determined to profit by it. Your conceit was rebuked in such a sound manner that you never forgot it.

How much better it is, when one gets into a scrape and finds himself in the wrong, to acknowledge it unreservedly. Forgiveness and sympathy flow more heartily and readily after such a course. How mean it is to resolve on deceiving yourself, and then think that you are deceiving others; whereas if you confess your fault and say, "I was a fool; my folly made me taste humble pie; I did not like the flavour, so I will have no more of it," you will gain respect.

The brig "J—," lying in the roads of Singapore, had now more the appearance of a yacht than an ordinary trading vessel. The cargo was being brought on board, and you had to keep an account of it. All was bustle and stir. You had no time now to go bothering after rafts; your duty was your love, and you loved to be at it.

Every sail, every rope, every spar was in ship-shape order, a first-rate craft was under your feet, and the working of the ship was all left to you. Every confidence was placed in you, and you felt supremely happy to see everything going on well, and that there was an end to your boyish nonsense. You were a man now, and it behoved you to act like one, which you were determined to do.

As the world rolled over towards the light and once more began to show the pointed rays of the morning sun between the earth and the clear blue of distance, there could be seen, in the centre anchorage off Singa-

pore, a smart brig, rather deep in the water, with royal yards aloft, and everything about her as ship-shape as could be. The English ensign was flying from the flagstaff over the taffrail, the blue-peter at the fore, and the chain cable hove-in short.

On the quarterdeck could be seen a young officer, with jet-black, curly hair, dressed in a blue jacket and white pants, with blue cloth cap and gold lace round it, and a telescope under his arm. As the mist cleared from over the town, every now and then this young officer would look through the telescope towards the shore, as if expecting to see something coming from it. He would then replace the telescope under his arm, take a look aloft, and while doing so his bright eyes might have been seen to glisten, and a smile would pass over his face as he saw that every yard was square, every rope taut. Then he would cast his eye along the deck and note in his mind how every rope was coiled down on the white deck planks.

Forward on this deck could be seen a cluster of Malays, forming the crew of the brig. Among this group one or two women, the wives of the serangs, could also be noticed. The crew have just had their early morning meal and are ready for orders; they also keep looking towards the shore, as if expecting to see something.

Just as the sun is sighted over the islands to the eastward, a boat is seen leaving the town of Singapore. The young officer, through the telescope, is watching her progress, and as he again replaces it under his arm he gives the order in Malay, "All hands loose sails."

In an instant the three serangs have their "calls"

to their mouths, and with their shrill sounds pipe all hands aloft. Without a moment's delay the fore and main rigging of the ship is shaking with the rush of sailors running up over the ratlines. They quickly spread themselves out on the yards, and the gaskets are soon off the sails. A man is standing at the bunt-gasket of each sail, and the head serang has his eyes aloft; he pipes the signal to "stand by," and the next moment the shrill note from the serang's call is heard, when every sail instantly hangs loose from the yards, the gaffs, and the jibbooms. After which the hands are piped down from aloft, and in less than ten minutes the topsails, the topgallant sails, and royals are set, while the courses and fore and aft sails are hanging ready in the gear. The next order is to "man the windlass," and as the boat nears the brig the anchor is coming up to the vessel's bow and is soon flush with the hose-pipe.

The cool, fresh atmosphere of the early morning is just being warmed up by the rising sun, and as the deep blue above the dark green islands all round the horizon appears more distinct, while the greasy, foggy-looking surface of the water is fast turning into a dark green by the first touch of the morning breeze, and the sails of the brig are being trimmed so as to make her cast towards the boat that was now coming from the shore, the order is given to brace round the foreyard, causing the smart craft to go rushing on towards the boat, which she soon picked up, when the owner of the vessel stepped on board. After seeing his luggage passed on deck, he said to you,

"Now, Mr. C—, I wish you to navigate the vessel to

Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope. I don't feel very well. I am going below, and don't wish to be disturbed."

"All right, sir," was your reply, and the owner disappeared from the deck.

It was very gratifying for a young man like yourself to obtain full charge of a vessel in the manner above described, and you naturally felt proud of the trust. The ship was soon under every stitch of canvas, and her head put towards the Straits of Sunda.

Between Singapore and the Straits of Sunda you have some intricate navigation; but after passing through the Straits of Banca there is plenty of sea-room, and with a smart craft like the brig "J—," if the weather is not too squally, it is not at all unpleasant to navigate the seas. Six days, however, elapsed before you were in the Straits of Sunda, and after trying hard to thrash her through you were compelled to anchor in Anger Roads.

The anchorage in Anger Roads is open to many points of the compass; still it is a safe anchorage, and if you pick out a proper berth for the vessel, especially if you have a handy craft under you that you can beat easily off a lee shore with, there is little danger.

When you first arrived in the roadstead there was no other vessel at anchor, but during the afternoon a full-rigged ship hove in sight, which proved to be the "M— of B—." She also was from Singapore, bound to the United Kingdom. At the time she anchored there was a strong breeze blowing, and the roads not being well sheltered, the sea was rather lumpy. The captain of the "M— of B—," not being well acquainted

with the place, anchored too near to the shore, and before his vessel was brought up, he found her quite close to the breakers. Becoming alarmed, he let go the second anchor, and finding that his vessel was in a perilous position, he struck his topgallant mast; so there the vessel lay, in as great a fix as ever a vessel got into in so short a time.

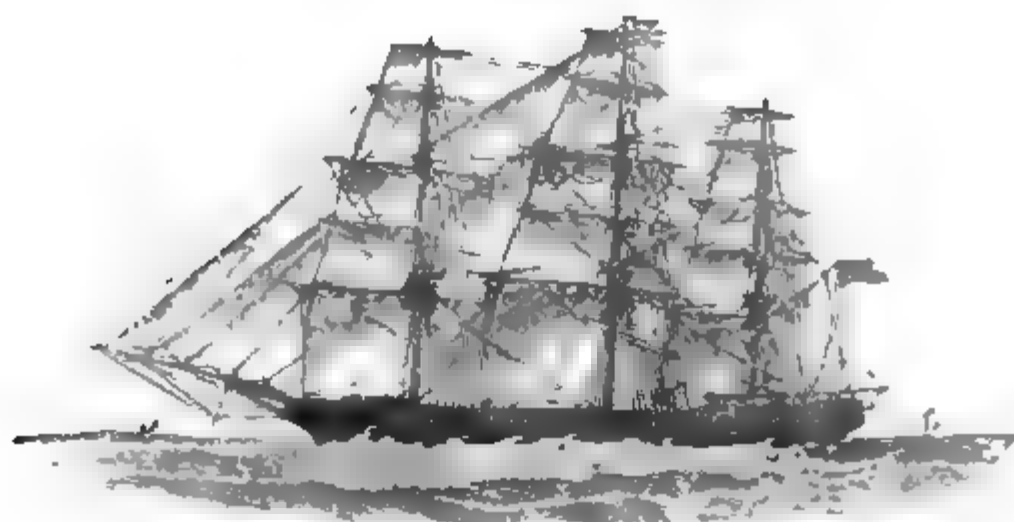
Both anchors were down, and could not easily be got up again; the topgallant mast was struck, so that the topsails could not be set, and the vessel was in such a position that if the wind veered in the slightest she must tail on to the rocks.

Now it happened that your vessel was in a good berth; she had a good scope of chain out, and there was very little danger of anything happening to her, as everything had been made snug. Full of life, energy, and perseverance as you were, you could not rest while the other ship was in danger; so, in spite of the order you had received not to disturb the owner, you knocked at his cabin door, which was soon opened. You found him quietly reading a book. He was rather surprised at your disturbing him, and seemed at first a little annoyed; but when you explained to him that there was a vessel in distress close by, this caused him to show some concern, and he desired to know what you wished him to do. You told him that you did not wish to disturb him, you merely wanted permission to go to her assistance with two boats and a portion of the crew. He seemed quite relieved when he found that this was all you wanted, and remarked that you might have gone without consulting him. At this you were delighted, and soon had the crew engaged getting out

the long boat, while the jolly boat was made ready for lowering.

For such a vessel as the brig "J—" you had a large crew of Malays, who were willing hands. A sheet anchor was got over the side of the brig and made fast to the stern of the long boat, a new seven-inch hawser was coiled away in the boat, in case of need, and the jolly boat was lowered and manned, which took the former in tow; so away you went to render aid to a ship, without being asked to do so.

It was a somewhat difficult task to get the two boats across the heavy seas, but after a good struggle you



THE SHIP "M— OF B—," OF LONDON.

managed to get ahead of the ship, and when about three-fourths of a cable's length off you let go the sheet anchor, and then there was no difficulty in running down to her with the end of the warp, which was soon passed on board, and right glad were the officers and crew of the "M— of B—" to receive it. Having passed the end of the warp over the bows, you followed with your crew to render all the assistance in your power. You were received by the captain, an elderly

man, who, with a tear in the corner of his eye, said, "Well done, youngster, you have saved my ship."

Of course you felt a few inches taller, especially as there were some lady passengers on board, who looked at you with a smile of admiration.

You were not a little surprised when the captain of the "M— of B—" asked what you would advise him to do, and without a moment's hesitation you said,

"Get her under weigh, of course." In truth, you had made sure that he would get his ship under weigh as soon as he received the assistance of the warp; it appeared, however, that he had never thought of doing so, but when you suggested it his face brightened, and he said,

"Will you assist us?"

"Of course I will," was your reply, "that is what I am here for."

The old captain then looked aloft, and with a sorrowful face, he said, "We cannot make sail, those top-gallant masts are in the way."

With half a laugh playing over your face, you said, "Let us get them out of the way, sir."

He then said, "What would you do?"

"Send them down, of course," was your reply.

"But that will take three hours," said he.

"If you will permit me, sir, I will have them down in ten minutes."

"I wish to ——— you would," he cried.

Your serang was standing at your elbow, and had heard what you said. You could see his eyes glistening, and that he only waited for the order. "Up there, serang, with half of our crew, and send down that fore-

topgallant mast." The words were scarcely out of your mouth when half the crew of the brig were in the fore rigging.

"Now, then, the rest of you come along with me," was the next order; at the same time you sprang into the main rigging, and being encouraged by the smiles of the ladies, who were standing in front of the poop, you ran over the ratlines of the rigging like a lamp-lighter up his ladder.

It is astonishing what the smile of a lady will do towards urging on young blood. "Now, then, *serang*," you called out to the leader on the foremast, "let's see who will get the mast down first."

"Very good, sir," he said, in Malay—so he and his men went to work like real sailors, and in about seven minutes the *serang* had the foretopgallant mast and royal mast on deck. It took about four minutes longer to accomplish your task. The *serang* and his men soon had the mizentopgallant mast down, and in twenty minutes after you came on board the three topsails were set and the anchors were being hove up.

Still cheered on by the smiles of the ladies, and followed by your willing crew of Malays, you now took charge of the warp which you had laid out for holding the vessel to windward, and to make sure that she would cast the right way.

The wind was still blowing pretty fresh, but not quite so much sea on, and there was every sign of a change of wind, which if it took place before the anchors were up, would assuredly cause the loss of the ship. The crew of the ship, encouraged by the smartness of the Malay crew, set to work with a will, and

every man-jack of them was at the windlass, heaving up both anchors at the same time.

Just before the anchors were tripped, a manly voice was heard to call out from among the crew—"Break off there, one at a time, and get a glass of grog."

It is wonderful what a glass of grog will do when it is given at the right time and with hearty good feeling; it (especially in wet weather) warms the "straps" of the heart, makes the eye glisten with joy, and sends a thrill of good nature through the whole system; it thins the blood, and makes true pluck dance round the soul. Ten minutes after the grog had been served out the anchors were up to the bows, and the warp had done its duty in causing the ship to cast in the right direction. When it was done with it was buoyed and let go, and with the three topsails, the foresail, the jib, and spanker set, the "M— of B—" sailed out of danger.

In the middle of the Straits of Sunda there is a long island called "Thwart-the-Way Island." When about half-way between that and Anger Roads, the captain called you into the cuddy, and in the presence of the ladies, said,

"I have to thank you for the safety of my ship, and in the name of myself and the ladies, I most sincerely thank you, more especially for your personal smartness as a sailor. Thanks, however, are but a poor reward for services such as you have rendered; I trust, therefore, you will allow me to present you with this small bag of gold."

With your face red hot, being under the full gaze of the ladies, you declined to take the money, but suggested that a month's pay should be given to each of

the crew. You remarked that you had only done that which one sailor ought to do for another, and a glass of grog was sufficient payment for you. There was a beaming smile over the captain's face as you made your speech, and the loving look from the eyes of more than one of the ladies more than paid you for the services rendered.

The crew received their money, and were highly delighted. The old captain, however, was not satisfied with your going "empty away," as he called it, and when shaking hands with you, he said, "Just allow me to put this chain round your neck," and suiting the action to the word, he passed a thick gold chain over your head, attached to which was a gold chronometer watch.

The brig's two boats were manned, and amid the cheers of the crew and the waving of the ladies' handkerchiefs, you left the "M— of B—," and soon after were safe on board your vessel.

MEMO. FOR THE READERS
OF THE
FIRST TEN YEARS OF A SAILOR'S LIFE AT SEA.

“The Second Ten Years” will appear shortly after the first. At the end of ten years the sailor has grown to manhood, and risen to the post of captain, commanding one of the finest merchant ships in the world, and holding what might be termed a roving commission in the China and other seas, at one time nurturing captured slaves, at another under Government orders, procuring Chinamen for emigration.

This second volume will be found interesting—full of life and incident, which will, the writer hopes, prove both amusing and instructive. Following the second ten years, there will appear the third and fourth ten years of the same sailor's life, making in all forty years of an eventful life, truthfully written. Every incident can be verified, and the full names of both men and ships, represented in the book by initials only, can be supplied at any time by the author, and proved to be correct, and will go far to show that if you

HELP YOURSELF, ALL THE WORLD WILL HELP YOU.

AN OLD SAILOR'S APPEAL.

**MEMO. FOR THE INFORMATION OF THE GOOD PEOPLE OF
DEAR OLD ENGLAND.**

THE writer of this work earnestly calls the attention of the benevolent to the various Homes for AGED SEAMEN.

In the interest of the poor fellows who are no longer able to clap on a rope and sing out, "Oh—heave—hoy!" In the interest of those who have taken their trick at the helm until they became unable to see the ship's head or the compass. In the interest of those honest old tars who are no longer able to lay aloft, to help pick up a sail, or take in a reef. In the interest of those who have for years been working day and night on hard fare for about two shillings per day, and deprived of a social home, but have always preserved the honour of Old England, I ask the rich to give a small sum each year, to keep these poor old men in their old age.

In the interest of those who are always ready to put aside their peaceful calling and man a naval brigade in the time of war. In the interest of those whose life at best has been a hard one; let us hope they will not be allowed to drag out a half-starving existence in the back slums of large cities.

The Belvedere Home for Aged Seamen, near London, is now in perfect working order. Its offices are at 156, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. More funds are urgently needed.

The Liverpool Aged Merchant Seamen's Institution is conducted under the auspices of the Mercantile Marine Service Association, Tower Buildings, Liverpool. Captain H. J. Ward is its president. Many aged seamen are already being assisted, and strenuous efforts are now being made with a view of building a Home for them. We therefore earnestly hope that this sailor's appeal will not be made in vain. Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Secretary of the Annuity and Casual Relief Fund, 66, Tower Buildings, Water Street, Liverpool.





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